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# STAR REPORTERS

and 34 of their stories



Collected, with Notes and  
an Introduction, by

**WARD GREENE**



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SOMEWHERE in a City Room sits a cub who has yet to view his first corpse or his first byline. Copy boys insult him, and his boss, who can't remember his name, calls him Jimmy. But yesterday, between the church news and lesser chores, something happened. The Desk said: "Here's a cute item—put it on page one." There will be no turning back for Jimmy now; the arrow is in the vein. To him, as he pursues journalism's everlasting Lorelei, "the story," this book is dedicated.





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## FOREWORD

THIS COLLECTION is laid before readers with no intent to persuade them to become neophytes of journalism, of whom there are enough; with no hope of pleasing newspapermen, of whom there are too few and they of violent opinion in matters concerning their own calling; with no pretense that these stories represent the best in reporting or even the best work of the reporters represented. It is offered for only one reason—the idea interested me. I believe the result may interest some others.

This was the idea: to compile under one cover some of the great news stories of the past exactly as they first appeared in print. On my shelf, most of them accumulated after I began the job, are numbers of books containing news stories. They include volumes of “best” stories of this year and that, newspaper classics quoted in textbooks, fragments cited to support history and biography, early pieces in the collected works of reporters who later became famous writers, and many twice-told tales of news events, some in words not as good as the original.

But nowhere did I find the book I, as a newspaperman, would like to own and perhaps could fashion. It would hold those stories I remembered, or someone else did, with a flash of the eyes. It would give the background of those stories and something of the men who wrote them and the circumstances under which they wrote. The book might be one to take down for reference but more likely to pick up for pleasure. In short, could not newspaper work produce a book worthy of a place beside favorite anthologies of verse and fiction?

The first step was to look over the possibilities. Now I am not

## FOREWORD

fond of drudgery and if anyone dreams for an instant that the editor conscientiously assayed half a century of American newspapers, of which around 1,700 are published every day, he may depart quickly. Instead, I wrote a hundred newspapermen, some not even acquaintances, asking what outstanding stories they recalled. The response gratified me. But I suppose we are all old fire-horses; when the gong rings, though we do not gallop to the blaze, we straightway start to nicker of the times we did. After some card-indexing and allowance for duplications, I had nearly a thousand suggestions to consider.

My debt to those fellows who went to such trouble simply to be obliging, is great. My return, to most of them, may seem inadequate. For nine out of ten will not find here the stories they proposed. And I can imagine them remarking in disgust, "Hell, I wrote a better story on that thing myself!" But this, I have learned, is the reaction a newspaper anthologist must expect from newspapermen, who by and large are no less touchy in their conceit than actors, musicians, artists and stock-brokers.

May I explain certain inclusions and omissions?

It was impossible to print all the nominations. And the further one dug into them, the more apparent became two things—many stories were not as excellent as the memories of their advocates painted them and, all too often, they followed a single dark pattern. Murders, assassinations, battles, executions, lynchings, funerals; the deaths of sports heroes, theatrical stars, little children and pet dogs—heaven help us! Who would want a book composed entirely of necrology? As it is, too much blood may flow here. But that may be said, I suppose, of my source, the newspapers, and life itself.

Disappointment while reading the recommendations led to a conclusion, distrusted at first, which became more and more insistent for recognition. Not the older stories but those of recent years failed usually to "stand up."

The answer to that one is obvious: Greene is an old crock who believes the winters were colder, the halfbacks faster, the beef tenderer and the girls sweeter in the bygone days. Yet there may be sounder causes than mere love of auld lang syne for his flat statement that newspaper stories were better then.

Better when? Why, when reporters, not rewrite men, wrote them. When reporters had hours in which to write, not minutes between editions. When editors gave greater appreciation and more space to good writing. Before Hollywood, the slick magazines, public relations and other inventions more lucrative than reporting had drained talent from the city room. Before the cult of the camera—"one picture is worth a thousand words."

In any event, while it would have been easier to make his selections from yesterday's editions, the editor mainly chose stories, at the expense of long search and a little money and fingers dirtied by old files, out of pre-atomic times.

Here, then, are stories presented by a partisan judge who made his own arbitrary decisions. Here is a plethora of old stories, gory stories; here are too many stories from New York papers, too many by "name" writers, too many by Hearst reporters, some that do not belong in a group of "news" stories at all, and none of very recent date.

This book ends with an era of newspapering which the editor knew best. Once he had planned it otherwise. He had thought to do several chapters on present-day reporting. For those he might go outside the news columns of the papers. He might use one of Wolcott Gibbs' profiles from the *New Yorker* or the treason trials reported in the *New Yorker* by Rebecca West. He might strive to show the importance of the *New Yorker* in the art of reporting and trace its artfulness to the editor. Surely Harold Ross should be excluded from no book of star reporters. He was one, as sharp under the rusty hat as he was slovenly to see, and from the police beat to the Army newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, and thence to the most incongruous of posts, Eustace Tilley in Mayfair, he brought a feeling for interesting news and a care in telling it that leaves him and his "little" magazine in a niche alone.

From the *New Yorker*, and from the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Life*, *Newsweek*, *Time* this collection might have presented much good reporting. For "profiling," *New Yorker* style, spread to other weeklies and most of them maintain staffs of stars who glean behind the spot writers, often coming up with better, brighter bundles. There was Hersey's Hiroshima job and a memorable biography of Jimmy Petrillo in *Life* and a chuckling

thing in *Time* called "Sin and Soufflé." There would be the temptation, indeed, in support of the editor's bias for "colored" news, which you will find he has if you read far enough, to quote generously of *Time's* output.

Likewise a look at present-day reporting might note another innovation, the columnists. Of course F. P. Dunne in his day and Don Marquis and Bert Leston Taylor, Franklin P. Adams and Christopher Morley—and Bugs Baer still—did excellent reporting, if you allow that reporting can also be a second bite at the news with sharp teeth. But I am thinking more particularly of columnists who get news that other reporters cannot or will not get and who write it with distinction.

In my book would come first Westbrook Pegler. He is his own legman and none works harder; he will ring any doorbell to fetch the facts and he writes them carefully and well. In the same bed, though neither would rest serenely, I might place Walter Winchell, without a contender in that fertile field, the "Broadway" beat. Whatever the differences between these two, they have one quality in common, reporter's blood.

And think of the others!—Broun, Clapper, Krock, Pearson, Baldwin, Anne O'Hare McCormick, Lippmann, Sokolsky, Dorothy Thompson, Mallon, George Dixon, Ruark—a hybrid lot, if you will, when considered as reporters, yet not to be dismissed as such because they often are thought of as editorialists, too.

Of some significance, perhaps, to what has happened to reporting is the need, in considering it today, of mentioning the columnists. There is such a jumble of them, experting on so many affairs—Washington columnists, Broadway columnists, Hollywood columnists, financial columnists, labor columnists, science columnists, aviation columnists, columnists on almost every subject that can possibly be of interest to the public. One expects any moment to encounter the police columnist, the columnist on fires and "My Day in the Deadshops," by Mort Titian. One longs, sweeping the lantern, to light the face of the simple fellow who says, "I am a reporter."

Lest someone think I exaggerate, let me lift an afternoon paper from the pile at my side. It is classed as a great metropolitan daily, the *New York Post*, founded in 1801. What do we find?

Thirty-one columns of news, including sports news, and thirty-four columns by "columnists," of whom there are twenty-nine writing regularly for the *Post*, or were for the issue I examined. For good measure the paper contains "digests" of thirteen columns in competitive papers. Actually its local stories are limited to thirteen, including such half-sticks as "Accused of Stealing Eggs, Shot as He Flees Cops."

One more intention unfulfilled—the editor might have had you taste certain samples of reporting by radio. He resurrected a famous Christmas Eve broadcast during the war in Finland by W. L. White, who was later to report on the Russians. He thought of the night Gabriel Heatter bewitched listening millions with improvised suspense before Bruno Hauptmann walked to the chair. And of Edward VIII as a radio reporter, giving a breathless world one of the greatest of all news stories, his abdication of a throne "for the woman I love." And he thought of the war's many radio reporters, after Pearl Harbor and on D-Day and V-J Day and down to Laurence of the *Times* describing the atomic bomb as it broke over Bikini. But none of those stories is here.

Out of the immediate medley—the air, the magazines, the columns, the occasional newspaper with big events graphically told—may come other books. Time and perspective will provide the best. As long as presses roll, bringing the story of birth, suffering, exaltation, despair and death, reporters will chronicle it. What they write to make an urgent deadline may live longer than they do. Star reporters achieve their own little immortality. If they die, journalism dies.

WARD GREENE  
Rockleigh, New Jersey





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## **STAR REPORTERS**

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# STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE

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FOR THE beginning of a book of stories by reporters I suppose we should go back to the beginning of reporting. This might be the first verse in the Bible, in which "the story of creation is told in ten words," an admonition often cited to young reporters by their editors and rather mistakenly, too, since the narrator goes on for about a thousand words more until God rests on the seventh day. In fact, there is no more vivid reporting anywhere than in the Bible and for newspapermen no worthier reading than such accounts as Luke's of the last days, trial and crucifixion of Jesus.

But it would be pretentious and repetitious, though certainly not irreverent, to include in this collection extracts from the oldest and most enduring of publications. So, since we must start somewhere and it is decided to limit our choice to the work of Americans, what about the era after the Civil War, when the "new journalism" tarried just over the horizon and its outriders already blew their trumpets?

Greeley was dead and the elder Bennett soon to die, *Harper's* and *Leslie's* weeklies outstripped the dailies in writing and illustration, most journalism was partisan-polemic and the average reporter a scamp or an oaf. But Dana had taken hold on the *New*

## HENRY MORTON STANLEY

*York Sun*; Whitelaw Reid boldly hired dude collegians for the *Tribune*; the "evening paper" was a new thing in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere; valiants like Murat Halstead in Cincinnati and Henry Watterson in Louisville began to challenge the East's prestige; and on the *New York Herald* a Georgia cub prepared for the day when the *Atlanta Constitution* under Henry W. Grady's hand would spearhead the South's resuscitation.

These were the eighteen seventies. Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst were yet to electrify a gaslight press. Their forerunner in many ways, and easily the most spectacular editor of that decade, was James Gordon Bennett, Jr.

Bennett was, by all testimony, a cruel and arrogant man, egotistical, drinking, brawling in print and privately, contemptuous of governments and people, brutal to his staff, running the paper from his yacht half a world away, firing wholesale by cable; not nearly the lad his father was, who had built the *Herald* from a \$500 shoestring into a property that could afford sixty-three "specials" to cover the Civil War.

But Junior, the inheritor, kept the paper on top, and by genuine enterprise. Young Bennett boasted that he "made" news. The times encouraged him to, for you will note in most periods after wars a dearth of rich headline material and a corresponding editorial urge to fill the gap by extreme means. Short of a flashy murder, the favored answer to the need for news is dangerous exploits. And such news can be legitimately made. So Peary's and Cook's expeditions to the North Pole followed hard on the Spanish-American War, the flights of Lindbergh and others World War One, and as this is written, after World War Two, jet planes to the moon are seriously discussed. In 1869 the magic word was Africa.

A French trader, Paul Du Chaillu, and a Scotch missionary, David Livingstone, by their explorations and what they wrote about them, had roused among people sick of war and the wrangles of peace tremendous interest in trackless jungles, huge rivers, unheard-of beasts and savage tribes. Livingstone, already famed for the discovery of Victoria Falls and Lake Nyasa, had started out in 1866 to find the source of the Nile. Three years later he was reported "lost" and next dead. The world wondered.

The last message from Livingstone—a plea for men and stores

## STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE

that never reached him—had come by bearer from the African interior in May of 1869. In October of that year, from his apartment in the Grand Hotel above the gay boulevards, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., sent a telegram; "Come to Paris on important business."

The man who received that message must have been a remarkable fellow himself. Henry Morton Stanley was then two years under thirty and Bennett's exact age. An English orphan born Rowlands, he had adopted the name of Stanley because he worked for a Mr. Stanley in New Orleans. In the Civil War he fought on both sides, "converted to the Union cause" after his capture at Shiloh, said the *Herald* piously; in the West he free-lanced tales of Indian fighting; when he was twenty-five the *Herald* hired him and after that he knocked about the world—London, Abyssinia, Suez, Crete, Egypt, the Carlist revolt in Spain. There, in Madrid, Bennett's wire flagged him.

It is hard to believe, for one reading Stanley's journal, that either he or Bennett was as pompous as Stanley makes them sound on the night the correspondent knocked and entered upon the boss he had never seen before, in bed. The dialogue begins:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Stanley."

"Ah, yes! Sit down."

It ends:

"Good night, and God be with you."

"Good night, sir, and on such an errand  
as I go, God will be with me!"

This sounds more like a couple of ham actors than the hotspur publisher to his ace. One wonders what actually passed, in the Paris of Henri Murger and Zola, on the night this pair of cockerels put their heads together on behalf of the *New York Herald* and an old missionary to the blacks. Or did young men really talk like that in those days?

Anyway, Bennett said, "Find Livingstone!" and Stanley did.

The curious reader may do his own exploring for the details of Stanley's search. They are contained in his journals down to the

final farthing and the weirdest native gobble. Let us skip from the hour he left Paris to the night, two years later, when his expedition rested far inland from Zanzibar and but a short march to Ujiji, where he had heard rumors of "a white man with a grey beard." The classic scene, which lives for posterity in a single phrase, fell the day following.\*

### By HENRY MORTON STANLEY

November 10th. Friday.—The 236th day from Bagamoyo on the Sea, and the 51st day from Unyanyembe. General direction to Ujiji, west-by-south. Time of march, six hours.

It is a happy, glorious morning. The air is fresh and cool. The sky lovingly smiles on the earth and her children. The deep woods are crowned in bright vernal leafage; the water of the Mkuti, rushing under the emerald shade afforded by the bearded banks, seems to challenge us for the race to Ujiji, with its continuous brawl.

We are all outside the village cane fence, every man of us looking as spruce, as neat, and happy as when we embarked on the dhows at Zanzibar, which seems to us to have been ages ago—we have witnessed and experienced so much.

"Forward!"

"Ay Wallah, ay Wallah, bana yangol!" and the lighthearted braves stride away at a rate which must soon bring us within view of Ujiji. We ascend a hill overgrown with bamboo, descend into a ravine through which dashes an impetuous little torrent, ascend another short hill, then, along a smooth foot-path running across the slope of a long ridge, we push on as only eager, lighthearted men can do.

*\* In this and other stories are certain inconsistencies in type styles, spellings and even facts, for newspapers are not consistent. Some insist on "today" and some on "to-day." The Editor has tried, without repeating original typos, to "follow copy."*

## STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE

In two hours I am warned to prepare for a view of the Tanganika, for, from the top of a steep mountain the kirangozi says I can see it. I almost vent the feeling of my heart in cries. But wait, we must behold it first. And we press forward and up the hill breathlessly, lest the grand scene hasten away. We are at last on the summit. Ah! not yet can it be seen. A little further on—just yonder, oh! there it is—a silvery gleam. I merely catch sight of it between the trees, and—but here it is at last! True—THE TANGANIKA! and there are the blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. An immense broad sheet, a burnished bed of silver—lucid canopy of blue above—lofty mountains are its valances, palm forests form its fringes! The Tanganika!—Hurrah! and the men respond to the exultant cry of the Anglo-Saxon with the lungs of Stentors, and the great forests and the hills seem to share in our triumph.

“Was this the place where Burton and Speke stood, Bombay, when they saw the lake first?”

“I don’t remember, master; it was somewhere about here, I think.”

“Poor fellows! The one was half-paralyzed, the other half-blind,” said Sir Roderick Murchison, when he described Burton and Speke’s arrival in view of the Tanganika.

And I? Well, I am so happy that, were I quite paralyzed and blinded, I think that at this supreme moment I could take up my bed and walk, and all blindness would cease at once. Fortunately, however, I am quite well; I have not suffered a day’s sickness since the day I left Unyanyembe. How much would Shaw be willing to give to be in my place now? Who is happiest—he, revelling in the luxuries of Unyanyembe, or I, standing on the summit of this mountain, looking down with glad eyes and proud heart on the Tanganika?

We are descending the western slope of the mountain, with the valley of the Liuche before us. Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matete brake, which



grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of the Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotions. I notice the graceful palms, neat plots, green with vegetable plants, and small villages surrounded with frail fences of the matete-cane.

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us!

At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, or of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, or of the many forests we have traversed, or of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, or of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, or of the hot suns that scorched us, nor of the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted!

At last the sublime hour has arrived;—our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the “white man with the grey beard” we heard about when we were at the Malagarazi.

“Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!”

“We will, master, we will, master!” respond the men eagerly.

“One, two, three,—fire!”

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a

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battery of artillery: we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Now, kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!"

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us, remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American Consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "Bindera Kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Then we were surrounded by them: by Wajijiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, banal Yambo, banal Yambo, banal" To all and each of my men the welcome was given.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, "Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt,

with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

"Good morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo," said I, "is this another one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the Doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming."

"Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, "How did you come from Unyanyembe?"

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, before which stood the "white man with the grey beard."

As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, that he looked wearied and wan, that he had grey whiskers and moustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind, cordial smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replaced my hat on my head, and he replaced his cap, and we both grasped hands. I then said aloud: "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turned to the Arabs, took off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I received and the Doctor introduced them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turned our faces towards his house. He pointed to the veranda, or rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he pointed to his own particular seat, which I saw his age and experience in Africa had suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protested against taking this seat, which so much more befitted him than I, but the Doctor would not yield: I must take it.

We were seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs took seats on our left. More than a thousand natives were in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as:

"How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?"—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began: but whatever the Doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning

the wonderful figure and face of the man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, “Take what you want, but find Livingstone.”

## ENEAS COMES HOME

WHILE THE Bennetts and Stanleys and the other giants of those days were having their scoops cried through the streets of big cities by Ragged Dick, a quieter but entrancing form of journalism was growing up in the backwoods and the grasslands. Here the editor was his own reporter and often his own typesetter and hand-pressman. The "country weekly" was born; it still flourishes uniquely—in Georgia, in Kansas, on Cape Cod, along the Pascack Valley of New Jersey, among the Sierra foothills. Is this the place to seek a great story, wedged between boiler-plate and items about firemen's festivals? Well, there was one. It conveys as no other the special flavor of an old time and a unique craft.

In the year 1872 there appeared in newspapers in Atlanta and Macon and other Southern towns, a series of letters from subscribers concerning the disappearance of an old Negro named Eneas with the family silver and a blooded mare given into his custody by his white folks when Sherman marched through Georgia.

Papers were asked to "please copy" the first letter about Eneas and this they did, along with others that began to bob up with clues to his whereabouts. But not until years later, in 1919, did the late Harry Stillwell Edwards weave these clippings into a connected narrative which he caused to be published in the Macon, Georgia, *News* on March 9 under the title *Eneas Africanus* and which I reprint here as a notable example of newspaper work in a gentler but happier day.

Of course there are other versions as to the origin of *Eneas Afri-*

*canus*. It is said by some that Mr. Edwards, who was a novelist of distinction, made the whole thing up out of his head. These legends would have us believe that he offered the story to various magazines and book publishers, who turned it down. There is even one yarn, related to me by Mr. Edwards' granddaughter, Mrs. Rosser Smith, of Macon, Georgia, that on his way home from Europe some time after *Eneas Africanus* had been brought out in paper covers by a Macon bookshop and sold a million copies, he met a Mr. Nelson Doubleday, who was charmed by "Eneas" and who exclaimed, "Man, why didn't you submit this to *us*?" The story goes that Mr. Edwards replied, "Well, it was in your office for two months."

It is difficult to place credence in obviously silly tales and since inclusion of outright fiction in this anthology might be criticized, I prefer to believe Mr. Edwards himself. Whenever he was asked, before his death in 1938, whether the story was "true," he would look the doubter straight in the eye and answer, "Everybody says it is."

By HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

### WHO HAS THIS CUP?

MAJOR GEORGE E. TOMMEY ADVERTISES  
FOR HIS SILVER CUP

Editor *Telegraph and Messenger*,  
Macon, Ga.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to invoke your kind assistance in tracing an old family Negro of mine who disappeared in 1864, between

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my stock farm in Floyd County and my home place, locally known as Tommeysville, in Jefferson County. The Negro's name was Eneas, a small grey-haired old fellow and very talkative. The unexpected movement of our army after the battle of Resaca, placed my stock farm in line of the Federal advance and exposed my family to capture. My command, Tommey's Legion, passing within five miles of the place, I was enabled to give them warning, and they hurriedly boarded the last southbound train. They reached Jefferson County safely but without any baggage, as they did not have time to move a trunk. An effort was made to save the family silver, much of it very old and highly prized, especially a silver cup known in the family as the "Bride's Cup" for some six or eight generations and bearing the inscription:

*Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne  
And taste ye water an no wyne  
Shall happy live an hersel see  
A happy grandchile on each knee.*

These lines were surrounded with a wreath and surmounted by a knight's head, visor down, and the motto: "SEMPER FIDELIS."

This cup was hurriedly packed with other silver in a hair trunk and intrusted to Eneas with verbal instructions as to travel. He drove an old-fashioned, flea-bitten, blooded mare to a one-horse wagon full of forage and carried all the Confederate money the family left, to pay his expenses. He was last seen, as I ascertained soon after the war from a wounded member of my command, about eight miles southeast of Atlanta, asleep in the wagon, the mare turning to the right instead of keeping the straight road to Macon. Eneas was a faithful Negro, born and raised in the Tommey family and our belief is he was murdered by army stragglers and robbed of the trunk. He had never been over the road he was travel-

ing, as we always traveled to North Georgia by rail, shipping the horses likewise. His geographical knowledge consisted of a few names—places to which I had at different times taken him, and in the neighborhood of my home, such as Macon, Sparta, Louisville, and the counties of Washington and Jefferson. If given a chance to talk he would probably confine himself to “Lady Chain,” the mare he was driving; “Lightning,” the noted four-mile stallion temporarily in my possession; the Tommey family and our settlement, “Tommeysville.” On these topics he could talk eighteen hours a day.

I have no hope of ever seeing Eneas again, for if living he would have gotten back if he had to travel all over the South to do it, but there is a bare chance that the cup may be found, and I am writing to gratify my daughter, whose wedding day is approaching. All brides in the family, since 1670, have used this cup on their wedding days. If the cup was stolen, doubtless the thieves sold it, and if so, the holder may read these lines if they are given publicity. I am willing to waive any question of ownership and purchase the cup at the holder's valuation, if within my power; or, if unwilling to sell, he may loan the cup for a few days.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will publish this letter with a request that all Southern papers, daily and weekly, copy the same. Thanking you in advance and with all good wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am, most respectfully,

Your obed't servant,

*George E. Tommey,*

Late Major, Tommey's Legion, C. S. A.

P. O., Louisville, Ga.

Althea Lodge,  
Fayette Co., Ga.  
October 15, 1872.

Maj. Geo. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Major Tommey:

I read with deep interest and sympathy your letter in the *Telegraph and Messenger* inquiring of a Negro named Eneas. This man, I am sure, came to my house about twenty miles south of Atlanta in 1864. I remember the occasion perfectly, because he mentioned your name and one of my boys was serving in your command. I gave him shelter for the night and food for himself and horse. He insisted on sleeping in his wagon. He told me that the mare was famous on the race track and very valuable and he was afraid to leave her. This struck me as singular, at the time, because she seemed old and broken down. I did not see any trunk, but his wagon was full of hay and fodder and he may have had one hidden under it. Eneas asked me to put him on the road to Thomasville—or so I understood him—and I gave him explicit directions as far as Newnan, advising him to get more at that point. He was gone when I arose next morning. I do hope you will find the old man, as well as the cup. I took quite a fancy to him. He gave me a very vivid description of yourself—whom I had long wished to meet—and of your home, the twelve-room house, lawn with its three fountains, beautiful lake and your hundred Negroes in their painted cottages, etc.

Excuse this rambling letter. Your name has stirred an old woman's memories.

Sincerely your friend,

*Martha Horton.*

P.S.—My son, William, who served in your command, married a Connecticut girl. Think of it, Major! But she proved to be a noble-hearted woman and has influenced him to give up tobacco and stimulants in every form. He travels this terri-

tory for a New York house. His wife is well connected, and one of her ancestors came over in the Mayflower. She is with me now and sends you her regards. Billy has convinced her that next to General Joseph Johnston, you were the bravest man in the Georgia armies.

M. H.

Talbotton, Ga.,  
Oct. 18, 1872.

Major George Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Sir:

Read your letter in the *Columbus Enquirer*. I kept a livery stable here in '64 and saw the man you are hunting about that time. He drove a broken down old speckled grey mare he called Lady Chain, now that you mention it, and claimed she was in foal to "Lightning," the great four-mile horse. I took this for a joke along with some of the fairy stories he gave me about the Tommeys, but he was so polite and humble that I let him stay over night in the stable. Offered to pay me next morning and seemed like he had about a bushel of Confedrit money; but I was long on Confed myself and didn't let him put any more on me. Don't remember seein' any trunk. He was on his way to Thomasville, so he said, and I giv' him as much directions as he could carry.

Very truly,  
*William Peters.*

Thomas County,  
Oct. 19, 1872.

Major George Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir:

My wife remembered your old Nigger as soon as she read your letter in the Macon paper, and so did I when she called it to my mind. He was a big talker all right, and sat on our

back steps half the night talking about the Tommeys, their race horse, twenty-room house, yard with six fountains, and a whole tribe of Niggers. We fed him, and he slept in his wagon. Next day he wanted to pay me in Confederate money; was using a corn sack for a pocketbook, and it was most full. He moved on to Thomasville, about six miles from here, but I don't think it was the place he was looking for. I reckon it must have been "Tommeysville" he was looking for. Major, I took a good look at Lady Chain and you ain't lost much if you never get her back, but if you don't find the Nigger, you've lost the champion liar of Georgia. I hope you get him back, but it's hardly possible a man talking like he did could last seven years on the public road.

Respectfully,

*Abner Cumming.*

Thomasville, Ga.,

Oct. 19, 1872

Hon. Sir and Major:

Your man, Encas, came to my home in Thomasville, in the winter of '65 or the fall of '64, in great distress. He said he had traveled a thousand miles to get to Thomasville, but it wasn't the right Thomasville. He had no idea of states, geography or direction, claimed he had lived in Jefferson County, next to Washington County, and as this describes two counties across the line in Florida, several people at different times had sent him over there. I gave him a letter to a friend over in Jefferson County near Tallahassee. He had an old grey mare he said was a famous race horse, but she didn't look it. Claimed she was in foal to the celebrated "Lightning," whose four-mile race in the mud at New Orleans I witnessed. I thought the old Nigger was loose in the upper story. He had no trunk when here.

Very truly,

*Andrew Loomis.*

Tallahassee, Fla.,  
Oct. 20, 1872.

Major Geo. E. Tommey,  
Tommeysville, via Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir:

Eneas, your old Negro, whose name I had forgotten until I read your letter in *The Atlanta Constitution*, was on my plantation near here in '65. He came here, very blue and utterly discouraged, from Thomasville, Ga. Said he was looking for a little Thomasville owned by Major George E. Tommey. He brought a letter from a friend of mine. There are no Tommeys in this country and no Thomasville, and not knowing what to do with him, I passed him along to Colonel Chairs, a friend in Washington County which is on the gulf coast. Chairs wrote me that he had had a great deal of fun out of Eneas. The gulf astonished him. He declared solemnly that he knew he was in the wrong Washington, because there were no oranges, or scrub palmettoes, or big, green spiders (crabs) in his, and the water had no salt in it. Eneas talked a good deal of Macon and Louisville, and there being a county and town so named, besides another Thomasville, to the north in Alabama, Chairs started him up that way. I am truly sorry the old man came to grief. He was a harmless old fellow, though a picturesque liar, as are many old Negroes when they talk of their white folks.

It is possible that Eneas had a trunk, but I have no recollection of seeing one in his possession.

Yours very truly,  
*Randolph Thomas.*

Louisville, Ala.,  
Oct. 28, 1872.

Major G. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Sir:

A ole nigger name of enus come by hyar in the firs yer attter the war with er old mare and er colt he claim was by the lightnin. He was lokin for a tomusville and I tried to show him the way back to tomusville, in Georgia, but he got mad and wanted to fight me, and if he hadn't been er ole man I would have busted him open. Mr. tommy, you wont never see yo nigger no more less he mends his way of acktin when you are tryin to help him.

Respectfully, sir, yours,  
*Pompey Wiley (Colored).*

He lef hyar for Macon County.

Barton,  
Washington  
County, Ala.

Major G. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Your Negro, Eneas, came to my place in this county in 1865, I think, from a little village named Thomasville to the northeast. He was very poor and his pathetic story appealed to my sympathies. I let him have some rations and a piece of land and he planted a cotton crop. He married a young Mulatto woman on my place that year, and when he left here about Christmas, 1866, carried with him a young baby besides the old mare and her colt. The colt, by the way, was a beauty.

Encas was a puzzle to me, though I have lived among Negroes all my life. His stories of you and your place were mar-

vels. But for the fact that he held the mare and colt in your name, refusing dozens of offers for the latter when in dire need, I should have put him down a reckless romancer. He began preaching here among the Negroes and proved to be a most eloquent spiritual advocate. He claimed to be the pastor of a big congregation at home. I heard him on one occasion when he baptized forty converts and was thrilled by his imagery and power.

Eneas knew nothing of geography beyond the names of a few towns and counties. Hearing of a Macon and Louisville over in Mississippi, he gathered his household goods into his wagon in December, '66. I do hope you will yet find him. Suppose you make inquiries through the African Methodist Church—he ought to be a bishop by this time.

Very respectfully,

*James Talley,*  
Attorney at Law.

Sunshine Parsonage,  
Washington County,  
Mississippi.

Major Geo. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir:

I was greatly interested in your letter copied into our county paper from the *Telegraph and Messenger*, concerning Eneas Tommey. He was here in 1868 or 1869 with a wife and several children. They came in a one-horse wagon drawn by an old grey mare he called Lady Chain and followed by a splendid young colt he declared was from celebrated racing stock. An almost worn out pass from his mistress, Mrs. Tommey, though it bore no date or address, saved the old man from arrest. His story, that he was lost and on his way home, though remarkable, was possible, and he was not molested.



The narrative of his wanderings interested me greatly. He came up the river—the Mississippi—from Jefferson County, trying to find a ford. He had heard of a Washington parish and a Thomasville in Louisiana, and was trying to reach them. He rented a piece of land near here and raised a crop, leaving in 1869 for Jefferson County, Alabama. I gave him a letter to a minister in that county.

Very truly,  
(Rev.) *John Simms.*

P.S.—I regret to say that after leaving here, Eneas, though an active minister of the Gospel, suffered the young horse to be entered in a county race. I understand that he won about \$75. Allowance, however, must be made for the old man's necessities and distress.

J. S.

Idlewilde,  
Jefferson County, Ala.  
October 26, 1872.

Major Geo. E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir:

A Birmingham paper to-day gave me the explanation of a mystery that has puzzled my family for several years, when it reproduced your letter to the *Telegraph and Messenger*. Eneas—or the Rev. Eneas Tommey, as he called himself—came here in 1869 with a grey mare and a splendid young horse, which he claimed was of marvelous speed, and a letter from a friend of mine in Mississippi. He also brought a wife and two children. To the latter he added a third before leaving. My daughter was greatly interested in the old man's remarkable story and made an effort to help him. She took down a letter to you, which he dictated, made seven copies of it and sent one to every Thomasville in the South. They all come back to her. By good luck she retained one for her scrap

book, and I enclose it that you may see how the faithful old fellow was trying to reach you. He stayed around here farming and preaching until 1870 when, hearing from a horse trader of a Macon and a Sparta in Tennessee, he moved on. He had no trunk with him, and I am afraid your cup is gone.

Very truly,

(Rev.) *Amos Wells.*

P.S.—I am informed that Eneas participated in a horse race in Birmingham after leaving here and won a great deal of money.  
A. W.

The letter of Eneas enclosed in that of Rev. Mr. Wells:

Marse George: I am loss in er distric called Yallerhama, by a town name o' Burningham. Ef you knows whar Burningham is, fer God's sake come ter me fer I can't git ter you! Me and Lady Chain is plum wore out.

Marse George, I been ter firs one an' den ernuther Thomasville, year in an' year out, tell thar ain't no sense in hit. An' I ain't hit de right one yit. Ev'y yuther place is name Thomasville er Macon er Washington er Jefferson. Everybody knows whar I want go but me, an' shows me de road; but all I kin do is ter keep movin. De firs Thomasville I got to I got back to fo' times. Hit was harder ter loose it than hit was ter find it!

Marse George, I come ter one pond I couldn't see ercross an' de water warn't no count. The last Thomasville was out most ter sundown an' I was headin' fer ernuther when I struck er creek a mile wide an' Lady Chain couldn't wade hit, so we turn back.

Marse George, Lady Chain's colt come, back in the secon' Jefferson, an' he sholy is old Lightnin's colt; long-legged, big-footed an' iron grey. I been tryin' him out hyar an' thar an' thar ain't nothin' kin tech him.

Marse George, I got ernuther wife down in de third Wash-

ington an' am bringin' her erlong. She weighs one hundred and sixty, an' picks fo' hundred pounds er cotton er day. She b'longs ter you, same as me an' Lady Chain an' de colt.

Marse George, er horse trader goin' by told me erbout some more Macons an' Spartas an' Jeffersons an' Washingtons up de country fum hyar an' ef I don't get word fum you by nex' month, I'm gointer move erlong.

Marse George, ef you knows whar I is fum dis hyar letter an' can't come yo'self, sen' fer me. I'm sick o' de road an' wanter git home. Do somp'n an' do hit quick!

Yo' ole nigger,

*Eneas.*

Macon, Tenn.,  
Oct. 30, 1872.

Maj. George E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Sir:

Eneas was here in 1869 or 1870 and remained about a year preaching at Mt. Zion and other places in the county. I do not know when I ever met a more original and entertaining talker. His description of your colonial house with its forty rooms, white columns and splendid parks has aroused in me a strong desire to visit the place if I am ever able to come to Georgia. I know it must have suffered from the ravages of the war, but doubtless enough remains to show its former magnificence. I am especially anxious to see the great lake with its flock of swans, and the twelve fountains on your lawn. My mother is a Georgian and I have often heard her describe the natural beauties of the State. There is a feeling with us all that at last it is "home" and that some day we shall all assemble in dear old Monroe County where Grandpa was born.

Eneas brought with him to this place a grey mare that was, he said, a famous race horse, and that the father of her colt

was the greatest horse in the world. I had forgotten their names until I read your letters. Eneas insisted that you live at Thomasville next to Washington and Jefferson Counties, and near a town named Louisville. There are towns and counties of the same names in this State and he left to visit them. He seemed to have plenty of money. I hope you will hear from him yet, but I am afraid the trunk is gone. He had none when here.

Sincerely yours,

*Mary Adkins.*

Louisville, Tenn.

Oct. 27, 1872.

Sir:

Don't you worry about old Eneas. He came here in or about '70 with a grey mare, a long-legged race horse; a young wife and three children, and give out that he was a minister of the Gospel. They stayed on my place and there were four children when they left. He was a preacher all right, 'cause I heard him time and again, but all the same he was the biggest liar in Tennessee at that time, and that's a great record for any man. Major, if half he said about you and your place is true, you ought to be President. You must have owned all the Niggers in Georgia, and your home must be spread over all three of them counties he has been looking for ever since freedom. About that Lightning colt—he certainly looks it. Eneas slipped him into a free-for-all up here and him and a strange white man about busted the county. I offered him \$500 for the colt, but he said your price was \$20,000. Considering you had never seen him, I thought that a little high and him and me didn't trade. Next day he was gone. I was way from home when he left. He owed me twenty dollars I had advanced him, taking a lien note on the crop. He sent me word that if the crop didn't pay out to send you the bill. Said he had plenty of money to pay the note, but didn't have time

to wait for it to come due. Oh, you Eneas! Say, Major, if he ever gets back, and he will for you can't lose that kind of man for good, better nail down everything movable—including them twelve fountains.

Yours,

Tom Johnson.

P.S.—I say; twelve fountains.

P.S.S.—Forty-four rooms! Gosh! is the Legion still with you?

Washington

County, N. C.,

Oct. 20, 1872.

Maj. George E. Tommey,  
Louisville, Ga.

My Dear Major:

Your old Negro has been on my plantation for about a year farming and preaching and romancing. He came straight through Tennessee and North Carolina, touching Sparta, Louisville, Washington and Jefferson Counties in the former, and the towns of Jefferson, Sparta and Macon in this State before he found me. I am affectionately known all over this section of the State as "Major Tommy," and as the old Negro was looking for "Major Tommy," somebody put him on my trail. He soon had me treed, but was greatly disappointed when he saw me. However, that did not keep him from paying me a year's visit. Eneas is a queer character—wisdom of the serpent and simplicity of a child. His story, probably growing with age, like the stories of some of our veterans, has beguiled many a lonely hour for me, but not until I read your letter in the *Richmond Dispatch* did I give him credit for many facts in it. The young race horse is certainly a fine animal and should you decide to sell him I trust you will give me the refusal. Eneas won several purses up here in local races. It seems he has a new name for his horse everywhere he goes. He says it keeps him from getting "too common."

When Eneas was not plowing or racing, his favorite occupation was preaching, his subject usually being the wandering of the Hebrews in the desert. He left here for Jefferson, S. C. I am sorry to say I heard no mention of your lost cup, and if he had any trunk I was not informed of it.

With regards for yourself and all good wishes for the young bride, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

*Thomas Bailey.*

(Late) Major 13th N. C. Volunteers, C. S. A.

Extract from *Columbia* (S. C.) Register, October 27, 1872:

One of the surprises of yesterday's races came in the free-for-all two-mile dash, which was won by "Chainlightning," entered by an old Negro man calling himself Eneas Tommey, who claims the horse was sired by the celebrated stallion Lightning, and that the dam, which he drives to a one-horse wagon on his way to Georgia, is "Lady Chain." She was certainly a tired looking old lady. Eneas arrived late and at once attracted attention by his unique appearance and his limitless faith in Chainlightning. His story and the splendid horse interested some stablemen and after a private demonstration they succeeded in getting him entered and a rider engaged. In the get-off Chainlightning took the lead and gave a marvelous exhibition of speed. He led the bunch by a hundred yards at the end of the first mile and by nearly three hundred at the end of the second. He was then going strong and the efforts of the rider to stop him resulted in a runaway. When he came around the third time the crowd blocked the track and brought him to a standstill, but his rider was thrown. Eneas won \$200. It is not known how his backers fared, but it is supposed that they cleaned up a good pile on the side. Eneas left yesterday, going toward Augusta, Ga. It was suggested afterwards that this may have been the man advertised for in the *Telegraph and Messenger* by a Major Tom-

me, of Louisville, Ga., a few weeks ago. The matter will be brought to his attention. One reason for the sudden departure of the old Negro, who had become quite a hero among members of his race, is said to be a movement to elect him to the State Senate.

Louisville, Ga.—(Correspondence *Macon Telegraph and Messenger*, Oct. 31, '72.)—Your correspondent on Thursday last was the favored guest of Major George E. Tommey, the famous commander of the Tommey Legion, which rendered conspicuous service to the Confederacy as a part of Johnston's—afterwards Hood's—army, in the Tennessee and North Georgia campaigns. The Major lives about twelve miles from this place at Tommeysville, as his plantation is called. His delightful residence is one of the old-fashioned, two-story houses with broad hall and verandahs and two large wings, and is situated in a beautiful grove of oak and hickory. The broad lawn in front abounds with roses and among them is a tiny fountain with a spray. Beyond the house lie the barns and the Negro quarters and a small artificial lake where ducks abound. Sherman's army missed the charming spot and the only suggestion of the "late unpleasantness" is the Major's sword crossed with the colors of the Legion over the broad fireplace at the end of the hall.

The occasion of your correspondent's visit was the marriage of the Major's only daughter, Beauregarde Forrest, to Mirabeau Lamar Temple, of Dallas, Tex. The bride, a petite brunette of great beauty, entered life eighteen years ago, inheriting her mother's name, but by the act of the Georgia Legislature this was changed in honor of the two heroes of the Confederacy, dear to the heart of her illustrious father. The groom bears the names of two Georgia families long ago transported to the Lone Star State and is an attorney of great promise.

The wedding supper was charming in its simplicity and homeliness, using the word in its original sense. The broad

back-porch between the two wings was closed in with smilax and the feast was spread on a great homemade table twenty feet in diameter. Seats were placed for forty. Such a display of delicacies and substantial has not been seen in this section since the good old days before the war. The low growing ferns and cut flowers of the decorations—there by the hundreds—did not hide the guests' smiling faces. Wine, the famous scuppernong of the Major's own vintage, was the only stimulant visible, for the Major and his good lady are almost total abstainers. When the guests were seated a grace was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Thigpen, and fun and merriment broke loose. Toast after toast was given and sentiment and the poets were interspersed with songs from the family Negroes assembled in the backyard by a gigantic bonfire. Some of the songs were of exquisite harmony and pathos. Freedom, so far, had brought but little of brightness into the lives of these humble people.

A dramatic situation that will one day enter into a story, came during the supper festivities. A sudden excitement among the Negroes was followed by cries, some of merriment and some of fear, and by a stampede of the juniors. In the red light of the bonfire an old Negro suddenly appeared, reining up a splendid grey horse. The old man was seated in a red-wheeled road cart, enveloped in a flapping linen duster and wore a silk hat. His "Whoa, Chainlightnin!" resounded all over the place. Then he stood up and began to shout about Moses and the Hebrew children being led out of Egypt into the promised land. Major Tommey listened for a brief instant and rushed out. The newcomer met him with an equal rush and their loud greetings floated back to us clear as the notes of a plantation bell: "Eneas, you black rascal, where have you been?"

"Oh, Lord! Marse Georgel Glory be ter God! Out o' de wilderness! De projekin son am back ergin!"

"It's Eneas!" screamed the little bride, gathering up her



skirts and rushing out. In the strong light, as the wedding party hurriedly followed, we could see the old Negro hanging to his master and filling the night with his weird cries. Catching the excitement, the Negroes around began to moan and chant, taking their text from the old man's words.

"Where have you been, sir?" The Major was trying to free himself and choking with tears and laughter.

"All over de blessed worl', Marse George! but I'm home ergin!—You hyar me, Niggers?—home ergin!—"

"Stop, sir!"

But suddenly the old man grew rigid in the grasp of a momentous thought. His voice sank to a whisper audible to only a few of us:

"Marse George, wha's Nancy?"

"Nancy is dead, Eneas," said the Major, sadly.

"Thank God!" said the old man fervently.

"Where is my trunk, Eneas?" The old Negro was making a horn of his hands and giving the plantation halloo. With his eyes set on the banking shadows beyond the fire, he waited, an inscrutable smile on his wrinkled face. Presently into the circle of light came an old grey mare, drawing a wagon in which sat a yellow woman, hovering a small colony of children.

"I done brought you a whole bunch o' new Yallerhama, Burningham Niggers, Marse George! Some folks tell me dey is free, but I know dey b'long ter Marse George Tommey, des like Lady Chain and her colt! Marse George, you oughter see dat horse—"

"Where is the trunk?" repeated the Major, laughing and wiping his eyes. "Where did you leave it, Encas?"

"I ain't lef' hit," said Eneas indignantly. "Git out o' dat wagon, niggers, fo' I bus' somer you wide open!" The little colony fell over the wheels like cooters from a log, and drawing aside the hay that had held them, Eneas brought forth a

time and weather-defying hair trunk. He heaved a mighty sigh of relief as he dropped it on the ground:

"Dar 'tis, Marse George, an' I sho is glad to git shut o' dat ol' bunch o' hide an' har!" The bride danced and clapped her tiny hands: "My cup! My cup! Get it! Quick! O, please somebody, open the trunk."

Major Tommey picked up an axe and with one blow sliced off the ancient lock. From its snug nest in cotton batting, the bride lifted a shining cup, the cup, Mr. Editor, advertised in your columns a few weeks ago. A bucket rattled down in a nearby well and the bridegroom came with a great gourd of water. Then he read aloud the quaint inscription:

*Ye bryde whose lippes kysse myne  
An taste ye water an no wyne  
Shall happy live an hersel see  
A happy grandchile on each knee.*

The little woman accepted the challenge with the cup, and smiling up to the face of her husband sipped of the crystal draught and handed him the cup. He, too, drank, but the slight flush on the bride's face was nothing to the fiery scarlet of his own, when a storm of applause greeted the act.

Eneas had drawn the Major aside and produced an old scrap pocketbook, stuffed with bills.

"Marse George," he began, "de bag o' yaller war money what dey gimme warn't no good over yonner whar I been. Countin' de c'llections I tuck up in de church an' what I winned on de track wid Chainlightnin' an' ain't spent—"

"Keep it, Eneas," said the Major, almost exploding with laughter, and patting the old man on the shoulder, "that bunch of Burningham Yallerhama Niggers more than squares us."

## NO GLOVES, NO GORILLAS

THE SELECTION of a good boxing story for this book is like diving into a haystack and finding nothing but needles. They are everywhere and sharp.

What a temptation it is to present Jim Jeffries, the "white hope," in the ring at Reno against Jack Johnson, or the big smoke flat on his back in the hot Havana sunshine with (they said) a grin under the lazy eyelids; or gorgeous Georges Carpentier knocked out in the fourth by Dempsey in the first of the million-dollar gates at Boyle's Thirty Acres, or Jack going through the ropes from the blow of the Wild Bull of the Pampas, or Jack and Gene Tunney and the "long count" at Chicago, or Max Schmeling's tardy victory over Joe Louis or the return bout when Louis massacred the German in savage seconds!

And the writers at the ringsides—Lardner, Runyon, Rice, Broun, McGeehan, Davenport, Lait, Brisbane, Hammond, Hellinger, Hill, Menke, Corum, Considine—they would be a roll-call of newspaper rhetoricians, for more fine words have been spilled over the manly art of mixing muscles than all the blood since Jim Figg.

In the face of such bounty I have picked my boxing story from the far past for the simple reason that I think it will be more inter-

esting than others to readers familiar with gloves, gongs, boxing commissions, "kissing the canvas," Queensbury rules and all the other paraphernalia and patter of the game today. It should have the charm of a Currier & Ives print or an old cutlass.

Nobody really remembers, for our oldest were too young, the fights with bare fists that lasted four and five hours. They were staged where the police could not interfere in lonely barns, on barges or along grassy river-banks. There were no "rounds" as we know them. Time was called when a man was down. Then he had a few seconds to pant on the knees of his handlers, who shouted curses at his opponent.

Yet those were championship fights, too, and they were covered by reporters who defied laws and distance to get there, who wrote and wired and even cabled stories that ran for many columns and were read by millions all over the world, eager to know what happened on a little stretch of sod in Ireland or Mississippi or, in the story that follows, France.

Arthur Brisbane, in the spring of 1888, was London correspondent for the *New York Sun*. He was then but twenty-four years old; his post shows the recognition quickly given a talent that one day would make him the richest editorial writer in the world.

Brisbane was athletic as a youth. He boxed, ran and wrestled. And he revered successful athletes, including fighters, though in his prime he would belittle them as moronic along with fight fans and the sport itself. Brisbane admired John L. Sullivan, frequented John L.'s favorite saloon and bragged of their friendship. When the champion visited England, it is not surprising that young Arthur got scoops on Sullivan's British adventures, including a chat with royalty, and had the inside tip when a match was secretly arranged between Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell.

Mitchell was, in a sense, a challenger for the title. But challengers in those days needed small buildup to get a crack at the crown. Money, not press agents, talked. Sullivan had toured the United States, offering to take on all comers and knock them out in four rounds for five hundred dollars a fight, and he had taken them on and whipped them and collected. Fighters put up their own greenbacks on the field and were as likely as not to lay additional bets as the fight progressed, like a crapshooter covering

himself with a "come-out" while he tries for his point. Mitchell, an Englishman, had dough and backers, but few thought he would win.

Well, he didn't. The fight was a draw. But, as Brisbane's story emphasized, a draw was one of those "moral victories" that were to march through sports stories for fifty years thereafter. Sullivan lost face as the invincible man until he knocked out Mitchell in a later match.

Brisbane's story, published in the *Sun* on March 11, 1888, is a curiosity in several respects. It had no "lead" as we know it, telling where and when the fight was fought and who won. But that was the style of the day. The headlines gave the salient facts and the writer went on from there. Thus, O'Brien reports in *The Story of the Sun*, an editor grumbled to a reporter, "For God's sake, you told it all in the first paragraph! Can't you leave something for the headline-writer?" So we reproduce Brisbane's story in this odd form, headlines and all.

Our selection is admittedly not a fair sample of Arthur Brisbane's famous clipped prose. You will note at least one howling grammatical error. Brisbane was to write more and better fight stories, for his output at his peak, 500,000 words a year dictated or typed, included much straight reporting and he seldom missed a big bout. No doubt, if he ever looked back, he frowned with faint distaste on that young correspondent in a strange land jotting jubilant, almost naive observations, who found the watching Frenchmen more interesting than the fighters and could be prim about the profanity of "a depraved gray-haired man." But to me there is something pleasing about the picture, to be preferred to the cynical master sneering, "A gorilla could lick them both!"

## A TRIUMPH FOR MITCHELL.

*HE TIRES THE CHAMPION OUT AND THE FIGHT ENDS IN A DRAW.*

The Battle Lasts Over Three Hours—Sullivan Tries to Knock Mitchell Out, but His Blows Lack Force—Mitchell Knocked Down Fifteen Times and Comes Up Smiling—The Champion Numbed by Cold—He Loses His Wind Chasing the Little Englishman Around the Ring—Mitchell Claims First Blood—The Fighters Arrested After the Mill—Incidents of the Long Fight.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

CHANTILLY, France, March 10.—The fight between Sullivan and Mitchell was a most complete surprise to everyone. The most surprised man is Sullivan, and next most astonished man is Mitchell. Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, went wild with delight. When a draw was declared he threw his arms around Mitchell's neck and kissed him.

Mitchell is all smiles, despite his bunged eyes and swollen temples. In the opinion of the sporting fraternity he is a great man forever, and deserves the greatest credit. His triumph is undeniable, and he showed absolute pluck. It is impossible to understand how Sullivan can recover from the injury to his reputation. His defeat is due, above all, to his folly in altering his style of fighting, replacing with caution and diplomacy the daring slugging tactics which made him always victor in the first few rounds.

He began by being cautious, playing thus into Mitchell's hands, and kept it up until a driving rain and exposure had set him trembling and robbed him of the vitality necessary to send his sledge hammer-like blows home with their old effect.

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Twice during the fight he could certainly have won on his old tactics by pressing his man, but he did not do so, fearing, apparently, to lay himself open and unwilling to take any risks.

No greater change could be imagined. It was a bull imitating a fox. Toward the end of the fight Sullivan's friends saw the mistake and urged him to go in and finish it, but it was then too late, for Sullivan no longer had any energy in him, being worn out by the long struggle.

The fighting place was found by Mr. Gideon, a Paris book-maker. The fighters and their friends left Amiens this morning at 6:30 o'clock, and bought tickets for Paris. This was to deceive the police, should they be watching. All got out at Creil, a little town fifteen miles from Paris, and the fighting crowd distributed itself once more in hotels. Up to the last moment it was not believed Mitchell would fight, and he did not deny that he was only anxious to make such a showing as would help his reputation, and did not have any hope to win.

Sullivan's friends had his colors about their necks. They were an American flag with an eagle, shamrock and the harps of Erin, and they were destined soon to be taken sorrowfully off. At 11:30 o'clock several long strings of carriages filled with fighters started for the ring at Apremont, half way on the road to Chantilly.

In the first few rounds Sullivan appeared the giant fighter that the world has always believed him to be. Pity was universal for Mitchell, who looked so small beside the big fellow and so pale and worried, and yet so plucky. It must be repeated over and over that Mitchell showed pluck unbounded which won for him the admiration of those who had the best reasons to be prejudiced against him.

After throwing his hat into the ring, according to the old prize-fighting custom, Sullivan climbed through the ropes and, waving a big bunch of English bank notes, offered to bet £500 on himself against £200. No one accepted, and Sulli-

van then challenged Jinks, one of the many American gamblers who thrive in London, and who was backing Mitchell. Jinks was not tempted, but simply said: "We got enough bet." Not a man on the ground thought Mitchell had the slightest chance.

When the men went at each other at 12:47 o'clock the tactics of both soon became evident. Sullivan's desire, which evidently arose from his absolute confidence of success, was to wait for a chance to get his right on Mitchell's neck and knock him senseless with one blow. Mitchell, until the very end, kept clear of Sullivan's head, and devoted all his skill to keeping his own head out of reach and getting his fist on Sullivan's stomach.

The first round began in the greatest silence and intense excitement. Sullivan planted his left on Mitchell. He tried a body blow, but failed, and landed lightly on Mitchell's head. He aimed a body blow again, but stopped short, let go with both hands, and knocked Mitchell down. The latter was carried to his corner by his seconds, Baldock and Jake Kilrain. Sullivan did not go down and walked to his corner.

In the next round a lot of maneuvering and sparring at a distance for an opening was sandwiched in between the blows recorded. The following rounds were like the first with variations. Sullivan went to the ground only twice on his hands, but fell backward once through slipping and another time in wrestling. The rounds were generally brought to an end by the punishment inflicted by Sullivan, or by Mitchell's falls in running away from his big adversary. Sullivan knocked Mitchell clean down again and again, certainly not less than fifteen times, but Mitchell showed most wonderful ability to stand being knocked down, and every time, as he was being carried off in his second's arms, he would turn his bruised face and shout:

"Not yet. You haven't whipped me yet."

Sullivan finished the second round by knocking Mitchell



down with a blow on the left eye. The eye puffed, but grew no worse until the fight was almost closed. In the seventh round Mitchell's nails scratched Sullivan's face and brought blood. Mitchell claimed first blood. All laughed, and Mitchell said he had a bet that he would win first blood. In the ninth round a foul was claimed by Sullivan's friends because Mitchell went down to avoid punishment. Mitchell was guilty, but Sullivan declined to press the point. The referee warned Mitchell. A half dozen fouls were claimed in Sullivan's behalf during the fight, but Sullivan invariably declared that he did not make money that way, and withdrew the claim made for him. In the fifteenth round Sullivan could have won the battle had he wanted to on a foul.

The round concluded with an awful right-hander on the temple, which sent Mitchell down like a shot. He was almost knocked senseless, and on coming up for the sixteenth round he had an enormous bump on the side of his head, and was too shaky to have withstood or escaped Sullivan had he rushed in his old way. But Sullivan let the chance go.

The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth rounds were a succession of rapid knockdowns, but Sullivan's arms had not all of Sullivan's power back of them, and Mitchell kept coming up again. The thirty-second round lasted 21 minutes 45 seconds and Mitchell kept rushing away from Sullivan, who could not get in a hit. He was completely chilled by the pelting rain and took to standing still in the middle of the ring, while Mitchell deliberately walked around the edge of the ring.

At last the men took to going to their corners without hardly a blow so that practically five rounds were added to official minutes, making forty-four. The last round was a farce. Sullivan seemed wholly unable to get in a good blow, and Mitchell could not finish up Sullivan except by taking time enough to wear him completely out.

Mitchell's friends proposed to make it a draw. The offer

was accepted by Sullivan, though bitterly opposed by Phillips, Sullivan's backer, and others of his friends. The fight lasted three hours and eleven minutes. At least two hours of daylight remained. The fight was beyond all question fair and square, and on its merits.

Mitchell, as was natural and right under the rules, was anxious to tire out Sullivan and beat him in that way, and kept up a constant running, at the same time fighting pluckily enough. These were the wisest tactics he could adopt. It was pitiful to see a splendid specimen of manhood like Sullivan alternately making desperate but vain efforts to use his strength or pugilistic skill, and exhausting himself quite as much in attempting to play a diplomatic waiting game.

Much more interesting than the batterings that went on were the general romantic surroundings. Outside the ring there was the curious old church tower and clock of Creil, which told Sullivan the time on his way to the fight, and which he apostrophized, addressing himself to the hands of the clock and saying:

"You won't have traveled far before my hands will have spoiled another face."

The ring had the old-fashioned air about it. It was pitched on grass on the edge of a wood at the back of one of the out-buildings on Rothschild's beautiful training grounds. Deeply interesting were the handfuls of Frenchmen who gathered, and all watched from such a safe and distant pavilion as we would select to look upon a hyena fight. These people underwent all kinds of sensations, turned many colors, and while they continued to watch most intently expressed unmitigated horror and disgust.

An old French gentleman, seeking information of your correspondent, showed plainly that this nation is fully unable to appreciate the beauties of a fist battle. He wanted to know who was ahead so far, and when informed that to win one must render the other unable to stand up, his horror was

great. He at last said he thought it was an idiotic exhibition. "They will certainly spoil themselves in their effort to attain such an end," he said. He communicated his acquired wisdom to the other Frenchmen, and all agreed that it was decidedly idiotic, and watched with breathless interest the mutual spoiling process. After twenty rounds three men in uniforms with guns appeared. "Gendarmes!" was called out, and there was much alarm, but no stampede, as all had agreed to stand their ground and if possible prevent the gendarmes from interfering with the fight. The men with guns, however, turned out to be gamekeepers and joined their fellow Frenchmen in horrified watching.

Most to be pitied of the men outside the ring was Sam Blakelock, the tough little English fighter who has attached himself to Sullivan as a friend and attendant, and whose admiration and reverence for the big Boston man were unbounded. He had not admitted the possibility of Mitchell's remaining ten minutes before his pugilistic idol and had bet all his savings on Sullivan's winning in less than half an hour. When the rounds began to drag on and the prospect of Sullivan's knocking Mitchell out grew more and more remote, poor Blakelock became a thoroughly broken-hearted individual. He was acting as Sullivan's chair, that is to say, he would get on his hands and knees for Sullivan to sit on during the rest between rounds. After every round he would crouch down humbly in the mud, but, as he observed, his heart was not in the work.

At the twentieth round he got absolutely white, refusing to speak to anybody, except to tell your correspondent he would rather have had his leg cut off. Then, when the draw was announced, the poor chap pounded his own head in despair, and, while all the time upholding Sullivan and trying to explain away his defeat, sought to pick quarrels on his own account with various friends of Mitchell three times his size.

Kilrain, who hates Sullivan, looked over with a delight

readily understood, and smiled and taunted poor Sullivan, whose simple heart must have undergone many unknown pangs, and his humiliation must have been great in reflecting how he had said he would haul Kilrain round the ring, and whip him when he should have finished with Mitchell.

Baldock, the tough second, who worked against Kilrain on Smith's behalf, was an interested spectator. He was forbidden by Mitchell to practice the tricks of his trade by trying to gouge Sullivan's eyes out, and he could not have done it anyhow as Sullivan was never prostrate on the ground. He therefore had to find other ways of relieving his feelings and encouraging and helping his man to victory. At one time he besought Mitchell, who had just escaped being knocked out, to think of his children.

"Think of the kids, Charlie, the dear little kids, a calling of you at home and a counting on you for bread. Think what their feelings will be if you don't knock the ear off him and knock it off him again."

He sometimes would warble bits of poetry or snatches of song that he might consider encouraging and applicable to Mitchell's case, and as a change he would pour forth volleys of the most vile profanity. At intervals he threatened to visit everybody about the ring who had a word to say for Sullivan with immediate chastisement, and he further relieved his feelings by offering to bet sums he had never seen at odds ridiculous. He was a real enthusiast, and it was impossible not to be interested in him as probably the most perfect specimen of a depraved gray-haired man that was ever seen.

Mitchell talked much, as usual, and, though pale, declared himself confident. Sullivan looked determined, but was somewhat thin in the face. When the combatants reached the ring forty spectators were present. Macdonald and Jack Ashton seconded Sullivan, and Baldock and Kilrain seconded Mitchell. Mr. Angle of the London Stock Exchange was referee. Jack Bennett umpired for Sullivan and

Charley Rowell acted in a like capacity for Mitchell. Sullivan entered the ring at 12:25, and Mitchell five minutes later. At 12:50 the fight began.

It is impossible in a limited space to describe the means devised by Pony Moore to express his delight over the achievements of his son-in-law, Mitchell. It was a study for great painters as he held a bottle of brandy hugged to his vest and pale as death, with eyes burning and his scanty hair on end he indulged in a dance of triumph. His idea of affectionately embracing Sullivan, which he put into execution when the fight was declared a draw, was certainly a good one. All who know Sullivan will know how dejected must have been his frame of mind to submit to such a caress, especially from an aged party whose dyed moustache he had half pulled out.

Jinks, the rich American gambler, whose money was back of Mitchell, was constantly offering bets after the first few rounds. He was invariably taken at his own terms by friends of Sullivan. After all his money was gone he was unable to borrow and was compelled to subside.

Sullivan, though he has utterly surprised nearly everyone and bitterly disappointed all his friends, is none the less the great Sullivan, though his reputation and money powers have undoubtedly greatly decreased. The salient point is the wonderful improvement in Mitchell. The fact was never before established that he is plucky to a simply extraordinary degree, and perfectly game. At the end of the fight, after being knocked down about fifteen times and otherwise hammered, smiles were climbing cheerfully through the bumps and bruises on his face. Mitchell's size giving him quickness and facility in retreat, was a great disadvantage to Sullivan. There is no possible doubt that had Smith, Kilrain or any man of about his own size and quickness of motion been in the ring Sullivan would have beaten him quickly and with ease. The blows which were aimed at Mitchell, and which the latter's quickness enabled him to avoid, would have landed

on a bigger and slower man, and would have sufficed to knock out three or four heavyweights of Smith-Kilrain type.

The fight proves that Sullivan, who can whip a big, slow man or any man in the world in a small ring, where he can't get away, has mistaken his powers in undertaking the task of chasing a small man around the big space inside of a 24-foot circle. A detailed report of each of the thirty-nine rounds taken by me shows that out of more than a hundred wild rushes made by Sullivan, and of which any one would have been followed by a knockout in Madison Square, not a half dozen resulted in anything.

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## THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

ONE REMEMBERS Richard Harding Davis as the model young man of Manhattan, 1890, in tails and top hat on Fifth Avenue or in Charles Dana Gibson's studio, posing for the illustrations of his own stories and surrounded by adoring Gibson girls. And one remembers Davis, the reporter, speeding Gallegher out of the police raid or hobnobbing with Rags Raegan in some disreputable Cherry Street dive. That is Davis—or is it Captain Macklin?—stalking through Central American revolutions, holding up stages for fun with a pair of scissors, crashing the coronation of an emperor, charging after Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. And that is Davis streaking to the Yale game in his scarlet car. And that is Davis, night after night in the front row at *The Three Twins*, where a Yama Yama girl danced until Bessie McCoy became Mrs. Richard Harding Davis.

The man is the most romantic figure in the course of American journalism. He covered the world, including five major wars and countless scraps, usually in a pipeclay helmet and a kit like a movie star's. He was the envy of his clan. His reward, in consequence, was to be called a prig and a snob by his contemporaries and to live as an over-rated phony in the estimation of their successors, young men under the illusion that war corresponding began with the B-29 and who have read not a line of Davis's prose, which they could study to their profit.

The death of Rodriguez, an incident prior to the Spanish-American War, is not as well known as Davis's classic account of the entry of the Germans into Brussels in World War One. But nothing written in World War One or Two, in my opinion, can surpass it for simple, effective reporting.

People say nowadays that newspapers "made" the Spanish-American War. That is a questionable statement. There was a circulation fight in New York between Pulitzer's *World* and Hearst's *Journal*. But the fact is that long before Hearst even bought the *Journal* the country was in a blaze over Cuba; "Butcher" Weyler's atrocities, which led to his recall by Spain at the insistence of our State Department, were on every front page; young Americans were volunteering as filibusters; the Cuban Junta was active in Washington; and the insurrectos had declared a republic and war against Spain.

Hearst bought the *Journal* in the Autumn of 1895. One of his first acts was to hire Richard Harding Davis to cover a Yale-Harvard football game. Then he sent him to the coronation of Czar Nicolas II. While Davis, only correspondent present, was scooping the world in Moscow, "Butcher" Weyler was establishing concentration camps, making arrests and shooting suspects a few miles off our coast.

When Davis returned, Hearst asked him to go to Cuba. Undoubtedly Davis welcomed the assignment. He had spent a Summer in Cuba during his college years; he was now famous; his *Van Bibber* stories, *Gallegher* and *The Princess Aline* lay behind him along with a host of travelogues from Venezuela to Constantinople, written for *Harper's Weekly*. And he was only thirty-three, one year younger than Hearst. The plight and fight of the Cubans must have appealed to the chevalier in him.

In January, 1897, newsstands in the States began advertising in *Scribner's Monthly* the first installment of *Soldiers of Fortune*. It was to make Davis rich, though he grumbled at the \$5,000 *Scribner's* paid him. But the author was not there to taste the swift success of his first novel; in the hills outside Santa Clara he was watching a dead man's smouldering cigarette, and forming in his mind the words for a harsher and truer tale.



It follows here as it was published in the *New York Journal* February 2, 1897.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Adolfo Rodriguez was the only son of a Cuban farmer, who lived nine miles outside of Santa Clara, beyond the hills that surround that city to the north.

When the revolution in Cuba broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken, in December of 1896, by a force of the Guardia Civile, the corps d'elite of the Spanish army, and defended himself when they tried to capture him, wounding three of them with his machete.

He was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning before sunrise.

Previous to execution he was confined in the military prison of Santa Clara with thirty other insurgents, all of whom were sentenced to be shot, one after the other, on mornings following the execution of Rodriguez.

His execution took place the morning of the 19th of January, 1897, at a place a half-mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years. At the time of his death he was twenty years old.

I witnessed his execution, and what follows is an account of the way he went to his death. The young man's friends could not be present, for it was impossible for them to show themselves in that crowd and that place with wisdom or

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without distress, and I like to think that, although Rodriguez could not know it, there was one person present when he died who felt keenly for him, and who was a sympathetic though unwilling spectator.

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched from town it was still shining brightly through the mists. It lighted a plain two miles in extent, broken by ridges and gullies and covered with thick, high grass, and with bunches of cactus and palmetto. In the hollow of the ridges the mist lay like broad lakes of water, and on one side of the plain stood the walls of the old town. On the other rose hills covered with royal palms that showed white in the moonlight, like hundreds of marble columns. A line of tiny camp-fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned clearly.

But as the light grew stronger and the moonlight faded these were stamped out, and when the soldiers came in force the moon was a white ball in the sky, without radiance, the fires had sunk to ashes, and the sun had not yet risen.

So even when the men were formed into three sides of a hollow square, they were scarcely able to distinguish one another in the uncertain light of the morning.

There were about three hundred soldiers in the formation. They belonged to the volunteers, and they deployed upon the plain with their band in front playing a jaunty quickstep, while their officers galloped from one side to the other through the grass, seeking a suitable place for the execution. Outside the line the band still played merrily.

A few men and boys, who had been dragged out of their beds by the music, moved about the ridges behind the soldiers, half-clothed, unshaven, sleepy-eyed, yawning, stretching themselves nervously and shivering in the cool, damp air of the morning.

Either owing to discipline or on account of the nature of

their errand, or because the men were still but half awake, there was no talking in the ranks, and the soldiers stood motionless, leaning on their rifles, with their backs turned to the town, looking out across the plain to the hills.

The men in the crowd behind them were also grimly silent. They knew that whatever they might say would be twisted into a word of sympathy for the condemned man or a protest against the government. So no one spoke; even the officers gave their orders in gruff whispers, and the men in the crowd did not mix together, but looked suspiciously at one another and kept apart.

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

With us a condemned man walks only the short distance from his cell to the scaffold or the electric chair, shielded from sight by the prison walls, and it often occurs even then that the short journey is too much for his strength and courage.

But the Spaniards on this morning made the prisoner walk for over a half-mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the man, no matter what his strength at other times might be, stumbling and faltering on this cruel journey; but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, that the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one, and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quick step in advance of them.

He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type, a light, pointed beard, great wistful eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. You could imagine him sitting on the quay at Naples or Genoa lolling in

the sun and showing his white teeth when he laughed. Around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse, he wore a new scapular.

It seems a petty thing to have been pleased with at such a time, but I confess to have felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw, as the Cuban passed me, that he held a cigarette between his lips, not arrogantly nor with bravado, but with the nonchalance of a man who meets his punishment fearlessly, and who will let his enemies see that they can kill but cannot frighten him.

It was very quickly finished, with rough and, but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests, and the firing squad of six young volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

The officer who had held the cord that bound the Cuban's arms behind him and passed across his breast, let it fall on the grass and drew his sword, and Rodriguez dropped his cigarette from his lips and bent and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him.

The elder of the priests moved to one side and prayed rapidly in a loud whisper, while the other, a younger man, walked behind the firing squad and covered his face with his hands. They had both spent the last twelve hours with Rodriguez in the chapel of the prison.

The Cuban walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turning his back on the square, faced the hills and the road across them, which led to his father's farm.

As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light, which had just begun to show above the hills.

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale which stands in the City

Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway. The Cuban's arms were bound, as are those of the statue, and he stood firmly, with his weight resting on his heels like a soldier on parade, and his face held up fearlessly, as is that of the statue. But there was this difference, that Rodriguez, while probably as willing to give six lives for his country as was the American rebel, being only a peasant, did not think to say so, and he will not, in consequence, live in bronze during the lives of many men, but will be remembered only as one of thirty Cubans, one of whom was shot at Santa Clara on each succeeding day at sunrise.

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the clicks of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional, acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently that, as I had already observed with some satisfaction, the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner.

It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught—and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

You would expect that any man, snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head

steadily, and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword, then nodded gravely, and, with his shoulders squared, took up the new position, straightened his back and once more held himself erect.

As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in sight of the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder, hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more levelled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled.

He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again.

It was difficult to believe that he meant to lie there, that it could be ended so without a word, that the man in the linen suit would not rise to his feet and continue to walk on over the hills, as he apparently had started to do, to his home; that there was not a mistake somewhere, or that at least some one would be sorry or say something or run to pick him up.

But, fortunately, he did not need help, and the priests returned—the younger one with the tears running down his face—and donned their vestments and read a brief requiem for his soul, while the squad stood uncovered, and the men in hollow square shook their accoutrements into place, and shifted their pieces and got ready for the order to march, and the band began again with the same quickstep which the fusillade had interrupted.

The figure still lay on the grass untouched, and no one

seemed to remember that it had walked there of itself, or notice that the cigarette still burned, a tiny ring of living fire, at the place where the figure had first stood.

The figure was a thing of the past, and the squad shook itself like a great snake, and then broke into little pieces and started off jauntily, stumbling in the high grass and striving to keep step to the music.

The officers led it past the figure in the linen suit, and so close to it that the file closers had to part with the column to avoid treading on it. Each soldier as he passed turned and looked down on it, some craning their necks curiously, others giving a careless glance, and some without any interest at all, as they would have looked at a house by the roadside, or a hole in the road.

One young soldier caught his foot in a trailing vine, just opposite to it, and fell. He grew very red when his comrades giggled at him for his awkwardness. The crowd of sleepy spectators fell in on either side of the band. They, too, had forgotten it, and the priests put their vestments back in the bag and wrapped their heavy cloaks about them, and hurried off after the others.

Every one seemed to have forgotten it except two men, who came slowly towards it from the town, driving a bullock-cart that bore an unplanned coffin, each with a cigarette between his lips, and with his throat wrapped in a shawl to keep out the morning mists.

At that moment the sun, which had shown some promise of its coming in the glow above the hills, shot up suddenly from behind them in all the splendor of the tropics, a fierce, red disk of heat, and filled the air with warmth and light.

The bayonets of the retreating column flashed in it, and at the sight a rooster in a farm-yard near by crowed vigorously, and a dozen bugles answered the challenge with the brisk, cheery notes of the reveille, and from all parts of the city the

church bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the little world of Santa Clara seemed to stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back, the figure of the young Cuban, who was no longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his motionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapular twisted awry across his face, and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.



## A SOB SISTER

"I DON'T like women to work for me," says the editor in a certain novel about newspaperwomen to the girl applying for a job. "They're a bad risk. Oh, maybe they can go places a man can't, maybe they can wangle stories better than a man. My objection to girl reporters is strictly biological. They fall in love and get married and have babies. What guarantee have I, Miss Baker, that you'll stick to the job and give us our money's worth if we go to the trouble and expense of making you a reporter?"

To which the young lady retorted, "I won't promise you not to have romance and babies. But I bet you didn't bind the men you hired never to get drunk or fall down on a story or quit you for another paper or run off to New York or do any of the things men are always doing!"

That editor's attitude reflects almost a universal prejudice. For more than a hundred years distrust of women has dominated the city rooms of newspapers despite the efforts of a succession of brilliant women to break it down and belie its causes. As late as 1936 one of them, Miss Ishbel Ross, recognized it when she wrote, of girl reporters, "It is the fixed conviction of nearly every newspaper executive that a man in the same spot would be exactly twice as good."

The wonder is that girl reporters, having been reduced to such a skimpy minority by hog-headed man and inflexible nature, have set the marks they did. The ratio of stars among them would seem

to surpass their egotistic brothers. From Anne Royall, sitting on John Quincy Adams' clothes while she pried her interview from the naked and irate President of the United States in the calm Potomac, to Lee Carson, riding a jeep in the van of Patton's army at the Battle of the Bulge, the girls have "been there."

I recommend, for complete coverage on the subject, the book by Ishbel Ross, *Ladies of the Press*. Of them all she, an authority and a fine reporter herself for the *New York Tribune* and the *Herald Tribune*, lauds Winifred Black as the queen. Says Miss Ross: "The realistic women reporters of today were apt to think of her vaguely as Annie Laurie, a great syndicate name, having little relation to the active world they inhabit. Yet in actual fact she had one of the most breath-taking careers in newspaper history. For there is nothing they do today—politics, crime, catastrophes, uplift or interviews—that she did not do in a more spectacular way thirty years ago. She could have given them aces and spades on technique."

Winifred Black was born in the Wisconsin backwoods in the third year of the Civil War. She was a Miss Sweet. She married twice: Orlow Black of San Francisco and Charles A. Bonfils of Denver. And she wrote much as Annie Laurie, a pen-name she adopted because her Scotch mother often sang the song.

Winifred was a beautiful girl. She started her career on the stage. In those days the obstacles to feminine ambition were far tougher in the newspaper business than in the theatre. James Gordon Bennett, Junior, could drop from Europe into the *Herald* shop and, preening, remark, "Who are these harridans? Fire them all!" and Nelly Bly was yet to badger Joseph Pulitzer into sending her around the world. Winifred Black had indomitable dreams when she invaded the office of the *San Francisco Examiner* and asked, on the strength of her red hair and one letter published in the *Chicago Tribune*, for a job.

William Randolph Hearst, who, says Miss Ross, "helped more than any publisher to put newspaperwomen on the map," was still in Harvard, yet to persuade his father, the Senator, to give him the paper. But S. S. Chamberlain, managing editor of the *Examiner*, must have anticipated the exceptional partiality toward women

journalists of the man who was soon to become his boss. I like Miss Ross's story of the reception given Winifred Black's first assignment.

"This is a bad story," lectured Mr. Chamberlain, slowly tearing her precious pages to bits before the tyro's eyes. "Very bad, indeed. We don't want fine writing in a newspaper. Remember that. There's a gripman on the Powell Street line—he takes his car out at three o'clock in the morning, and while he's waiting for the signals he opens the morning paper. It's still wet from the press and by the light of his grip he reads it. Think of him when you're writing a story. Don't write a single word he can't understand and wouldn't read."

The lesson stuck. Winifred Black got away from the elaborate, stilted, "fancy" prose that distinguished the era. She wrote simply, crisply, vividly in short sentences and paragraphs. And she reported everything. Disguised in tatters, she entered the city hospital and exposed its abuses. She visited the leper colony on Molokai in Hawaii. She interviewed murderers and celebrities. She covered disasters. She hurried from Denver to burning San Francisco on a one-word wire from Hearst: "Go." She marched down a church aisle to interrupt a preacher. She saw a man hanged. And at the trial of Harry K. Thaw, seated on a press-bench with Dorothy Dix, Ada Patterson and Horace Greeley's grand-daughter, Nixola Greeley-Smith, she helped inspire in another reporter's copy the first reference to "sob sisters," which was to become, often unwarrantedly, the tag of her sorority.

Hearst, in active command of his booming *Journal* in New York, put great store by Winifred Black. He personally picked many of her assignments—to England and the suffragettes, to a prize-fight in El Paso, to juvenile courts in Chicago. She was not only a reporter but an organizer and director of reforms and crusades.

It was inevitable, back in the Autumn of 1900, that Hearst would send Winifred Black when the flash came in from Galveston, Texas.

A storm and tidal wave. Seven thousand people were dead or dying in one of the greatest mass tragedies of history. Winifred

Black was not only the first woman but the first reporter to get into Galveston from the outside world. Then she got out—to file her story. Here it is.

By WINIFRED BLACK

GALVESTON, Sept. 14.—I begged, cajoled and cried my way through the line of soldiers with drawn swords who guard the wharf at Texas City and sailed across the bay on a little boat which is making irregular trips to meet the relief trains from Houston.

The engineer who brought our train down from Houston spent the night before groping around in the wrecks on the beach looking for his wife and three children. He found them, dug a rude grave in the sand and set up a little board marked with his name. Then he went to the railroad company and begged them to let him go to work.

The man in front of me on the car had floated all Monday night with his wife and mother on a part of the roof of his little home. He told me that he kissed his wife good-by at midnight and told her that he could not hold on any longer; but he did hold on, dazed and half conscious, until the day broke and showed him that he was alone on his piece of dried wood. He did not even know when the women that he loved had died.

Every man on the train—there were no women there—had lost some one that he loved in the terrible disaster, and was going across the bay to try and find some trace of his family—all except the four men in my party. They were from outside cities—St. Louis, New Orleans and Kansas City. They had

lost a large amount of property and were coming down to see if anything could be saved from the wreck.

They had been sworn in as deputy sheriffs in order to get into Galveston. The city is under martial law, and no human being who cannot account for himself to the complete satisfaction of the officers in charge can hope to get through.

We sat on the deck of the little steamer. The four men from out-of-town cities and I listened to the little boat's wheel ploughing its way through the calm waters of the bay. The stars shone down like a benediction, but along the line of the shore there rose a great leaping column of blood-red flame.

"What a terrible fire!" I said. "Some of the large buildings must be burning." A man who was passing the deck behind my chair heard me. He stopped, put his hand on the bulwark and turned down and looked into my face, his face like the face of a dead man, but he laughed.

"Buildings?" he said. "Don't you know what is burning over there? It is my wife and children, such little children; why, the tallest was not as high as this"—he laid his hand on the bulwark—"and the little one was just learning to talk.

"She called my name the other day, and now they are burning over there, they and the mother who bore them. She was such a little, tender, delicate thing, always so easily frightened, and now she's out there all alone with the two babies, and they're burning them. If you're looking for sensations, there's plenty of them to be found over there where that smoke is drifting."

The man laughed again and began again to walk up and down the deck.

"That's right," said the U. S. Marshal of Southern Texas, taking off his broad hat and letting the starlight shine on his strong face. "That's right. We've had to do it. We've burned over 1,000 people to-day, and to-morrow we shall burn as many more.

"Yesterday we stopped burying the bodies at sea; we had

to give the men on the barges whiskey to give them courage to do their work. They carried out hundreds of the dead at one time, men and women, negroes and white people, all piled up as high as the barge could stand it, and the men did not go out far enough to sea, and the bodies have begun drifting back again."

"Look!" said the man who was walking the deck, touching my shoulder with his shaking hand. "Look there!"

Before I had time to think I did look, and I saw floating in the water the body of an old, old woman, whose hair was shining in the starlight. A little further on we saw a group of strange driftwood. We looked closer and found it to be a mass of wooden slabs with names and dates cut upon them, and floating on top of them were marble stones, two of them.

The graveyard, which has held the sleeping citizens of Galveston for many, many years, was giving up its dead. We pulled up at a little wharf in the hush of the starlight; there were no lights anywhere in the city except a few scattered lamps shining from a few desolate, half-destroyed houses. We picked our way up the street. The ground was slimy with the debris of the sea. Great pools of water stood in the middle of the street.

We climbed over wreckage and picked our way through heaps of rubbish. The terrible, sickening odor almost overcame us, and it was all that I could do to shut my teeth and get through the streets somehow.

The soldiers were camping on the wharf front, lying stretched out on the wet sand, the hideous, hideous sand, stained and streaked in the starlight with dark and cruel blotches. They challenged us, but the marshal took us through under his protection. At every street corner there was a guard, and every guard wore a six-shooter strapped around his waist.

"The best men!" said the marshal. "They've all left their own misery and come down here to do police duty. We

needed them. They had to shoot twenty-five men yesterday for looting the dead. Not Americans, not one of them. I saw them all—negroes and the poor whites from southern Europe. They cut off the hands of their victims. Every citizen in Galveston has orders to shoot without notice any one found at such work.”

We got to the hotel after some terrible nightmare-fashioned plodding through dim streets like a line of forlorn ghosts in a half-forgotten dream. At the hotel, a big, typical Southern hotel, with a dome and marble rotunda, the marble stained and patched with the sea slime, the clerk told us that he had no rooms. We tried to impress him in some way, but he would not look up from his book, and all he said was “No room” over and over again like a man talking in his sleep.

We hunted the housekeeper and found there was room, and plenty of it, only the clerk was so dazed that he did not know what he was doing. There was room, but no bedding, and no water, and no linen of any sort.

General McKibben, commander in charge of the Texas division, was downstairs in the parlor reading dispatches, with an aide and an orderly or two at his elbow. He was horrified to see me.

“How in the world did you get here?” he said. “I would not let any women belonging to me come into this place of horror for all the money in America. I am an old soldier, madam. I have seen many battlefields, but let me tell you that since I rowed across the bay the other night and helped the man at the boat steer to keep away from the floating bodies of dead women and little children, I have not slept one single instant.

“I have been out on inspection all day, and I find that our first estimate of the number of the dead was very much under the real. Five thousand would never cover the number of people who died here in that terrible storm.

“I saw my men pulling away some rubbish this very morning right at the corner of the principal street. They thought

there might be some one dead person there. They took out fourteen women and three little children. We have only just begun to get a faint idea of the hideous extent of this calamity. The little towns along the coast had been almost completely washed out. We hear from them every now and then as some poor, dazed wretch creeps somehow into shelter and tries to tell his pitiful story. We have only just begun our work.

"The people all over America are responding generously to our appeals for help, and I would like to impress it upon them that what we need now is money, money, money and disinfectants. Tell your people to send all the quicklime they can get through. I wish I could see a dozen trainloads of disinfectants landed in this city to-morrow morning. What we must fight now is infection, and we must fight it quick and with determination or it will conquer us."

The men of my party came over and took me from the great damp tomb of a room, where I was trying to write, to the Aziola Club across the street.

There were eighteen or twenty men there, most representative men of the city of Galveston, rich, influential citizens. They had all been on police duty or rescue work of some sort. The millionaire at the table next to me wore a pair of workmen's brogans, some kind of patched old trousers and a colored shirt much the worse for wear. He had been directing a gang of workmen who were extricating the dead from the fallen houses all day long.

The man on my right had lain for four hours under a mass of rubbish on Monday and had heard his friends pass by and recognized their voices, but could not groan loud enough for them to hear him. He told us what he was thinking about as he lay there with a man pinned across his chest and two dead men under him. He tried to make his story amusing and we all tried to laugh.

Every man in that room had lost nearly every dollar he



had in the world, and two or three of them had lost the nearest and dearest friends they had on earth, but there were no sighs, and there was not one man who spoke in anything but tones of courageous endurance. In the short time I have been here I have met and talked with women who saw every one they loved on earth swept away from them out into the storm.

I have held in my arms a little lisping boy not eight years old, whose chubby face was set and hard when he told me how he watched his mother die. But I have not seen a single tear. The people of Galveston are stunned with the merciful bewilderment which nature always sends at such a time of sorrow.

As I look out of my window I can see the blood-red flame leaping with fantastic gesture against the sky. There is no wire into Galveston, and I will have to send this message out by the first boat. The Western Union hopes to get its wires through this afternoon. Then I will have the situation better in hand and will be able to tell more definitely just what this brave people, who are trying so courageously to stem the awful tide of misery which has overwhelmed them, need the most.

For the present the two things needed are money and disinfectants. More nurses and doctors are needed. Galveston wants help—quick, ready, willing help. Don't waste a minute to send it. If it does not come soon this whole region will be a prey to a plague such as has never been known in America. Quicklime and disinfectants and money and clothes—all these things Galveston must have, and have at once, or the people of this country will have a terrible crime on their conscience.

The people of Galveston are making a brave and gallant fight for life. The citizens have organized under efficient and willing management. Gangs of men are at work everywhere removing the wreckage. The city is districted according to wards, and in every ward there is a relief station. They give

out food at the relief stations. Such food as they have will not last long.

— I sat in one relief station for half an hour this morning and saw several people who had come asking for medicine and disinfectants and a few rags of clothing to cover their pitiful nakedness turned away. The man in charge of the bureau took the last nickel in the world out of his pocket and gave it to make up a sum for a woman with a new-born baby in her arms to buy a little garment to cover its shivering flesh.

The people of the State of Texas have risen to the occasion nobly. They have done everything that human beings, staggering and dazed under such a terrific blow, could possibly do, but they are only human. This is no ordinary catastrophe. No one who has not been here to see with his own eyes the awful havoc wrought by the storm can realize the tenth part of the misery these people are suffering.

I asked a prominent member of the Citizens' Committee this morning where I should go to see the worst work which the storm had done. He smiled at me a little, pitifully. His house, every dollar he has in the world, and his children, were swept away from him last Sunday night.

"Go?" said he. "Why, anywhere within two blocks of the very heart of the city you will see misery enough in half an hour to keep you awake for a week of sleepless nights."

I went toward the heart of the city. I did not know what the names of the streets were or where I was going. I simply picked my way through masses of slime and rubbish which scar the beautiful wide streets of this once beautiful city. They won't bear looking at, those piles of rubbish. There are things there that gripe the heart to see—a baby's shoe, for instance, a little red shoe, with a jaunty tasseled lace; a bit of a woman's dress and letters. Oh, yes, I saw these things myself, and the letter was wet and grimed with the marks of the cruel sea, but there were a few lines legible in it. "Oh, my dear," it read; "the time seems so long. When can we expect

you back?" Whose hand had written or whose had received no one will ever know.

The stench from these piles of rubbish is almost overpowering. Down in the very heart of the city most of the dead bodies have been removed, but it will not do to walk far out. To-day I came upon a group of people in a bystreet, a man and two women, all colored. The man was big and muscular. One of the women was old and one was young. They were digging in a heap of rubbish, and when they heard my footsteps the man turned an evil, glowering face upon me and the young woman hid something in the folds of her dress. Human ghouls, these, prowling in search of prey.

A moment later there was noise and excitement in the little narrow street, and I looked back and saw the negro running, with a crowd at his heels. The crowd caught him and would have killed him, but a policeman came up. They tied his hands and took him through the streets with a whooping rabble at his heels. It goes hard with a man in Galveston caught looting the dead in these days.

A young man well known in the city shot and killed a negro who was cutting the ears from a living woman's head to get her earrings out. The negro lay in the street like a dead dog, and not even the members of his own race would give him the tribute of a kindly look.

The abomination of desolation reigns on every side. The big houses are dismantled, their roofs gone, windows broken, and the high-water mark showing inconceivably high on the paint. The little houses are gone—either completely gone as if they had been made of cards and a giant hand which was tired of playing with them had swept them all off the board and put them away, or they are lying in heaps of kindling wood, covering no one knows what horrors beneath.

The main streets of the city are pitiful. Here and there a shop of some sort is left standing. South Fifth street looks like an old man's jaw, with one or two straggling teeth protrud-

ing. The merchants are taking their little stores of goods that have been left them and are spreading them out in the bright sunshine, trying to make some little husbanding of their small capital. The water rushed through the stores, as it did through the houses, in an irresistible avalanche that carried all before it. The wonder is not that so little of Galveston is left standing, but that there is any of it at all.

Every street corner has its story, its story of misery and human agony bravely endured. The eye-witnesses of a hundred deaths have talked to me and told me their heartrending stories, and not one of them has told of a cowardly death. The women met their fate as did the men, bravely and for the most part with astonishing calmness. A woman told me that she and her husband went into the kitchen and climbed upon the kitchen table to get away from the waves, and that she knelt there and prayed. As she prayed, the storm came in and carried the whole house away, and her husband with it, and yesterday she went out to the place where her house had been, and there was nothing there but a little hole in the ground.

Her husband's body was found twisted in the branches of a tree half a mile from the place where she last saw him. She recognized him by a locket he had around his neck—the locket she gave him before they were married. It had her picture and a lock of the baby's hair in it. The woman told me all this without a tear or a trace of emotion. No one cries here.

They will stand and tell the most hideous stories, stories that would turn the blood in the veins of a human machine cold with horror, without the quiver of an eyelid. A man sat in the telegraph office and told me how he had lost two Jersey cows and some chickens. He went into minute particulars, told how his house was built and what it cost and how it was strengthened and made firm against the weather. He told me how the storm had come and swept it all away and how he had climbed over a mass of wabbling roofs and found a

friend lying in the curve of a big roof, in the stoutest part of the tide, and how they two had grasped each other and what they said.

He told me just how much his cows cost and why he was so fond of them, and how hard he had tried to save them, but I said: "You have saved yourself and your family; you ought not to complain." The man stared at me with blank, unseeing eyes. "Why, I did not save my family," he said. "They were all drowned. I thought you knew that. I don't talk very much about it."

The hideous horror of the whole thing has benumbed every one who saw it. No one tells the same story of the way the storm arose, or how it went. No man tells the story of his rescue quite alike. I have just heard of a little boy who was picked up floating on a plank. His mother and father and brothers and sisters were all lost in the storm. He tells a dozen different stories of his rescue on the night of the storm.

But the city is gradually getting back to a normal understanding of the situation, just as one comes out of a long fainting fit and says: "Where am I?" The Mayor is doing everything in his power to straighten matters out. Martial law is strictly enforced. The chief of police is busy, very busy. I caught him in the hotel rotunda this morning. There were five or six men around him, all trying to get permits. He wouldn't listen to one of them. He transfixed me with a stony stare when I asked him for some information. He did not have time to bother with me. He was too busy feeding the hungry and comforting the destitute and taking care of thieves, to care whether the outside world knew anything about him or his opinions or not.

He is a brown man, the chief of police in Galveston, as brown as a piece of leather and as tanned and tough as one. He has a pair of kind, steady, brown eyes, like the eyes of a faithful dog, and he talks in a slow, deliberate drawl that is rather irritating to the person who is in a hurry.

He is chief of police, head of the committee and captain of the organization for the burial of the dead. He runs from one place to the other on a curious little dog trot. He always takes the middle of the street, and there is usually a trail of petitioners streaming along behind him to whom he pays not the least particle of attention.

I ran along in his tracks for three or four blocks this morning and heard him refuse licenses for carts and passes to at least a dozen men within a breath. He threatened a large and healthy looking colored man with instant death if he didn't stop begging and get to work and help clean up the city. The colored man turned green and gray, but before he could draw his breath to expostulate the chief was gone.

He clutched up three or four men and five or six women and made them race along the street with him to a relief bureau, wrote them orders for food and would not listen to a word of thanks or explanation. I like the chief of police of Galveston. He knows his business, and he does not care a thing who likes what he does or who doesn't like it. He is really the force behind the fine organization which is gradually growing into useful life here now in the reconstruction of the city.

The little parks are full of homeless people, the prairies around Galveston are dotted with little camp fires, where the homeless and destitute are trying to gather their scattered families together and find out who among them are dead and who are living. There are thousands and thousands of families in Galveston to-day without food or properties or a place to lay their heads.

It will take thousands and thousands of dollars to put them on their feet again. I believe that the people of America will see that money is not lacking. But, oh, in pity's name, in America's name, do not delay one single instant. Send this help quickly, or it will be too late.

# A PRESIDENT IS INAUGURATED

MARK HANNA called him "this crazy man" near the beginning of his career and H. L. Mencken "a charming charlatan" at its close. But there is no doubt what the American people thought of him at its zenith. They called him "Teddy" and he loved it and they loved him.

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-fifth President of the United States, came into his high office largely by chance. The politicians had found a reform governor of New York troublesome. In the Vice-Presidency he would be safely shelved, they thought. Thus the bullet that killed McKinley must have dismayed as many Americans as it grieved. What had they drawn? A leader of whom they knew nothing much, save that he had brashly charged a blockhouse on a hill in Cuba.

Roosevelt, not yet forty-three years old, had most of McKinley's term ahead of him before he would face the voters again. He could break or he could be broken. Or he could win.

Exactly what happened in those lively and colorful three years between McKinley's assassination on September 14, 1901, and the election of 1904, you can find in the histories, where such weighty headings as Panama Canal, Russo-Japanese War, Anti-Trust Laws or racier phrases—"my policies," "big stick," "dollar diplomacy," "malefactors of great wealth," "Ananias Club," "the strenuous

life" and "bully!"—tell the Roosevelt story. It is not the purpose of this note to evaluate Theodore Roosevelt, but simply to reset a little of the stage at the time he overwhelmingly defeated his Democratic opponent, Alton B. Parker, and re-entered the White House, as he himself cockily put it, "by my own right."

That was on March 4, 1905, and the headline in the Democratic *New York World* next morning succinctly stated the case—"Triumphant Roosevelt Now *IS* President." The emphasis is the *World's*.

Under that streamer a subhead said, "The Man More Than the High Position Calls for Affectionate Tributes from Representative Citizens of All America at the Inauguration—Cowboys, Indians, New Yorkers, 'Colonials' Join in the Wild Acclaim."

The inauguration story bore the byline of one of the greatest political reporters of his time. Samuel G. Blythe was a Geneseo, N. Y., boy who at twenty-five was managing editor of the *Buffalo Express* and not many years later nationally famous. To readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* in the 1900's the name of Samuel G. Blythe became as familiar as Robert W. Chambers' sultry heroines and the lean men and serpentine ladies A. B. Wenzell drew to illustrate Chambers' stories. Blythe's articles on national figures and affairs were *Post* banners for years until his retirement when he was past seventy to Carmel, California, where he died in the summer of 1947.

Blythe's magazine exploits lay ahead of him in 1905. But, chief of the *World's* Washington corps, he was as eminent in his own way as the President of whom he wrote on that bright Saturday when the century was young.

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WASHINGTON, March 4.—It was like an enormous cocktail.



A dash of vaudeville, a fillip of imperialism, a jigger of militarism, a sufficient quantity of expansion, filled to the top with Rooseveltism, shaken well and served.

And it gave the cocktail sensation—a tingling of the nerves, a flush to the cheek, an elation, a stimulus.

It was a brave show, varied as a moving picture, many colored as a ribbon-counter, interesting as a circus. Great crowds stood along the line of march and cheered. Bands blared unceasingly. Gun barrels glittered. Helmets flashed. Flags waved everywhere. Thirty thousand men, half for hire and half for party, marched sixteen abreast from the Capitol to the White House to get a salute from the President. Fireworks spangled the sky and twelve thousand society folk and social "climbers" jammed themselves together at what, with elaborate irony, is called the "Inaugural Ball," where dancing was no more possible than it would be in a Broadway car at 6 o'clock on a week-day night.

Overshadowing, dominant, triumphant was Theodore Roosevelt, who took from the hands of the people the office they gave him last November.

It was all Roosevelt from the break of day to the "Home, Sweet Home," of the bands at the ball at midnight. When the President went up the avenue to the Capitol the crowds saw nothing but the President. The Rough Riders, the troopers from New York, the bullioned Gen. Chaffee and his staff, the plodding veterans of the civil war all went for naught. The people fixed on Roosevelt, erect, virile, happy, bowing right and left, laughing with sheer joy.

A handful of favored spectators in the Senate chamber impatiently saw Charles Warren Fairbanks sworn in as Vice-President, and no one was more impatient than the President himself. Fifty thousand persons standing in the east plaza of the Capitol passed over the imposing procession that came from the bronze doors and "walked down the stand to the President's place, passed over the Cabinet, the gaudy diplo-

matists, the nine Justices of the greatest court in the land, the solemn Senators and Representatives and all the delegates from officialdom—passed them over for Roosevelt, the centre of every picture. The soldiers, the sailors, the flags and all the rest of it stood for but one idea in any spectator's mind—Roosevelt.

The crowds were enthusiastic with more than ordinary enthusiasm. To most of the people who heard his brief address, who saw him go up to the Capitol and come back again, he seemed to be a fetish.

"He's all right!" the people shouted with vigorous insistence and with countless repetitions. "He's all right and we're for him."

Thus, on the surface, there was no discordant element. Everything was Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt! But the discord was there. The gray walls of the Capitol, when the Congress welcomed the President with an effusiveness that was almost servile, sheltered as hostile a co-ordinate branch of the Government as has arrayed itself—openly or secretly—against a President in many years.

Casting back a bit, to the message the President sent to Congress last December, what is the record? Here was a man elected by a popular plurality of more than two and a half millions of votes, and there ended to-day a Congress with men of his own party overwhelmingly in the majority. What has happened?

The sullen Senate and the hypocritical House have refused him almost everything for which he asked. He wanted many ships for the navy. He got two. He wanted arbitration treaties phrased in his own language. He got them in the Senate's terms. He wanted railroad-rate legislation. He was denied. He asked to have a dozen other policies supported. Each time he was refused. He was jeered at on the floor of the Senate and the House by his own followers, and all this after the demonstration for him at the polls.

Most of the people in the crowds did not know of this opposition in the Congress or, if they knew, they did not care. Congress is an Institution. Roosevelt is a Man. They were there for the man, and if anything was said about the Congress, that has rather gloried in its spunk in fighting the President, it was that Congress might go hang for all of them.

"He's all right!" the crowds said over and over again. "He's all right and we're for him!"

That was the keynote of to-day's celebration. That is the reason why Roosevelt, when he said yesterday: "To-morrow I will come into my office by my own right; then look out for me," meant exactly what he said. He puts it this way, "All the politicians were against me for President last year, but I was nominated by acclamation. Most of the Congress is against me now, but I do not care." A politician himself he knows the futility of politicians.

Every event in the day from first to last proved again and again the President's love for applause. He likes it. He thrives on it. The spat, spat of the commending hand is music to his ears. He did not disguise it either. Every time a man yelled "Hi there, Teddy, good for you!" the President grinned. He bowed continually, to right and left, not as if it bored him, but with a human interest in the proceeding and a desire to let the people know he was glad they cheered him.

Defying all superstitions the President wore an opal ring that was on President Lincoln's hand on the night he was assassinated. John Hay, Secretary of State, asked Mr. Roosevelt to wear the opal. The President had faith in his luck and he wore the ring.

A fairer inauguration morning never dawned. The sun came up into a cloudless sky. "Roosevelt's luck," said early risers, and "Roosevelt's luck" everybody re-echoed on the streets. Until 11 o'clock the sky was mostly clear. Such clouds as there were were light and white. The street-cleaners began before daybreak to manicure Pennsylvania avenue. The as-

phalt was clean as a polished floor. There was enough breeze to keep the flags flying. The air had a touch of frost, that made it good to breathe.

At 11 o'clock, just after the President had passed up the avenue to the Capitol, heavy dark clouds came up and shut out the sun. The weather man in putting out a timid forecast this morning said it might rain. It looked as if he was to be right. Umbrella venders came into the street as if shot up through traps. The clouds disappeared as quickly as they came, and at noon the sun was shining again as brightly as it had shone earlier in the day. The wind freshened and became cold toward night, but nobody minded that.

The sky remained clear during the afternoon. The parade conditions were as perfect as if they had been made to order. It was cool enough to march comfortably and warm enough for the people who stood.

The military and naval power of the country were represented by just enough of the soldiers and sailors to give the people a sight of them. There was no effort to bring troops in from far-away posts. Lieut.-Gen. Chaffee cleverly selected from the regular forces at hand, and so did Admiral Dewey, and the division of the United States forces was well balanced, symmetrical and impressive. The cadets from West Point and the midshipmen from Annapolis won the most applause.

The pert little Filipino scouts hopped along to tremendous cheering, and the Porto Rico soldiers, wherever they were recognized, were applauded lustily. They were smart in bringing these men from the "Dependencies" to Washington. They did not overdo it. There were just enough of them to leaven the lump, to show that we have them, but not to do more than that. Ethnologically all the parade needed to make it complete was a delegation of Chinamen carrying an open door. There were Indians, Porto Ricans, Filipinos, white men and black men.

The vaudeville features were well arranged. The six Indian chiefs with war bonnets and blankets stalked more or less majestically along and were followed by the natty cadets from the Carlisle Indian School, making, as was arranged, an effective contrast between the old Indian and the new Indian. The cowboys rode soberly enough, rigged in full cowboy costume, carrying lariats and principally occupied in keeping their ponies from bolting. The miners had their grimy overalls on and wore their lamps in their caps.

Then there were the civic bodies, the marching clubs that came from towns roundabout, and red, white and blue umbrellas and high white hats, and spats, some of them, and all the fantastic gear that goes with this sort of an expression of party loyalty.

The bands were scattered thickly through the procession. They gave concerts while the parade waited for the President's luncheon. The bandmasters soon found out that "Dixie" is the tune that gets most applause from the middle of Pennsylvania avenue, and most of them played it from time to time. They scattered "Maryland, My Maryland," along the whole line of march also, and the other good, old ones, like, "Marching Through Georgia" and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," mixed with the livelier Sousa marches and plenty of rag-time.

There are few streets in the world so well adapted to a great parade as Pennsylvania avenue. This afternoon it was at its best. There are no crowds in the world like the American crowds and this afternoon, they, too, were at their best. The whole spectacle was magnificent and impressive. It was as carefully planned as it was excellently executed. Probably, President Roosevelt would have had it all soldiers and sailors if he had had his way. He knew of the criticism that was aimed at McKinley four years ago because of the predominance of the military spirit. This year they took care to let

the civic bodies lead in numbers, but he saw to it that his soldiers and his sailors were the best to be had.

From windows along the line of march and from stands that had the highest-priced seats nearly all the railroad presidents of the country looked on. Morgan wasn't there, as he is abroad. Perkins and others of his firm represented him.

The Standard Oil people had their men here. So did every other big financial interest. The Trust-busting President was watched by the men whose business it is to bust Trust-busters. It was a mingling of the vital forces of the republic—financial, political, social and professional—with tens of thousands of partisans who came merely to cheer for Roosevelt.

There were old-timers who deplored the pomp and pagentry. There were men who said that the inauguration of the President should be a simple ceremony, where a man holds up his right hand and swears to execute the laws. The people would have laughed at this if they had even stopped to listen.

They came to see a show, and they saw one—a glittering, gorgeous, golden show, the most spectacular of its kind this country has ever had.

## A SHIP BURNS

THE GREAT disasters of history—the floods, the fires, the railroad wrecks, the ship sinkings, hurricanes and plane crashes—have usually occurred at hours and in places that made newspaper coverage slow, difficult and spotty.

The *Titanic* sank at night in a cold sea off Newfoundland. It was hours before rescue ships reached survivors; it was days before their stories were gathered into unified accounts.

The earthquake and fire that destroyed San Francisco, destroyed its communications, too. The *New York Sun* on that day ran eight columns by Will Irwin. They are considered a classic. It was a magnificent job by Irwin. But he simply wrote, in New York, out of his recollection of San Francisco a color story of “the city that was.” There is scarcely a line of news in it. The truth is that the *Sun*, like many other papers, was stuck for news.

And so it goes in a review of nearly all disasters, from the night the dam broke above Johnstown to today’s lost airliners. Flashes, bulletins, “background,” lists of passengers, incomplete bits of tragedy that must be knitted together by the dozen to make one story worth reprinting.

But that is not the way it was on June 15, 1904. In midmorning of that perfect summer’s day, in midstream of one of the world’s busiest rivers, an excursion boat packed with mothers and their babies caught fire and went roaring to its doom in full view of horrified thousands. Fate has never since selected such a moment

and such a stage for tragedy, not when the bomb exploded in Wall Street or the plane hit the Empire State Building, nor have New York newspapers found again on their doorsteps such a complete drama as the burning of the *General Slocum*.

On the rewrite desk of the *Evening World*, Martin Green picked up a telephone to hear an excited voice say, "There's a boat ablaze out there in the river!" He kept his eyewitness talking for thirty minutes. And in the city room of the *New York Sun* another star reporter began a running account, from the moment the *Slocum* left its dock until it was beached on North Brother Island.

"We took it page by page from Lindsay Denison as his typewriter milled it out," wrote Frank M. O'Brien in the *Story of the Sun*, but my friend Charles Stolberg, the *Sun's* librarian, is a little skeptical. It is his recollection that typewriters were not used by *Sun* reporters until several years after this and that Ed Hill, not Denison, was the first *Sun* man to bang the keys. He inclines to the belief that O'Brien's enthusiasm for Denison's story led him into an understandable error.

Denison is not here to tell us whether he typed or wrote in longhand. He died in 1934, one of the honored veterans of his craft, after forty years of reporting, first for the *Sun*, then for the *Evening World* and later for magazines. When he wrote the *Slocum* story, he was ten years out of Yale and had gone, said the *World-Telegram's* obituary, from "dandy of his class" to "the most careless dresser on Park Row." But there was nothing careless in his writing. His *Slocum* story occupied the entire front page of the *Sun* on June 16, 1904, and ran over to page two.

By LINDSAY DENISON

The General Slocum, which was built of wood, spent Tuesday night at the foot of Fiftieth street. She started around the

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Battery at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, light. Her crew of twenty-seven men was aboard. She reached the foot of Third street, in the East River, where there is a recreation pier, at about twenty minutes past 8 o'clock.

There were several hundred excursionists already on the pier when the Slocum arrived. There were mothers full of pride in their lusty German-American babies, and full of anxiety for fear some of them would fall overboard in their haste to get on board the Slocum before anybody else did. A band came and went to the afterdeck and began booming out melodies dear to the German and the East Side heart.

The mothers and children kept pouring across the gang plank and scurrying for "good places" about the decks. The Rev. G. C. F. Haas and his assistant, the Rev. J. S. Schultz, stood on opposite sides of the gang plank and welcomed the mothers and the scholars. Policemen Kelk and Van Tassell, full of experience in the handling of Sunday school excursions, took posts on the off shore side of the steamer, ready to dive after any towhead who by mischance should fall overboard. It was as fine a day for a picnic as ever was. The sunlight made the blue water seem as bright as though it lay anywhere but between the piers of the biggest city of this nation. The ugly factory walls were set off by masts and flags, and big boats and little boats seemed rather to be skittering over the river for their own amusement than for any purpose of sordid profit.

The excursion was late in starting. Lutherans are great folk for going to family picnics in big family parties. Greta and Wilhemina and August's wife gather from the corners of Manhattan and Brooklyn and bring all their children, and combine their luncheons so that it shall be served to ten or fifteen hungry mouths in proper proportions. And if any one of the whole family circle was late, then all the rest went to Pastor Haas and besought him, by all that was dear and sweet, not to let the boat go until sister and her little ones

came. Pastor Haas was good natured, and it was well along toward 10 o'clock when the Slocum started, the band on the upper deck playing "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott."

The children tugged at their skirts, held down by their smiling mothers and big sisters and grandmothers, and cheered at the departing pier. There was not a chill in the air. There was not a cloud on the blue sky. Pastor Haas went up and down the decks, and the matrons loudly communicated their congratulations to him.

Hell Gate, where the tide was rushing out to the Sound with the utmost violence, was passed safely. There isn't a steamer captain in this harbor, no matter though he be as old as Capt. Van Schaick, who is not glad when he has passed through Hell Gate without a collision and without being slewed out of his course against its rocky sides.

Though Capt. Van Schaick did not know it, the steamer must even then have been on fire. Just back of the crew's quarters, up in the bow of the steamer under the main deck, is what is called the second cabin. On the Slocum this cabin has been used as a sort of storeroom. Spare hawsers and paint and oils were kept there. Gasolene was kept there, and it was there that Albert Payne, a negro steward, kept the ship's lamps when they were not in place and cleaned and filled them. Payne, his face ashy with the horrors he had been through, swore yesterday afternoon that he had finished cleaning all the lamps before the boat left her dock at West Fiftieth street early yesterday morning and that he had not been in the room except to see that everything was all right. He swore that just before the boat left East Third street the second cabin was all right.

Along the Astoria shore, where there are many yards for the building of small boats, the trouble was known sooner than it was on the steamer itself. As the Slocum passed Broadway, Astoria, John E. Ronan, a Dock Department employee, was struck with the gayety of the steamer, with her

flags, her music and her load of hilarious children, and called to a companion:

"Look at the Slocum! Don't it make you hate to work when you see a crowd having as good a time as that?"

But a quarter of a mile further on, William Alloway, the captain of a dredge, saw a burst of smoke puff out from the lower deck of the Slocum just forward of the smokestacks. He let off four blasts of his dredge whistle. At the same moment other boats on each side of the river began to toot shrill warnings. Alloway and his men could see a scurrying on the decks of the Slocum. They wondered why Capt. Van Schaick didn't back his boat right into the Astoria shore.

"It seemed to me," Alloway said yesterday, "as though he was having some trouble with his wheel and as though she wasn't minding it, and as if he couldn't get his signals into his engine room. But anyway, he went right ahead."

From the best understanding of the situation which could be gained from those who were left alive when everything was over, it was quite a while after the Slocum was first found to be on fire that the seriousness of the situation was understood by all of her officers and crew. Very few of the passengers knew anything of the real danger they were in until the burning and drowning had begun.

Eddie Flanagan was the Slocum's mate. On excursion steamers the safety and comfort of the passengers are delegated to the mate, while the captain is in the pilot house as he always is, very properly, while the boat is in motion. To Flanagan there came a deckhand and Steward McGann. He caught Flanagan by the shoulder and said:

"Mate, there's a fire forward and it's got a pretty good headway."

Flanagan jumped down through the dark space in the middle of the boat and turned the lever of the fire drill alarm. He sent McGann to warn Capt. Van Schaick. The crew was not enough to handle so many passengers. The fire crackled

up through one deck after another, licking out far on the port side. There was a rush for the stern. Some of the children thought that the whole alarm was a joke and laughed and pummelled one another as they ran. The mothers didn't. They lumbered after, trying vainly to keep hold of some one garment on the bodies of each one of their youngsters.

Capt. Van Schaick ran back from the pilot house and saw that Flanagan had two lines of hose run from the steamer's fire pumps toward the second cabin, and that the water was already spurting through them. The fire drill on the Slocum was always well done. It was held, without any requirement of law, once every week. But this fire was beyond any mere fire drill. It took Capt. Van Schaick only a minute to see that he ought to get his passengers ashore as soon as ever he could. He determined on the north shore of North Brother Island.

It takes time to read of all these things. It took almost no time at all for them to happen. The yells and screams of the few people who were caught on the decks below the hurricane deck forward were ringing horribly across the water. The roar and crackle of the oil-fed flames shut these screams off from the frightened mass of Sunday school people aft.

Kelk and Van Tassell had leaped into the crowds when the firegongs rang. It was due to them that more women and children were not caught forward of the fire. They herded the people back like sheep until nearly the whole company were huddled together on the broad afterdecks. The fire was eating its way back steadily. The people were getting more and more frightened. Mothers whose children had been separated from them in the rush were getting frantic and dashing madly through the crowd. Confusion grew almost as fast as the fire at the other end of the boat was growing. Van Tassell took to the rail.

"Now, everybody keep quiet!" he shouted again and again, waving his big arms reassuringly at women who were gasp-

ing the rail and already leaning over and trying to make up their minds to jump.

Pastor Haas had found his wife and his twelve-year-old daughter Gertrude and had put them near the back of a companionway, where he was sure he could find them. He, too, tried to calm his people. He might as well have tried to calm the whirling tide that was bearing the burning steamer along to its end. They were fighting now. Mothers who had started side by side with an endless fund of sympathy for domestic difficulties were fighting like wild beasts.

Screams came from the water. A woman looked over and saw three children floating by on the starboard side. The head of one of them was covered with blood where a blade of the paddlewheel had wounded it. The woman screamed just once, so loud that for a moment all the other horrible sounds of the boat seemed hushed. She pointed a finger at the little bodies that were floating back from the forward decks.

"Friedal!" she screamed. "Meine Friedal!"

Before a hand could be raised to stop her, if indeed there was any one there cool enough in that moment to raise a hand, the mother jumped on the seat and threw herself over the rail. She sank, whirling over and over in the swift current. So did the children. But other bodies came. As the flames worked upward and backward more and more people were driven to jump to escape being burned. Mercifully, the pilot house, away forward and up in the air, was in a position which the flames found it hard to reach. The captain and his pilots were able to keep steering.

It seemed to be the captain's purpose as he came up past 130th street to try to find a berth on The Bronx side of the stream. There are a number of coal and wood yards along there and some factories. Rivermen said yesterday that he might well have carried out his plan. The land forces of the Fire Department could have reached him there. But he said

that a tug warned him off, telling him that he would only be setting fire to the shore buildings and would not be helping his people in the least, if he ran in there.

At any rate, the General Slocum, observed now by hundreds of horror dazed people on both sides of the stream and on the islands, turned again toward North Brother. Steamers and tugs from far downstream were making after her. The Department of Correction boat Massasoit was on the far side of the Brother islands. Her captain lay in wait for the Slocum, not knowing through what channel she would come. From downstream came the slim, white Franklin Edson, the Health Department boat. Thence, too, came the sturdy little Wade, with her tough talking, daredevil, great hearted little captain, Jack Wade. There came also the tugs Theo and Easy Time, tooting their whistles, headed for the burning steamer.

On board the Slocum horror was being piled on horror too fast for any one to keep track of them. The fire, leaping now high above the framework of the steamer's hogback and roaring with a smoky glare of red tongues up thirty feet over the tall brown smokestacks, had begun to scorch the edges of the compact mass of women and children who were crowding back out of its way at the rear end of the boat.

The greater number of these people by far were on The Bronx side of the decks. They seemed to feel, poor creatures, that, small as their chance for rescue was, when it came it would come from the thickly populated shore rather than from the bleak, rocky, bare spaces on the islands on the starboard side. The Slocum was now opposite 138th street, heading partly across the river toward North Brother Island. On the contagious diseases landing there the fire fighting force of the island under the direction of Superintendent of Outdoor Work Doorley was drawn up with two lines of heavy hose connected with the island's salt water pumping station.

To have gone to them, according to men who are familiar with the run of the tide along there, would have been worse

than useless. The getting of the boat's broadside against the stream, they say, would have whirled her helplessly out into the stream. But as they watched and waited, this is what they saw.

With a crack and echoing volley of screams that set on edge the teeth of men hardened to almost any form of death or evidence of pain, the port rail of the Slocum's afterdeck gave way and all the people near it slipped and slid, one over another, into the water. She had hardly gone 200 yards further on—indeed, by ones and threes and twos and sevens gayly dressed women and little tots all in white were seen whirling down from the deck into the racing tide—when worse came. The steamers and tugs in pursuit were catching up one woman here or a child there, but it was not much they could do. The tide was too swift, and there was too much work to be done ahead to warrant any delay over individuals.

There was a puff like a great cough down in the Slocum's inwards. A red starry cloud of sparks and smoke and flames shot up and the greater part of the superstructure aft plunged forward into the flames. How many hundreds of lives were snuffed out in that one instant nobody will ever know. Outsiders could see writhing crawling figures in the burning wreckage, slipping down further and further into the flames until they were gone. As bees cling along a branch when they are swarming, there was a thick clustering of women, all screaming, and boys and girls around the edges of so much of the superstructure as was still standing.

At the very back Kelk, the policeman, was standing, catching up some of the smallest children, and hurling them out at the decks of the nearest following steamers. Mothers threw their children overboard and leaped after them. When the stanchions burned out and the superstructure fell families were separated.

Thus it happened to Dominie Haas. He had given up as

hopeless any effort to get the people quiet, and had just found his wife and daughter. The crash came and he lost them.

Now the big steamer, ablaze for more than two-thirds of her 250 feet of length, was rounding the point of North Brother Island. The flames were reaching out for the pilot house. The door toward the fire was blackened here and there and the paint blisters were busting with little puffs of fire. But the hundred nurses and the tuberculosis patients—all the others had scarlet fever and other contagious diseases and were kept indoors—gathered eagerly on shore waiting a chance to help; saw old man Van Schaick and his pilots at their wheel, straining forward as though by their own physical efforts they could make the boat go faster.

The captain and Van Wart are both of scrawny, hollow cheeked build. Both have sandy side whiskers, cropped close. Van Wart is taller than the captain. Weaver, the other pilot, is of heavier build. They made a wonderful picture, the three of them. Afterward, when the horrors were all over except the most ghastly horror of all—the piling up and labelling of the dead—men spoke of the picture. It was at no moment certain that the pilot house would not shrivel up and vanish in a puff of smoke. If it did, the Slocum would never get close enough to the shore to make it possible for help to be given to the passengers who were still living. And the two old men and the younger, with never a look backward, whirled their wheel and braced it, and with their teeth set close together and never a word kept their eyes fixed on the one little stretch of rocky beach where it was possible for a steamer as big as the Slocum to be beached accurately and safely.

They succeeded in the fight that they had been making all the way from the Sunken Meadows, where the Seawanhaka was beached years ago. Capt. Van Schaick was past the Sunken Meadows, he said yesterday, before he knew that he



had a fire on his boat, and the tide was too strong to let him turn back to beach her there, even had there been any way of rescue out there in the middle of the river.

The only heartening incidents of the whole horrible half hour began happening as soon as the Slocum's bottom scraped on the North Brother Island shore, about twenty-five feet from the sea wall.

The Massasoit, which was the closest boat behind the Slocum when she struck, drew so much water that it was impossible to get her bow within fifty feet of the Slocum. It didn't make any difference to Carl Rappaport, her coxswain. He took a running jump forward over the bow and swam toward the burning steamer. Like a big red headed St. Bernard he grabbed two babies and swam back to his own boat. Meantime the captain of the Massasoit was putting boats overboard as fast as he knew how. When these were out picking up people from the water wherever they could, Rappaport was floundering around helping from the water side.

The Franklin Edson, with her new clean coat of white and gilt paint, drew less water than the Massasoit and went right up to the Slocum's side so that people jumped from the burning decks and were dragged back to safety. For safety was not on the forward deck of the Edson. She needs a new coat of paint. Her forward windows were cracked by the heat and there are the marks of flames for the forward thirty feet of her superstructure.

Jack Wade, master and owner of his little tug, cursing like a truckman stuck in the middle of a Broadway jam, was pitching his life-preservers over, turning loose his boats and pushing up so close to the burning decks that the hair on his brawny arms frizzled and his men, John McDonnell, Ruddy McCarrol, and Bob Brannigan, had their shirts burned off their backs. It wasn't worth while afterward to attempt to get this crew to tell how many lives it saved. They had been too busy to count.

Ruddy McCarrol was plain beaten out for the first time in his life. The effort which finished him had been getting a very heavy German woman over the side, single handed. When she was aboard she began to scream. Ruddy laid himself out flat, face down along the rail, and was sure he was going to die, he was so exhausted. He heard the fat woman say:

"Wake up, you! Wake up!" but he didn't know she was talking to him.

"There is my Claus in the water," she screamed. Without more ado, she shoved Ruddy overboard. He floundered around, caught the boy and managed to get aboard again. The fat woman grabbed Claus and started down the boat with him. Ruddy shook his head with a look that was almost a smile and then fell on his face in a faint.

All along the shore, as the burning steamboat had come along the stream on the breast of the tide, fire alarms had been rung. One alarm at the foot of 138th street was rung three times. There was nothing the firemen could do when they came, except just one thing, which was done at once. The captain of the first company to arrive at the river's edge telephoned for the fireboat Zophar Mills. She came up the river, screaming, with a voice that outscramed all the other whistles which were being blown in every factory and yard from which the blazing steamship could be seen.

The captain of the Mills saw that the Slocum was beached and that rescuers were more needed than pumpers of water. He ran into 138th street and took aboard Capt. Geohegan and all the reserves of the Alexander avenue station and took them over the river to help in the work of picking people out of the water from rowboats and tugs. There is a big marble works opposite North Brother Island. The boss, when he saw the Slocum, knocked off all work and sent his 150 men across in any and every sort of a craft that they could lay their hands on.

Meantime the hundred nurses and the tuberculosis pa-

tients were doing wonderful things. Delicate looking young women, in the dainty white uniforms which nurses wear, ran down to the water's brink and waded in up to their necks and formed human chains, along which struggling, half-drowned refugees were passed. Miss O'Donnell, the assistant nurse in charge, went out and brought in seven dead people and eight living. Every other nurse in the place was doing nearly as well. Dr. Watson, the head of the hospital, was out in the water with them, cheering them on. Mary McCann, a sixteen-year-old, a ward helper, just over from Ireland, swam out four times and each time brought a living child to the shore.

Even though relieved by these evidences—but one or two out of hundreds that happened unrecorded—of the working of good and brave human hearts, the misery and the horror were going on almost undiminished. The great hulk was still burning like a furnace on top of the water. Living men and women were still rolling out from her decks. Hundreds sought shelter from the heat under the paddle boxes, which seemed slow to burn. In there, among the wet paddle blades, the rescue boats were filled again and again.

Long after every one had given up any idea that there was a human life in the forward part of the boat, except those of Capt. Van Schaick and his two pilots, there was a shout of surprise and agony on shore. A small boy—he seemed about 6 years old—climbed up to the flagstaff and began to make his way up as though to get away from the deck which was burning under him. He climbed a little higher and a little higher with each jump of the tongues of flame from below until he was almost at the top. He was a sturdy looking little chap, and each time he found he had not gone far enough he would shake his yellow curls determinedly and work his way a few inches more. It was a brave fight. He lost it. The flagstaff began to tremble, just as a boat was getting around in

position to get at the child. The staff fell back into the floating furnace, and the boy with it.

As fast as dead and living were brought ashore the weaker of the convalescent patients took them and carried them up on the lawn. There was a constantly increasing number of physicians coming over from the mainland, some of them in rowboats. Every burnt woman or child who showed any signs of life was carried into the buildings. The nurses' quarters and the doctors' quarters and the stables and every place that had a roof where cots could be erected was filled—except those in which there were contagious diseases.

The dead were laid out in long rows on the grass. The living walked or were carried by them. Heartrending recognitions were there; women throwing themselves on the bodies of their children, children catching at their mothers' hands and begging them to "wake up" and screaming inconsolably when they realized that there would be no waking up.

There was too much to be done at once for any list to be kept of those who were rescued. The Rev. Mr. Haas was pulled out of the water in which he had fallen soon after the Slocum beached, and found to be not very badly injured. But it was more than an hour before he could be found and identified.

One reason for the heavy loss of life ascribed by those who assisted in the work of rescue was the apparent inability of all the passengers of the Slocum to swim. Scores were drowned within a few steps of firm footing. Not a few were drowned who might have saved themselves by standing up. Capt. Van Schaick and his pilots and all the rest of his crew except Steward McGann and Chief Engineer Conklin swam ashore without much difficulty after they once got safely into the water away from the flames. It is not known what happened to McGann. Other members of the crew were sure that when the divers got down into the wreck of the Slocum they would

find that Chief Engineer Conklin would be found dead at his post, from which he might have escaped any time, had he wanted to abandon the passengers to their fate.

When the Zophar Mills' commander was satisfied that there was no more chance of saving any lives, he ordered that the burning hulk be got out of the way. With the help of several of the other tugs she was yanked out into the stream and floated, ablaze from stem to stern over to Hunt's Point, a mile away, where she grounded again and burned to the water's edge and sank. She lies now about half a mile from Hunt's Point on the Bronx side of the stream and about a mile north of North Brother Island. She lies with her yellow smokestacks tilted over to the south and one of her big yellow paddleboxes visible. For the rest there is an outline of charred timbers and nothing more.

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## A WOMAN TELLS

A MAN now past middle age remembers his father, in the winter of 1907, walking two miles through snow to meet the Chicago train. He did this every day for weeks and so did twenty other people in the small Michigan town where they lived. Each had but one purpose.

As the Chicago papers were tossed from the train, our man's father would seize his and trudge home. He did not drop into a saloon or linger to gossip; he was a stern churchman, shunning worldly things. In the kitchen, where he was allowed to smoke, he sat and read the paper, word for word, page after page, while his small son stared. "I was amazed," says the son, "because Father had never read anything except the Bible and the town weekly. Nor did he ever read anything else again, after he stopped reading the Chicago paper, and he never discussed what was in it."

"What was in it" was the evidence in the trial of Harry Kendall Thaw for killing Stanford White, who had seduced Mrs. Thaw when she was fifteen, before Thaw married her.

It is difficult, after forty years, to make anyone below that age understand how death without mystery engrossed the United States and why people in remote villages read nothing else and in New York City, where the killing and the trial took place, fought police to get within neck-craning distance of the courthouse.

Youngsters of forty or less, when asked to identify Harry Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, usually reply: "Sure, I remember them. She shot him or something, didn't she?"

Such an answer is somehow infuriating to many of us for whom the assassination of White, and all that led up to it and came after it, remains incomparable among newspaper stories of crime and passion.

Evelyn Nesbit was once a showgirl in the famous *Florodora*, Stanford White was a great architect and Thaw's riches were authentic Pittsburgh millions. Yet the roots of our fascination in this drama rest not alone in the cast of the Thaw case but in the nature of the times. They were such times as Thomas Beer has pictured, the end of the era he called the mauve decade. People still believed in virtue and the horse, no matter what went on behind the livery stable. America was outwardly "good" and so was her reading, including the newspapers. Men might scan the *Police Gazette* in barbershops; the Sunday supplement might show gaudy scenes in which dandies quaffed champagne from slippers. But these iniquities, usually impugned to Paris or New York, the country's only Sodom, had the far-off mythical quality of the Arabian Nights. The rest of America didn't half believe them and at Sunday school picnics sang "She was poor but she was honest" with the beginnings of a chuckle. The 90's may have been gay, but to the 1900's they were gone.

Suddenly, on a June morning in 1906, complacent mothers and skeptical fathers turned from that brave new world of phonographs, electric automobiles and "coat shirts" in the advertising columns of the paper to a startling thing on the front page. In New York City, on one of those "roof gardens," a millionaire had shot and killed another wealthy man, and the girl in the case, they said, was no older than our Jenny! The story stayed on the front page with increasingly lurid details. As the country learned that the legends of the trusting maiden, the squire's "whim" and all the other frescos of sin and chivalry, even to the studio saturnalias and the drugged drink, were not figments but facts of life today, right here in pure America, surprise gave way to shock, indignation and a hurricane of talk.

"Shock," at least, was the word used by *Life* magazine, the *New Yorker* of its era, in an editorial two weeks after Harry Thaw threaded his way among the tables at Madison Square Garden and fired three times at a white shirtfront in his path. "Not for

years," said *Life*, "has a bomb burst with such reverberation in the world of morals and of gossip. The shock was so stunning, the subject matter so simple, that no tongue has been restrained from wagging for lack of thoughts to divulge or opinions to propound." And how to describe as other than indignant the temper of a public that would execrate a popular author bold enough to say a decent word for a dead man?\*

Shock, indignation, opinion and curiosity raged. Was White indeed a demon and Thaw a just avenger? Was Evelyn wicked Circe or innocent victim? Should a woman "tell"? Should a man kill to protect his honor and his home? Will Harry plead the "unwritten law" or "emotional insanity"? So into being cropped a whole set of questions and catchwords new to the country and destined to endure until they became threadbare. And the frenzy mounted, by weeks, by months, until the day Harry Thaw went to trial in New York's Criminal Courts Building and the day of all days when his girl-wife testified or, as the papers put it, crucified herself to save him.

Again it is difficult, to a generation that knew not Evelyn Nesbit, to reconjure her hypnotism of millions. I can only say that long after the trial, when she toured the country as a dancer with Jack Clifford, and in city after city was being denounced by women's clubs and ministers for "capitalizing her shame," a young reporter questioning her across the width of a Pullman drawing-room tingled to his ears at her smile. The years did not spare Harry Thaw's "angel"; a score passed before that newspaperman encountered Evelyn again. This was in an Atlantic City honky-tonk and he felt only pity and a faint revulsion. But what a sweetheart she must have been at the turn of the century!

There is reason to believe, as one reads their copy, that the reporters thought so to a man on the day Evelyn faced District Attorney William Travers Jerome across a breathless courtroom. Among those at the press table was a porky, simian Kentuckian of thirty who did not let his adoration overwhelm, save here and

\* Thomas Beer makes the statement in his biography of Stephen Crane. Richard Harding Davis, who had known Stanford White slightly, protested in print the attacks on White as "Nero recrudescence." Davis, guilty of nothing save the authorship of impeccable romances, saw his books banned from libraries and barred from corruptible youth.



there, his expert account of what followed. He wrote in longhand with a pencil, an average of ten thousand words a day during the trial. Editions were few then and there was time, when court adjourned at noon, to go to the office and fashion a lead for the running story. The future was to bring greater honor and reward to the creator of Judge Priest, but Irvin S. Cobb never did a more vivid description than those two full pages, preceding four of verbatim stenographic testimony, in the *Evening World* of February 8, 1907.

The story was not signed, but Cobb says in his autobiography that he wrote single-handedly every line of his paper's coverage of Thaw's trial, and Damon Runyon, who was there, told me this was true.

I have purposely refrained here from giving a full synopsis of the Thaw case because Evelyn on the stand and Cobb in his story told most of it. The jury failed to agree at the first trial. At his second, in 1908, Thaw pleaded insanity, was acquitted and immediately confined to Matteawan asylum, whence he escaped in 1913 to a freedom never interrupted save by sporadic scandals. At last he died in 1947, in the little Virginia town where he had been photographed in a volunteer fireman's hat.

Evelyn, divorced, went through various vicissitudes. The last time I saw her she was singing in a café on the Hoboken waterfront; it was a drizzly night and the towers of New York were very dim across the river.

### By IRVIN S. COBB

A pale, slim little woman on the witness stand this afternoon laid bare the horrors of a life such as few women have led, in her effort to save Harry Thaw from the electric chair. The woman was his wife. For nearly two hours during the morning session and for an equal length of time in the afternoon she traced her history from childhood.

Men and women wept as this life-story was unfolded, sometimes artlessly, sometimes with thrilling dramatic force and fervor.

Harry Thaw sobbed unrestrainedly as his wife half-whispered the story of her degradation when she was a slip of fifteen. It was a public rending of a woman's soul, but a powerful argument to substantiate the claim of the defense that brooding over the wrongs his girl wife had suffered shifted the mental balance of Harry Thaw.

The news that Evelyn Thaw was on the witness stand spread over the city during the morning session and the fragmentary reports of her testimony aroused intense interest. While the court was resting at noon a crowd of probably 10,000 persons gathered around and inside the Criminal Courts Building.

There were riotous scenes as the tide of humanity beat against the immovable police lines. A few slipped through—a sufficient number to fill the court-room to the limit of its capacity. Those who gained entrance heard a story confirming all the rumors that have gained currency about Evelyn Nesbit and Stanford White since the night Harry Thaw ended the architect's life on the roof of Madison Square Garden.

Evelyn Thaw held nothing back; she told it all. How as a child, hungry for childhood's playthings, she had carried the weight of a whole shiftless household on her shoulders; how, with all the wiles of the serpent, her elderly seducer had brought hideous shame to her; how, when the chance of honorable wedlock came to her, she bared her secrets to the young lover; how the dreadful news had maddened him; how finally she had seen Stanford White, the seducer, slain by Harry Thaw, the husband.

"Call Mrs. Evelyn Thaw," said Mr. Delmas, chief counsel for the defense of Harry Thaw, as soon as the trial was resumed to-day.

She came, white and cold and outwardly calm, in her little, plain blue frock, her white turn-down collar, her big, school-boy tie and her black velvet hat. A court officer let her in by the side door, and she slipped down the panelled aisle back of the jury-box and halted alongside the witness-chair and put one of her small hands, with a yellow glove, upon the Book that the usher held out to her. She was sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

The biggest scene in New York's biggest murder trial was at hand.

She slipped into the big oaken chair yawning for her and nestled herself there almost like a tired child. Her hands dropped into her lap. There was something pitiably small and paltry and weak about the girl sitting there ready to crucify herself for the sake of her husband.

He was twenty feet away from her, directly in front of her, with his elbows on the counsel table. He never looked her way. Sweat was dripping in big soggy drops off the ends of his stiff hair.

In a low, sweet voice, plaintive but perfectly steady, she made her first answers to Delmas's smoothly modulated questions.

"You are the wife of the defendant, Harry Thaw?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"Yes."

"When were you born?"

"December 25, 1884."

The witness said that she and her husband went to the Madison Square Roof Garden on the night of June 25. They got there after 9. They had left the Cafe Martin shortly after 9.

"While you were at the Cafe Martin did you see Stanford White?"

"Yes."

"When did you see him?"

"Shortly after we arrived."

"He came in and you saw him merely pass through the Fifth avenue entrance?"

"Yes."

The witness described the way she and Harry Thaw and their two guests in the Cafe Martin were seated. Her face was to the balcony where White was with his son and the son's friends.

"Did you ask for a pencil while at the table?"

"Yes."

"Then you wrote something on a paper?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with the paper on which you wrote?"

"I passed it to my husband."

"Was there anything visible in your appearance to denote emotion?"

This question was ruled out.

"Without asking you for the contents of the paper which you wrote, I will ask you if the writing referred to the presence of Stanford White?" said Mr. Delmas softly.

The witness responded in the affirmative, but the question was ruled out.

The witness then told of driving from the Cafe Martin in a cab to the Madison Square Garden. Harry Thaw stopped by the aisle. Almost immediately after sitting down, the prisoner got up and walked out. He was away from his wife about five minutes. He returned and sat talking with the witnesses for half an hour.

"Describe how the party left," requested Mr. Delmas.

"We did not go directly after I suggested going. We sat chatting a little longer."

"What did you see then?"

"I saw Stanford White seated at a table towards which we were going."

"Did you see your husband then?"

"He was behind me. I saw him a moment before I saw Mr. White."

"Did you see a revolver?"

"I heard three shots."

"What did you do?"

"I cried to Mr. McCaleb, 'My God, he has shot him!'"

"Describe his manner as he approached you."

"I cannot. All I remember was that he was toward me."

"What did he say?"

"HE KISSED ME AND SAID, 'DEARIE, I THINK I HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE.'"

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Harry, oh Harry, why did you do it? What have you done?'"

"HE ANSWERED, 'ALL RIGHT, DEARIE, I HAVE PROBABLY SAVED YOUR LIFE.'"

"I was taken away in a cab and do not remember much of what happened after that. I remember Mr. McCaleb or somebody saying he must have been crazy. It was all confusion."

Well as the girl wife bore up under the beginning of the ordeal, she made you think of some weak trapped creature whose frightened heart jumped inside its ribs—like a brown hare in a deadfall or a bird in a net that is still only because it has worn itself out with hopeless struggling.

The way she patted her bracelet watch—the only jewel she wore—alone betrayed the lightness of the grip she had upon her tortured nerves.

A deep frown made a cleft in her forehead. Never until she reached the recital of the tragedy itself did the telltale tremor creep into her sweet voice. As soon as Delmas had caused her to tell the story of the shooting he switched away abruptly on a new tack, taking up the subject of the marriage of the girl and thus getting close to the real kernel of his defense.

She said she had been married to the defendant in Pitts-

burg in April, 1903. Josiah Thaw and Mr. Holman, Mrs. Thaw's stepfather, were present. Mrs. Thaw said that Thaw had first proposed to her in Paris in June, 1902. She had refused to marry him at that time.

Mr. Delmas asked with solemn emphasis:

"In stating your reasons to him, Thaw, why you would not marry him, did you state a reason based upon an event earlier in your life as a basis for refusing him?"

"I SAID JUST 'BECAUSE.' HE REPEATED THE REQUEST, 'WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME?' AGAIN I REPLIED 'BECAUSE.' THEN HE CAME OVER TO ME AND PLACED HIS HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS AND LOOKED ME STRAIGHT IN THE EYES. HE SAID 'EVELYN, IS IT BECAUSE OF STANFORD WHITE?' I SAID 'YES.' THEN HE SAT DOWN AND TOLD ME HE WAS MY FRIEND, AND THAT IF I DID NOT MARRY HIM HE WOULD NEVER MARRY ANYONE AT ALL. THEN I CRIED."

Mr. Jerome agreed that Mrs. Thaw in telling of her relations with Stanford White should omit the names of all persons involved in her relations with the architect except Stanford White himself. Then Mrs. Thaw went ahead and told of her meetings with White.

"It was a girl friend who first introduced me to Stanford White. When she first came and told me Mr. White wanted to meet me I objected at first. I said my mother wouldn't let me. But she came again and again, and told me Mr. White wanted to meet me, and that he belonged to one of the best families in New York.

"IT WAS IN 1901 WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN YEARS AND SOME MONTHS OLD. THIS GIRL FRIEND AND I GOT IN A CAB AND DROVE TO THE WALDORF, WHERE I HAD AN ERRAND. THEN WE DROVE TO A DINGY DOORWAY IN WEST TWENTY-NINTH STREET, AND THE GIRL TOLD THE

DRIVER TO STOP AT THIS DOOR. WE GOT OUT, MY GIRL FRIEND LEADING THE WAY."

"When was this?"

"In August, 1901."

"You were how old?"

"Sixteen years. My hair was down my back and I had on short dresses."

"You say that your mother dressed you on this occasion?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Thaw described her climb up the steps. She said the wide door slammed behind them as they climbed the stairs. The girl said she halted twice, alarmed, but her friend reassured her. At length they came, she said, to White's studio. White met them on the stairs and took them into a room where a table was set for four people.

"The room was very gorgeous," said Mrs. Thaw. "It was beautifully decorated."

"There was another gentleman there?" asked Delmas.

"Yes."

"You must not tell his name."

"I will not."

"You wore short dresses, did you, and your hair was down your back?"

"Yes, my skirts were down to my shoetops."

"You told Mr. Thaw all about this at the time he proposed to you?"

"Yes, I am repeating to you what I told Mr. Thaw at the time he first proposed to me, when he questioned me about Mr. White."

"You all sat down to luncheon in the studio?"

"Yes, and pretty soon the man who was with Mr. White got up and went away. He said he was going away on business."

"Then Mr. White took me and the young lady upstairs to a room in which there was a big velvet swing. We got in the swing and he pushed it so that it flew way up in the air. The

swing went so high that our feet kicked through a big Japanese umbrella.

"This luncheon and the swinging fun was in the afternoon," went on the girl under Delmas's prompting. "After a while Mr. White's gentleman friend came back. It was suggested that we go for a drive in the Park. We told Mr. White good-bye and went downstairs. We drove around the Park together in an electric hansom—just the two of us, myself and the girl friend. Then we went to a dentist, where the girl had her teeth fixed. Then I went home and told my mamma all that happened.

"The next time I saw Mr. White was after he had written a letter to my mother."

"Did you see this letter?"

"Yes."

"Did you state to Mr. Thaw in that conversation what the contents of that letter were?"

"Yes, I did."

"Afterward you became familiar with Mr. White's writing?"

"Yes."

The District-Attorney objected to this testimony, but it got in.

"Mr. Thaw asked me to tell him everything," continued the witness, "and I did. This letter of Mr. White's asked my mother to call at No. 160 Fifth avenue. I remember this very distinctly. Mr. Thaw asked me to tell him what was in the letter, and I told him as much of it as I could remember."

"What else was in the letter?"

"WELL, MR. WHITE WROTE MY MOTHER THAT IF I HAD ANY TEETH WHICH NEEDED FIXING TO SEND ME TO THE DENTIST AND HE WOULD PAY THE BILL. HE TOLD MY MOTHER HE WOULD HAVE HER DENTIST'S BILLS PAID ALSO. STANFORD WHITE SAID HE HAD HAD THE TEETH



FIXED OF NEARLY ALL THE GIRLS OF THE 'FLO-RODORA' COMPANY.

"He said," continued Mrs. Thaw, "in his letter that it was not at all unusual. The next time I saw Mr. White at the same studio where I first met him. Again we had luncheon. This was several weeks after the first luncheon.

"MY MOTHER GAVE ME A NEW DRESS FOR THIS LUNCHEON, AND A RED CAPE AND A RED HAT. I PUT ON THIS RED CAPE BECAUSE SHE SAID I WAS GOING TO A PARTY AND MUST BE NICELY DRESSED. SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHERE THE PARTY WAS TO TAKE PLACE.

"I was put in a cab and started away for the studio. As I was crossing Twenty-fourth street I saw a man coming out of Park & Tilford's. It was Stanford White. He put me in a hansom and drove me to Madison Square Garden. We went up in the tower to Mr. White's apartment.

"There was another young man there. We had a nice little luncheon. All Mr. White would let me have was a chocolate éclair and a glass of champagne. We stayed there having a nice time until about 12 o'clock that night, or maybe it was 1 o'clock.

"I asked Mr. White to take me home to my mother, and he took me home all the way to my door and up to my mother. I told Mr. Thaw all about these parties. There were three parties like this in the tower of the Garden.

"After one of them Mr. White called on my mother and asked her if she did not want to go to Pittsburg and visit her friends. My mother said she couldn't bear to go away and leave me alone in New York. Mr. White told her to go ahead and have a nice time and he would look after me and see that nothing happened to me.

"THEN MAMMA WENT TO PITTSBURG. THE DAY AFTER SHE LEFT MR. WHITE SENT A CARRIAGE

FOR ME. HE TELEPHONED THAT I WAS TO COME TO HIS STUDIO IN EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND HAVE SOME PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN. I GOT DRESSED ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

"I went down to the carriage door and drove to the studio. When I got there the door opened by itself. I think this was in September, 1901. I went upstairs to the studio. Mr. White was there. There was another man there I knew on the top landing. In the studio there was another man whom I also knew, one a photographer."

"Did you tell Mr. Thaw what took place in that studio?"

"Yes, I told him all about it. In the studio was a lot of clothing, including a gorgeous kimono. They told me to dress up in the things and they photographed me many times. I posed until I got very tired.

"Then Mr. White told the other man to go out and get something to eat. We had a lunch then, after I had put on my street dress in a private room and Mr. White and I had our lunch together. The others had gone. The photographer and the other man had both disappeared. Mr. White gave me only one glass of champagne. Then he sent me home. Nothing had happened except that while I was dressing he had called to me to ask if I needed any help in dressing. I said no.

"The next night Mr. White asked me to come to a party in his studio in West Twenty-fourth street. I went there after the theatre. There was no one there except Mr. White. He said the others had thrown him down. 'That's too bad,' I said, 'for now we cannot have any party.'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'you stay. I want you to see the rest of this apartment. These are three very pretty rooms.' We went into one room where there was a piano. I sat down at the piano and played a little. Then he took me into another room—a bedroom. In this room there was a little table on which

there was a little bottle of champagne. He gave me one glass.

"HE SHOWED ME ALL AROUND THE ROOM, WHICH WAS FULL OF CURIOUS AND STRANGE THINGS. WHEN WE GOT THROUGH LOOKING AT THE THINGS HE SAID, 'WHY DON'T YOU DRINK THE CHAMPAGNE?' I SAID, 'I DON'T WANT IT.' HE SAID, 'YOU DRINK IT.' SO I DRANK IT. THEN THERE CAME A DRUMMING IN MY EARS. EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SWIM AROUND ME. AFTER THAT EVERYTHING TURNED BLACK.

"When I came to again, I was in the bed all undressed. My clothes were all scattered. Mr. White was alongside of me. He was entirely undressed. I began to scream. He jumped up and put on a big kimono. There were mirrors all around the room. I screamed and screamed. He begged me to be quiet.

"As I got out of the bed, I began to scream more than ever. I screamed and screamed."

"Where was Mr. White when you regained consciousness?"

"He was in the bed beside me."

"When you got out of bed, what did Mr. White do?"

"He got out, got down on the floor and took the hem of my dress and kissed it and told me not to mind. He said he couldn't help it, I was so nice and young and slim. He said that only young and pretty girls were nice. He told me that I must never get fat, as he did not like fat girls. He said they were loathsome. I asked him if everybody did as he had done. He said yes. He told me that was all that made life worth living, but that I must always keep quiet about ourselves. He told me I was so sweet and pretty that he had been unable to keep away from me and that he loved me.

"He made me swear that I must never tell my mother. He said I must never talk about it. He said some of the girls in the theatre were foolish and talked about it. He said women in society were clever. They knew that the secret of getting

along was to never get found out. He said I must be just as clever. He said he would always be good to me. He kept me there all night talking like that. I would keep screaming, but he would quiet me and tell me everything was all right."

BY THIS TIME DOZENS IN THE COURT-ROOM WERE SOBBING. HARRY THAW, WITH HIS FACE IN HIS HANDKERCHIEF, WAS WEEPING ALOUD. HIS SHOULDERS SHOOK AND HIS HANDS TREMBLED. AGONY WAS WRITTEN DEEP IN EVERY LINE OF THE WIFE'S FACE, BUT SHE BROKE DOWN ONLY ONCE.

"What was the effect on Mr. Thaw when you told him all this?" said Mr. Delmas.

"HE BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED AND WEPT," RAN ON MRS. THAW, HERSELF HALF SOBBING. "HE CLINCHED HIS HANDS BEFORE HIS FACE AND BIT HIS NAILS, CRYING, 'THE COWARD, THE COWARD!' WE SAT UP ALL NIGHT WHILE I TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT THIS."

"Did he say anything about your mother?"

"Yes; he said that she ought to have known better than allow me to take flowers and presents from an old married man and then go out with him."

"Did Mr. Thaw persist in his request that you marry him?"

"YES; ABOUT TWO MONTHS AFTER I TOLD HIM ALL THIS HE AGAIN URGED ME TO BECOME HIS WIFE. HE SAID IT WASN'T MY FAULT; THAT I HAD BEEN DECEIVED BY MR. WHITE, AND THAT HE CONSIDERED ME AS GOOD AND PURE AS IF I HAD NEVER MET HIM.

"I told Mr. Thaw that even if I did marry him friends of Stanford White would always laugh at him and sneer at him. I told him some of the girls at the theatre had already said mean things about me. I said: 'Harry, I can't marry you because I am a ruined girl. As soon as I am well of this opera-

tion I have just undergone I will learn to dance and go back on the stage.' Harry told me that I must not feel so badly. He told me that all women were not loose in their lives; that there were many decent women in society, and that if I married him he would always treat me well and see that no one ever harmed or hurt me again. He said his life would be ruined unless I married him."

"Did you at that time give him a history of your life up to the time you met Stanford White?"

"Yes, I told him of all my life."

The witness then said she had been born near Pittsburg, up the Allegheny River. Her father had died when she was still a young girl. They were very poor.

They had no money at all, their furniture was all seized by the sheriff, and they went to live with their grandmother, where they all slept in one room. The witness's mother had borrowed money. From Pittsburg, while she was still a very young girl, they went to Philadelphia.

"My mother," she went on, "tried to get work as a designer, but no one would hire her because she had never been to Paris and did not know the styles. We were awfully poor. Sometimes we hardly had enough to eat. It was a mighty hard struggle to get along. For days we only had biscuits."

Harry Thaw had stopped weeping. His wife was now calmer too. There were tortured lines in her drawn, pitiable face, and there were unutterable worlds of pathos in her vibrant, shaking voice.

Evelyn was taken to a Mr. Dana, in Philadelphia, an artist, who wanted to paint a picture of her, and while she was posing another artist came in, who wanted her to pose. There were still other artists who appealed to her to pose for them, saying she could make good money and that there was no disgrace about it. She was sent to four women artists and two men artists, also to a photographer. The girl had been paid for posing and had turned the money over to her mother. The

money practically supported the family, although at times the stepfather won some money on the races.

Leaving Philadelphia, the family went back to Allegheny, where they lived in one little back room and had a very hard time of it.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Thaw, "we did not have half enough to eat. We were very badly off when my mother took my photograph to Carroll Beckwith. He posed me for a few weeks. Then he told me I was not the sort of a girl that ought to be knocking about from one artist's studio to the other. He told me he would give me letters to some reputable, honest artists in New York, who would treat me kindly and give me work to do where I would be in no danger of mistreatment.

"We came to New York and lived in one room. I got work posing for photographers. I would make \$17 or \$18 a week, and would give it all to my mother to pay our bills. I never kept a cent for myself. The money I earned was all we had to take care of all three of us—my mother, my brother and myself. One day a reporter for *The World* came to see me. I don't know where he found out about me. He wrote a piece in the paper about me, and after that other reporters came to see me, and they had pictures of me in *The World* and the *Herald*. That was in 1900."

The girl went on to tell that she was then besieged by reporters who wanted her photographs. They were published, and a Mr. Marx called on her and said he would give her a job in the "Florodora" company. He gave her a letter to a Mr. Fisher, but when Evelyn called on him he said, "This is not a baby-farm. I can't take you." "I cried at this, for I wanted to make \$15 extra a week, and, with the \$18 I was earning at posing, I thought we could get along nicely. I kept on crying, and he finally took me, though he said I shouldn't tell any one how old I was.

"By posing and acting in the chorus I was now earning about \$32 a week, but all of it went to my mother."

"When you first met Stanford White, did you tell him that you had posed, and who the artists were?" asked the prisoner's attorney.

"Yes, I told him all about my posing, and he said the artists were a lot of stuffs. He said they were old fogies and no good at all. He spoke of them all the time as old stuffs."

"When did you first meet Harry Thaw?"

"I met him late in 1901, while I was in the chorus. He called on us at the Hotel Audubon, where we were living, and told my mother that he had begun to care for me. He offered to send me abroad to have my voice trained. He also offered to send me to school. We did not accept his offer. I next saw Mr. Thaw in 1902. He called to see us and said he had been in Europe. He again offered to send me and my brother to school, saying I was too young to be on the stage. In the meanwhile Mr. White had been sending me to school in New Jersey. While I was there I was taken ill and had to be operated upon. This was in 1903.

"While I was in bed very ill Mr. Thaw came to see me. I was in the hospital. The doctors were there. They said they would have to give me ether in order to see what was the matter with me. I was too weak to speak and the doctor said I was very ill. Mr. Thaw heard what they said and saw I was in a serious condition."

"Were you taking pills at any time so that you had to go to the hospital for this operation?"

"Yes."

"When was that?"

"In the early part of 1903."

"When did you go to school?"

"In 1902."

"Mr. Thaw had offered to send you and your brother to school?"

"Yes."

"White had already arranged to send you to school in New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"So while you were in school where Stanford White had sent you you say that you became ill and had to have an operation?"

"I did. This was early in 1903."

"Did Mr. Thaw come to see you then?"

"He did."

"You were very sick?"

"Yes, I was. Harry came into my room and sat down beside my bed. He took my hand and kissed it. He said he was very sorry for me. This was just before I went under the effect of the ether. He was the last person I saw except the doctor."

Evelyn now said that the defendant sent her lots of delicacies while she was ill—jellies, chickens and sweet things. She began to get well in May, when Thaw made arrangements for her and her mother to go to Europe. They returned from the other side in October.

Mr. Delmas interrupted the testimony to offer in evidence several letters in the handwriting of the defendant.

Mr. Jerome objected strenuously to the admission of these letters. Delmas argued that the letters should be admitted, as they referred to statements the witness had told of making to Mr. Thaw. The letters from Thaw, Mr. Delmas said, proved that she had told him the story as she related it on the stand. Mr. Delmas said: "If it was proper to admit the fact that the defendant said after the shooting, 'He has ruined my wife,' as an indication of his state of mind, this letter is surely admissible."

The Court consented to have the missives marked for identification and argue the legal points later.

Then Mr. Delmas asked for an adjournment out of consideration for Mrs. Thaw and also to allow him to look up some authorities.



The District-Attorney graciously consented to the proposal, remarking to the Justice: "The ordeal the witness has suffered has been dreadfully severe, and for her sake we would urge a respite."

THE DISTRICT-ATTORNEY THEN WAVED TO MRS. THAW TO LEAVE THE STAND. SHE TOTTERED TO HER SEAT AND FOR A FULL MINUTE SWAYED BACK AND FORTH BEFORE SHE WAS ABLE TO FIND THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE PLATFORM. ASSISTANT DISTRICT-ATTORNEY GARVAN CAUGHT HER ARM AND HELPED HER DOWN, THEN, WITH ONE HAND GROPING FOR SUPPORT, SHE STUMBLED BEHIND THE JURY BOX TOWARD THE DOOR OF THE JUSTICE'S CHAMBER. AT THE DOOR SHE FELL FORWARD INTO THE ARMS OF ONE OF HER HUSBAND'S COUNSEL, WHO ESCORTED HER TO A SEAT, ON WHICH SHE SANK IN UTTER COLLAPSE, SO WEAK THAT HER SOBS WERE LIKE SMOTHERED GROANS.

She recovered quickly, however, and went out to lunch with an escort of lawyers, the police driving a lane for them through the pack in the corridor.

Twice the girl wife had been on the raw edge of a collapse—once when she told the listening audience the story of her ruin in the gilded den on Twenty-fourth street and once as her own words brought back to her the memories of the days when she, a shabby, lovely, unspoiled, innocent child was buffeted about from studio to stage door, from photograph gallery to hall bedroom, the sole breadwinner of a needy, greedy household.

But now, with the worst over, perhaps, she sat erect, a black-browed, plucky, sad-faced little woman, with the droop of childhood still in her lips and the knowledge of centuries in her black eyes, with the olive shadows about them. The two hours' ordeal had borne her down as with a linger-

ing illness. One could almost see the lines deepening in her face.

The ordeal had worn down the prisoner to almost a state of collapse. When he got to his feet to leave the court-room his face was ashen gray, but his hands went up to his forehead and he gripped his temples. He also was swaying as if about to fall, and for an instant did not feel the pressure of the Deputy Sheriff's arm at his elbow. Leaving the tribunal he walked with wavering steps like a man suddenly dazed by a blow.

Not a person in the thronged tribunal moved or even breathed a whisper until the Thaws had disappeared. Then a prodigious sigh rose up.

Slowly and silently every one got to his feet and amid a solemn hush moved out through the portals into the buzzing rotunda.

## WHEN JOHN REED RODE WITH VILLA

JOHN REED died of typhus and was buried beside the Kremlin's wall. His wife, Louise Bryant, was near him at the end, and thousands of workers marched the streets of Moscow to his bier. He became a hero in Russia and to most of his countrymen a dubious mystery when they remember him at all.

That was the autumn of 1920, when Reed was only thirty-three. What his maturity would have been had he lived it—he was eight years Stalin's junior and five younger than Franklin Roosevelt—tempts speculation. For Reed was the right hand of Lenin and the friend of Trotsky. The ironic course of history would scarcely have left him the epitaph it did.

A paradox he may have been, the "rich boy who turned Communist," but no mystery to a student of the record, which includes Reed's own considerable work, Louise Bryant's book and an exhaustive biography by Granville Hicks. The memories of his contemporaries are less trustworthy. They seem inclined to take extreme sides, adoring or contemptuous, whereas a fair estimate must mark John Reed's similarity to the average bright young man of his time.

He was born in Portland, Oregon, of parents at least wealthy enough to send him east to preparatory school and to put him through Harvard in Gold Coast style. He was no radical then. He

loved college, led cheers, wrote for *Hasty Pudding* and *Lampoon* and, after graduation, shipped on a cattleboat to Europe, a conventional adventure of the time. His companion was Waldo Peirce, the painter, who changed his mind offshore, dove in and swam to a fishing dory. The exploit resounded through Greenwich Village for twenty years.

Back to New York and the Village came Reed after "doing" Europe from Spain to Paris, back to the Village of the golden days, of Washington Square and the Brevoort and the Lafayette, of the Provincetown Players, artists' balls, the *Masses*, Mabel Dodge's salon and many enchantments for the brash romantic. "Within a block of my house," wrote Reed, "was all the adventure in the world, within a mile was every foreign country." Mabel Dodge was his "rather more than benefactress," says Hicks; Lincoln Steffens was his friend and patron.

The Village of those days radiated romance and rebellion. But Reed, for a while at least, was more playboy than rebel. "He had," summed up a reviewer years later, "a native irreverence, a love of shocking or startling people, a spirit of boisterous fun and a taste for combat . . . courage, honesty and a real liking for the general run of hardworking, long-suffering humanity" . . . a thumbnail that might fit many a young American then and now.

Steffens got Reed a job on the *American Magazine*. He wrote pieces for the *Masses*, which was more liberal than radical in those days. He was getting to be a little known. The silk workers were striking in Paterson. At Mabel Dodge's, where one might meet anybody, Reed met Bill Haywood. The labor leader enthralled him. Reed visited Paterson, talked back to a cop, got arrested and spent four days in jail. He wrote a piece about it for *Metropolitan* magazine and enthusiastically instigated a pageant at Madison Square Garden for the strike fund.

A casual historian might date Reed's conversion to communism from that moment. But would the conclusion be true? The pageant was a financial flop; the strike wore on; the workers asked in vain for John Reed. He was in Florence, swimming at Mabel Dodge's villa, and in Europe he loitered for months until the need for a job drove him home. His debut in *Metropolitan*, more than the subject of his piece, was important to him.

*Metropolitan*, changing owners in 1912, was counted extreme by magazine standards. Morris Hillquit, Theodore Roosevelt, Israel Zangwill, Lincoln Steffens and Walter Lippmann wrote for it. But the sporting millionaire, Harry Payne Whitney, was reputed to be its subsidy, so Penrhyn Stanlaws' pretty girls adorned its covers and the contributors also numbered such expensive favorites as Booth Tarkington, Gouverneur Morris, James Montgomery Flagg, Havelock Ellis and Anthony Hope. Any aspiring youngster who "made" *Metropolitan* was himself made.

John Reed was twenty-six. Down in Mexico, that spring of 1913, Francisco Villa rode the border, raised an army of peons and captured the North for Carranza and the rebellion. Villa, whether patriot or bandit, fired the imagination of the United States, which was hotly debating intervention. So when *Metropolitan* asked John Reed to go to the wars and the *New York World* wanted him, too, Reed went for both.

Here the record clouds. A tale has been published that John Reed faked his first "beat," that he was tipped off to plans for a surprise attack on Villa, that he wired from his hotel a colorful account of a battle, that Villa was thereby tipped in turn and immediately accommodated Mr. Reed by a surprise attack of his own, thus making Reed's yarn "stand up." There is no corroboration of all this, but in Hicks' very detailed book, he admits that his chapter on Mexico was "entirely based on Reed's writings" and it is not likely that the young man would have boasted in print of a bogus story. Furthermore, in another context, Hicks calmly states that Reed "did not hesitate to rearrange incidents to suit whatever pattern he desired."

At any rate, there is the savor of utter reality in the first Mexican article *Metropolitan* published in its April, 1914, number. "With the Tropa" sold out the magazine.\* Here was war reporting not Harding Davis himself had approached—"An American Kipling!" gloated *Metropolitan*. And even Lippmann, not given to fulsome praise of his friends, cried "Genius!" and wrote Reed, according to Hicks, "If all history had been reported as you are doing this, Lord! I say that with Jack Reed reporting begins."

\* The article, as reprinted here, has been shortened by cuts of Reed's longer descriptions.

John Reed was to go on to starrier heights and stormier, to bitter deeps—the Ludlow massacre, World War One, the battle-fronts of Allies and Germans, Russia and “ten days that shook the world.” Preaching, “This is not our war!” he was to be arrested and indicted and, finally, in the heat of war’s aftermath, to become another man without a country. And he was to die, as these first paragraphs said, too young to know either the fulfillment or the hollowness of his dreams.

By JOHN REED

A peddler from Parral came into town with a mule-load of macuche—you smoke macuche when you can’t get tobacco—and we strolled down with the rest of the population to get the news. This was in Magistral, a Durango mountain village three days’ ride from the railroad. Somebody bought a little macuche, the rest of us borrowed from him, and we sent a boy for some corn-shucks. Everybody lit up, squatting around the peddler three deep, for it was weeks since the town had heard of the revolution. He was full of the most alarming rumors: that the Federals had broken out of Torreon and were headed this way, burning ranches and murdering *pacificos*; that the United States troops had crossed the Rio Grande; that Huerta had resigned; that Huerta was coming north to take charge of the Federal troops in person; that Pascual Orozco had been shot at Ojinaga; that Pascual Orozco was coming south with ten thousand *colorados*. He retailed these reports with a wealth of dramatic gesture, stamping around until his heavy brown-and-gold sombrero wobbled on his head, tossing his faded blue blanket over his

shoulder, firing imaginary rifles and drawing imaginary swords, while his audience murmured "*Mal!*" and "*Adios!*" But the most interesting rumor was that General Urbina would leave for the front in two days.

A hostile Arab named Antonio Swayfeta happened to be driving to Parral in a two-wheeled gig the next morning, and allowed me to go with him as far as Las Nieves, where the general lives. By afternoon we had climbed out of the mountains to the great upland plain of Northern Durango, and were jogging down the mile-long waves of yellow prairie, stretching away so far that the grazing cattle dwindled into dots and finally disappeared at the base of wrinkled purple mountains that seemed close enough to hit with a thrown stone. The Arab's hostility had thawed, and he poured out his life's story, not one word of which I could understand. But the drift of it, I gathered, was largely commercial. Occasionally he addressed the mule in faultless Castilian. Once he informed me that that mule was "all heart" (*pura corazon*). The sun hung for a moment on the crest of the red porphyry mountains, and dropped behind them; the turquoise cup of sky held an orange powder of clouds. Then all the rolling leagues of desert glowed and came near in the soft light. Ahead suddenly reared the solid fortress of a big rancho, such as one comes on once a day in that vast land—a mighty square of blank walls, with loop-holed towers at the corners, and an iron-studded gate. It stood grim and forbidding upon a little bare hill, like any castle, its adobe corrals around it; and below, in what had been a dry arroyo all day, the sunken river came to the surface in a pool, and disappeared again in the sand. Thin lines of smoke from within rose straight into the high last sunshine. From the river to the gate moved the tiny black figures of women with water-jars on their heads; and two wild horsemen galloped some cattle toward the corrals. Now the western mountains were blue velvet, and the pale sky a blood-stained canopy of watered silk. But by the

time we reached the great gate of the rancho, above was only a shower of stars.

Antonio called for Don Jesus. It is always safe to call for Don Jesus at a rancho, for that is invariably the administrator's name. He finally appeared, a magnificently tall man in tight trousers, purple silk undershirt and a gray sombrero heavily loaded with silver braid, and invited us in. The inside of the wall consisted of houses, running all the way around. Along the walls and over the doors hung festoons of jerked meat, and strings of peppers, and drying clothes. Three young girls crossed the square in single file, balancing *ollas* of water on their heads, shouting to each other in the raucous voices of Mexican women. At one house a woman crouched, nursing her baby; next door another kneeled to the interminable labor of grinding corn-meal in a stone trough. The men folks squatted before little corn-husk fires, wrapped in their faded *serapes*, smoking their *hojas* as they watched the women work. As we unharnessed they rose and gathered around, with soft-voiced "*Bueno noche*," curious and friendly. Where did we come from? Where going? What did we have of news? Had the Maderistas taken Ojinaga yet? Was it true that Orozco was coming to kill the *pacificos*? Did we know Panfilo Silveyra? He was a *sergente*, one of Urbina's men. He came from that house, is the cousin of this man. Ah, there was too much war!

The great haciendas of Northern Durango—an area greater than the state of New Jersey—had been confiscated for the Constitutionalist government by the general, Urbina, who ruled them with his own agents, and, it was said, divided fifty-fifty with the revolution.

We drove steadily all the next day, only stopping long enough to eat a few tortillas. And along about sundown we saw the brown mud wall that hemmed El Canotillo round,



with its city of little houses, and the ancient pink tower of its church among the alamo trees, miles away at the foot of the mountains. The village of Las Nieves, a straggling collection of adobes the exact color of the earth of which they are built, lay before us, like some strange growth of the desert. A flashing river, without a trace of green along its banks to contrast it with the scorched plain, made a semicircle around the town. And as we splashed across the ford, between the women kneeling there at their washing, the sun suddenly went behind the western mountains. Immediately a deluge of yellow light, thick as water, drowned the earth, and a golden mist rose from the ground, in which the cattle floated legless.

I knew that the price for such a journey as Antonio had carried me was at least ten pesos, and he was an Arab to boot. But when I offered him money he threw his arms around me and burst into tears. . . . God bless you, excellent Arab! You are right; business is better in Mexico.

At General Urbina's door sat an old peon with four cartridge belts around him, engaged in the genial occupation of filling corrugated iron bombs with gunpowder. He jerked his thumb toward the patio. The general's house, corrals and storerooms ran around all four sides of a space as big as a city block, swarming with pigs, chickens, burros and half-naked children. Two goats and three magnificent peacocks gazed pensively down from the roof. In and out of the sitting-room, whence came the phonographic strains of *The Dollar Princess*, stalked a train of hens. An old woman came out of the kitchen and dumped a bucket of garbage on the ground; all the pigs made a squealing rush for it. In a corner of the house-wall sat the general's baby daughter, chewing on a cartridge. Around a well in the center of the patio a group of men stood or sprawled on the ground. The general himself sat in their midst, in a broken wicker armchair, feeding tortillas to a tame deer and a lame black sheep. Before him

kneeled a peon, pouring from a canvas sack some hundreds of Mauser cartridges.

To my explanations the general returned no answer. He gave me a limp hand, immediately withdrawing it, but did not rise. A broad, medium-sized man of deep mahogany complexion, with a sparse black beard up to his cheek-bones, that didn't hide the wide, thin, expressionless mouth, the gaping nostrils, the shiny, small, humorous, animal eyes. For a good five minutes he never took them from mine. I produced my papers.

"I don't know how to read," said the general suddenly, motioning to his secretary. "So you want to go with me to battle?" he shot at me in the coarsest Spanish. "Many bullets!" I said nothing. "*Muy bien!* But I don't know when I shall go. Maybe in five days. Now eat!"

"Thanks, my general; I've already eaten."

"Go and eat," he repeated calmly. "*Andale!*"

A dirty little man they all called doctor escorted me to the dining-room. He had once been an apothecary in Parral, but was now a major. We were to sleep together that night, he said. But before we reached the dining-room there was a shout of "doctor!" A wounded man had arrived—a peasant with his sombrero in his hand and a blood-clotted handkerchief around his head. The little doctor became all efficiency. He despatched a boy for the family scissors, another for a bucket of water from the well. He sharpened with his knife a stick he picked up from the ground. Seating the man on a box, he took off the bandage, revealing a cut in the head about two inches long, caked with dirt and dried blood. First he cut off the hair around the wound, jabbing the points of the scissors carelessly into it. The man drew in his breath sharply, but did not move. Then the doctor slowly *cut the clotted blood away from the top*, whistling cheerfully to himself. "Yes," he remarked, "it is an interesting life, the doctor's." He peered closely at the vomiting blood; the peasant

sat like a sick stone. "And it is a life of nobility," continued the doctor, "alleviating the sufferings of others." He picked up the sharpened stick, thrust it deep in, and *slowly worked it the entire length of the cut!*

"Pah! The animal has fainted!" said the doctor. "Here, hold him up while I wash it!" With that he lifted the bucket and poured its contents over the head of the patient, the water and blood dribbling down over his clothes. "These ignorant peons," said the doctor, binding up the wound in its original bandage, "have no courage. It is the intelligence that makes the soul, eh?"

When the peasant came to I asked, "Are you a soldier?" The man smiled a sweet, deprecating smile.

"No, señor. I am only a *pacífico*," he said. "I live in the Canotillo, where my house is at your orders."

Some time later—a good deal—we all sat down to supper. There was Lieutenant-Colonel Pablo Seañes, a frank, engaging youth of twenty-six, with five bullets in him to pay for the three years' fighting. His conversation was sprinkled with soldierly curses, and his pronunciation was a little indistinct,—the result of a bullet on the jawbone and a tongue almost cut in two with a sword. He was a demon in the fight, they said, and a killer (*muy matador*) after it. At the first taking of Torreón, Pablo and two other officers, Major Fierro and Captain Borunda, had executed alone eighty unarmed prisoners, each man shooting them down with his revolver until his hand got tired pulling the trigger.

"*Oyga!*" Pablo said. "Where is the best institute for the study of hypnotism in the United States? . . . As soon as this *chingada* war is over, I am going to study to become a hypnotist." . . . With that he turned and began to make passes at Lieutenant Borrega, who was called derisively "The Lion of the Sierras," because of his prodigious boasting. The latter jerked out his revolver. "I want no business with

the devil!" he screamed, amid the uproarious laughter of the others.

Then there was Captain Fernando, a grizzled giant of a man in tight trousers who had fought twenty-one battles. He took the keenest delight in my fragmentary Spanish, and every word I spoke sent him into bellows of laughter that shook down the adobe from the ceiling. He had never been out of Durango, and declared that there was a great sea between the United States and Mexico, and that he believed all the rest of the earth to be water. Next to him sat Longinos Güereca, with a row of decayed teeth across his round, gentle face every time he smiled, and a record for simple bravery that was famous throughout the army. He was twenty-one, and already *Capitan Primero*. He told me that last night his own men had tried to kill him. . . . Then came Patricio, the best rider of wild horses in the state, and Fidencio next to him, a pure-blooded Indian seven feet tall, who always fought standing up. And last Raphael Zalarzo, a tiny hunchback that Urbina carried in his train to amuse him, like any medieval Italian duke.

When we had burned our throats with the last *enchilada*, and scooped up our last *frijole* with a tortilla—forks and spoons being unknown—the gentlemen each took a mouthful of water, gargled it, and spat it on the floor. As I came out into the patio, I saw the figure of the general come out of his bedroom door, staggering slightly. In his hand he carried a revolver. He stood for a moment listening in the light of another door, and then suddenly went in, banging it shut behind him.

I was already in bed when the doctor came into the room. In the other bed reposed the Lion of the Sierras and his momentary mistress, now loudly snoring.

"Yes," said the doctor, "there has been some little trouble. The general has not been able to walk for two months from

rheumatism. . . . And sometimes he is in great pain and comforts himself with *aguardiente*. . . . To-night he tried to shoot his mother. He always tries to shoot his mother . . . because he loves her very much."

The doctor peered at himself in the mirror and twisted his mustache. "This revolution. Do not mistake. It is a fight of the poor against the rich. I was very poor before the revolution and now I am very rich." He pondered a moment, and then began removing his clothes. Through his filthy undershirt the doctor honored me with his one English sentence. "I have mooch lice," he said, with a proud smile . . .

We had finished breakfast, and I was resigning myself to the ten days in Las Nieves, when the general suddenly changed his mind. He came out of his room, roaring orders. In five minutes the house was all bustle and confusion—officers rushing to pack their *serapes*, *mozos* and troopers saddling horses. Peons with armfuls of rifles rushing to and fro. Patricio harnessed five mules to the great coach—an exact copy of the Deadwood stage. A courier rode out on the dead run to summon the Tropa, which was quartered at the Canotillo. Rafaelito loaded the general's baggage into the coach; it consisted of a typewriter, four swords, one of them bearing the emblem of the Knights of Pythias; three uniforms, the general's branding-iron, and a twelve-gallon demijohn of *sotol*.

And there came the Tropa, a ragged smoke of brown dust miles along the road. Ahead flew a little squat, black figure, with the Mexican flag streaming over him (both sides use the same flag); he wore a floppy sombrero loaded with five pounds of tarnished gold braid—probably once the pride of some imperial *haciendado*. Following him close were Manuel Paredes, with riding-boots up to his hips, fastened with silver buckles the size of dollars, beating his mount with the flat of a sabre; Isidro Amayo, making his horse buck by flapping a hat

in his eyes; Jose Valiente, ringing his immense silver spurs inlaid with turquoises; Jesus Mancilla, his flashing brass chain around his neck; Julian Reyes, with colored pictures of Christ and the Virgin fastened to the front of his sombrero; and a struggling tangle of six behind, with Antonio Guzman trying to lasso them, the coils of his horsehair rope soaring out of the dust. They came on the dead run, with Indian shouts and cracking revolvers, until they were only a hundred feet away—then jerked their little cow-ponies cruelly to a staggering halt with bleeding mouths, a whirling confusion of men, horses and dust.

This was the Tropa when I first saw them. About a hundred they were, in all stages of picturesque raggedness; some wore overalls, others the charro jackets of peons, while one or two sported tight vaquero trousers. A few had shoes, most of them only cowhide sandals, and the rest were barefooted. Sabas Gutierrez was garbed in an ancient frock-coat split up the back for riding. Rifles slung at their saddles, four or five cartridge belts crossed over their chests, high, flapping sombreros, immense spurs chiming as they rode, bright-colored serapes strapped on behind—this was their uniform.

The general was with his mother. Outside the door crouched his mistress, weeping, her three children around her. For almost an hour we waited—then Urbina suddenly shot out of the door. With scarcely a look at his family, he leaped on his great gray charger and spurred furiously into the street. Juan Sanchez blew a blast on his cracked bugle—and the Tropa, with the general at its head, took the Canotillo road.

In the meanwhile Patricio and I loaded three boxes of dynamite and a case of bombs into the boot of the coach. I got up beside Patricio, the peons let go of the mules' heads, and the long whip curled around their bellies. Galloping, we whirled out of the village, and took the steep bank of the

river at twenty miles an hour. Away on the other side the Tropa trotted along a more direct road. The Canotillo we passed without stopping.

"*Arré mulas; Putas! Hijas de la Hodida-a-a!*" yelled Patricio, the whip hissing. The Camino Real was a mere track on uneven ground; every time we took a little arroyo the dynamite came down with a sickening crash. Suddenly a rope broke, and one case bounced off the coach and fell upon rocks. It was a cool morning, however, and we strapped it on again safely.

Almost every hundred yards along the road were little heaps of stones, surmounted by wooden crosses—each one the memorial of a murder. And occasionally a tall white-washed cross uprose in the middle of a side-road, to protect some little desert rancho from the visits of the devil. Black, spiny chaparral the height of a mule's back scraped the side of the coach; Spanish bayonet and the great barrel-cactus watched us like sentinels from the skyline of the desert. And always the mighty Mexican vultures circled over us, as if they knew we were going to war.

Late in the afternoon the stone wall which bounds the million acres of the Hacienda of Torreon de Cañas swung into sight on our left, marching across deserts and mountains like the great wall of China for more than thirty miles; and soon afterward the Hacienda itself. The Tropa had dismounted around the gate of the Big House. They said that General Urbina had suddenly been taken violently sick and would probably be unable to leave his bed for a week.

The Tropa had already ridden on ahead, and I could see them strung out for half a mile in the black mesquite brush, the tiny red, white and green flag bobbing at their head. The mountains had withdrawn somewhere beyond the horizon, and we rode in the midst of a great bowl of desert, rolling up

at the edges to meet the furnace-blue of the Mexican sky. Now that I was out of the coach a great silence and a peace beyond anything I ever felt wrapped me round. It is almost impossible to get objective about the desert; you sink into it—become a part of it. Galloping along, I soon caught up with the Tropa.

"Aye, Meester!" they shouted. "Here comes Meester on a horse! *Que tal*, Meester? How goes it? Are you going to fight with us?"

But Captain Fernando, at the head of the column, turned and roared, "Come here, Meester!" The big man was grinning with delight. "You shall ride with me," he shouted, clapping me on the back. "Drink now," and he produced a bottle of *sotol* about half full. "Drink it all. Show you're a man." "It's too much," I laughed. "Drink it!" yelled the chorus as the Tropa crowded up to see. I drank it. A howl of laughter and applause went up. Fernando leaned over and gripped my hand. "Good for you, *companero!*" he bellowed, rolling with mirth. The men crowded around, amused and interested. Was I going to fight with them? Where did I come from? What was I doing? Most of them had never heard of reporters, and one hazarded the opinion darkly that I was a *gringo* and a *Porfirista* and ought to be shot.

The rest, however, were entirely opposed to this view. No *Porfirista* would possibly drink that much *sotol* at a gulp. Isidro Amayo declared that he had been with a brigade in the first revolution which was accompanied by a reporter, and that he was called *Corresponsal de Guerra*. Did I like Mexico? I said, "I am very fond of Mexico. I like Mexicans, too. And I like *sotol*, *aguardiente*, *mescal*, *tequila*, *ulque* and other Mexican customs!" They shouted with laughter.

Captain Fernando leaned over and patted my arm. "Now you are with the men (*los hombres*). When we win the revolution it will be a government by the men—not by the rich. We are riding over the lands of the men. They used to belong



to the rich, but now they belong to me, and to the *companeros*."

"And you will be the army?" I asked.

"When the revolution is won," was the astonishing reply, "there will be no more army. The men are sick of armies. It is by armies that Don Porfirio robbed us."

"But if the United States should invade Mexico?"

A perfect storm broke everywhere. "We are more *valiente* than the *Americanos*. The cursed *gringos* would get no farther south than Juarez. Let's see them try it. We'd drive them back over the border on the run and burn their capital the next day!"

"No," said Fernando. "You have more money and more soldiers. But the men would protect us. We need no army. The men would be fighting for their houses and their women."

"What are you fighting for?" I asked. Juan Sanchez, the color-bearer, looked at me curiously. "Why, it is good, fighting. You don't have to work in the mines."

Manuel Paredes said, "We are fighting to restore Francisco I. Madero to the Presidency." This extraordinary statement is printed in the program of the revolution. And everywhere the Constitutionalist soldiers are known as "Maderistas." "I knew him," continued Manuel slowly. "He was always laughing, always."

"Yes," said another. "Whenever there was any trouble with a man, and all the rest wanted to fight him or put him in prison, Pancho Madero said, 'Just let me talk to him a few minutes. I can bring him around.'"

"He loved *bailes*," an Indian said. "Many a time I've seen him dance all night, and all the next day, and the next night. He used to come to the great haciendas and make speeches. When he began, the peons hated him; when he ended, they were crying."

Here a man broke out into a droning, irregular tune, such

as always accompanies the popular ballads that spring up in thousands on every occasion:

In nineteen hundred and ten  
Madero was imprisoned——

By the time he was half way through the entire Tropa was humming the tune, and when he finished there was a moment of jingling silence.

"We are fighting," said Isidro Amayo, "for *Libertad*."

"What do you mean by *Libertad*?"

"*Libertad* is when I can *do what I want*!"

"But suppose it hurts somebody else?"

He shot back at me Benito Juarez's great sentence, "Peace is the respect for the rights of others!" I wasn't prepared for that. It startled me, this barefooted *Mestizo's* conception of liberty. I submit that it is the only correct definition of liberty—to *do what I want to*! Americans quote it to me triumphantly as an instance of Mexican irresponsibility. But I think it is a better definition than ours—liberty is the right to do what the police want. Every Mexican schoolboy knows the definition of peace and seems to understand pretty well what it means, too. And *that* is a better one than ours—Peace is the respect for the *opinions* of others. But, they say, Mexicans don't want peace. That is a lie and a foolish one. Let Americans take the trouble to go through the Maderista army, asking whether they want peace or not! The people are sick of war.

But just to be square I'll have to report Juan Sanchez's remark:

"Is there war in the United States now?" he asked.

"No," I said, untruthfully.

"No war at all?" He meditated for a moment. "How do you pass the time, then?"

Just about then somebody saw a coyote sneaking through the brush, and the entire Tropa gave chase with a whoop. They scattered, rollicking over the desert, the late sun flashing from cartridge-belts and spurs, the ends of their bright *serapes* flying out behind. Beyond them the scorched world sloped gently up, and a range of far lilac mountains jumped in the heat waves like a bucking horse. By here, if tradition is right, passed the steel-armored Spaniards in their search for gold, a blaze of crimson and silver that has left the desert cold and dull ever since. And topping a rise, we came upon the first sight of the Hacienda of La Mimbrera, a walled enclosure of houses strong enough to stand a siege, stretching steeply down a hill, with the magnificent Casa Grande at the top.

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## A MAN IS HANGED

MOST LYNCHINGS follow hot on the heels of the crimes that fire them. They go headlong, shocking because they give neither law nor victim a chance.

The lynching of Leo M. Frank was shocking for directly opposite reasons. Frank was lynched two years and four months after Mary Phagan died; he had nearly every chance the law provides, including Supreme Court consideration of a technicality. After the law doomed him with seeming finality, one man—Governor of a State—saved his life. The men who then took it must have felt, by their own lights, cheated men and avengers. Certainly their act was calculated and cold-blooded. It remains unique among lynchings.

Leo Frank was superintendent of a pencil factory in Atlanta where, on a Sunday morning in April of 1913, a young girl employee was found in the basement brutally murdered. Evidence pointed to Frank or Jim Conley, the janitor, or both. A coroner's jury found against Frank and held Conley as accessory, a grand jury indicted Frank, he was tried and found guilty, the verdict stood through all appeals.

Emotions, not court records, must be scanned to understand why the violent end of this young man in 1915 made a newspaper story as avidly read by Americans then as the story of Mussolini's lynching thirty years later.

Leo Frank was a Jew. It was a fact not emphasized when he was arrested nor soon afterward; there were five Jewish citizens on

the grand jury that indicted him. Jim Conley was a Negro. It seems extremely doubtful that the South would have become inflamed against Frank, the balance of evidence being as equal as it was, had the issue remained simply that of white man versus black man. But it did not so remain.

Frank was educated, cultured, of high moral and civic standing, a Cornell graduate and president of his local B'nai B'rith. Conley was a "cornfield nigger" gone citybad; he had a jail history. The contrast raised banners for Frank. But eventually banners went up for Conley, too; every "underdog" gets his rooters.

Leading Atlanta Jews, as things began to look dark for Frank, formed a Frank defense committee. They prepared a ringing statement which they took to an Atlanta newspaper. Its managing editor, himself a Jew, prophetically advised against publication. His advice was not taken. That was the wind. Two years later the whirlwind roared full force.

Frank's friends were well meaning. It is highly doubtful that Thomas E. Watson was. The defeated Populist candidate for President, the brilliant author of *The Story of France*, licked his literary and political wounds at his home in Thomson, Georgia, and lashed at his enemies, real and imaginary, through the columns of his weekly gazette, *The Jeffersonian*. But even his "woolhat boys," out there in the wiregrass and the mountains, had gotten tired of his blasts at "the government" and that remote menace, the Pope of Rome.

Tom Watson fell on the Frank case with the lust of a starved tiger and the cunning of a political opportunist. By the time such national names as Lewisohn, Untermeyer, Marshall, Wise, Borah and Myron T. Herrick were blazoned among Frank's supporters, Watson was feeding his "woolhats" a diet of "Wall Street plot, Jewish gold and Yankee meddlers" in language careless of truth or decency and always inflammatory.

The majority of people in the United States, whether they are ejecting "okies" from California or tossing "agitators" out of New Jersey or arresting pickets parading for Sacco and Vanzetti in Boston, are pretty much alike in their sense of sovereignty and their will to defend it. The people of Georgia loved justice more than Tom Watson. But they did not love "outsiders" telling them how

to run their state. They fumed between two fires. And so by May 10, 1915, the date on which Frank was sentenced for the fourth time to hang, the "case" had become a storm of racial, sectional and political crosswinds in which little Mary Phagan, dead in her holiday dress, mattered no more than an archduke's riddled tunic in the middle of World War One.

That was the situation when Governor John M. Slaton, Frank's last hope, signed his own political death warrant. "Entertaining a reasonable doubt," Slaton commuted Frank's death sentence to life imprisonment. A rabble marched on Slaton's home; he left Georgia. Frank was rushed to State's Prison at Milledgeville. And from there, on a night two months and four days later, "they" took him out.

No reporter working in Atlanta in those days will forget the jangle of his telephone toward dawn, the message to hurry to the office or the vigil we kept. We knew only that the mob, estimated by some at twenty and by others at seventy-five, had cut all wires in or out of Milledgeville, entered the prison at gunpoint, handcuffed the guards, seized Frank, "who uttered only a groan," and vanished northward in eight automobiles.

Milledgeville lies a hundred miles south of Atlanta. Marietta, where Mary Phagan was buried, lies twenty miles to Atlanta's north and west. There were rumors during those early morning hours of motorcades through this small town and that, of trampled fields in remote places, of buzzards wheeling above the swamps. But the flash did not come till after eight o'clock.

John Paschall, city editor of the *Journal*, turned from the telephone and spoke to Rogers Winter. "Go to Marietta—he's there!"

The late Rogers Winter was City Hall and then Capitol reporter for the *Journal*. He was not renowned as a "good" writer. But he was one of the fastest and most accurate I ever knew, with what is called a "camera eye" and a touch with two fingers on a typewriter like double sledge-hammers.

Rewrite waited for Winter's phone call. It never came. But Winter himself did, striding through the city room door in sweat and dust up to his rolling eyeballs, to tell us why a man cannot telephone when he is riding the roads with a corpse, and to write the story of that ride and what his "camera eye" saw.

It is thus I remember him, glaring at the old "blind" Smith-Premier, two terrific fingers chopping up and down, not a pause to consult notes or consider syntax, while the sheets came grinding off the roller and John Paschall wrote his stark head:

Leo Frank Forcibly Taken from Prison;  
He Is Hanged to a Tree Near Marietta;  
His Body Has Been Brought to Atlanta

### By ROGERS WINTER

Leo M. Frank's dead body, which is now in the hands of an Atlanta undertaker, was found hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree two miles east of Marietta at an early hour Tuesday morning, and the absence of gunshot wounds or other violence indicated that Frank was alive until hanged by the mob that took him from the state prison farm at Mill-edgeville Monday night.

At the instance of Newt A. Morris, former judge of the Blue Ridge circuit, and a prominent Marietta citizen, the body was cut down and hauled to Marietta in an undertaker's wagon soon after the crowd began to gather around it.

At the outskirts of Marietta just in front of the National cemetery, Judge Morris overtook the undertaker's wagon in an automobile, lifted the body in the long basket from the wagon to the automobile, and sped with it to Atlanta at top speed.

At the outskirts of Atlanta the body was met by an Atlanta undertaker in an automobile ambulance and was again transferred and rushed at top speed to a place which was not disclosed.

About 7 o'clock Tuesday morning W. J. Frey, a former

sheriff of Cobb county, who lives two and one half miles east of Marietta, on the Roswell road, saw four automobiles pass along the road in front of his house. They were going like the wind. In the second or third car he recalls seeing a man of Frank's description, wedged between two men in the back seat of the car.

Half an hour later Mr. Frey drove into Marietta, and there learned that Frank's body had been found hanging to a tree in a grove two miles east of Marietta, near the road along which he had driven into town.

In company with Gus Benson, a Marietta citizen, and W. W. Yaun, a travelling man from Augusta, Ga., Mr. Frey drove back along the road, and found the body in a grove of young trees on land owned by himself, and within a stone's throw of his gun-house. A number of people had already arrived ahead of them and were viewing the body. The news of the discovery spread like wild-fire, and soon the road was full of people coming from both directions.

It appears from facts known and stated by Mr. Frey that Frank was hanged between 7 o'clock and 7:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. That Mr. Frey did not see the body when he drove by on his way to Marietta shows that the men who hanged Frank had done their work and gone, and further shows that the body had not yet been discovered. From the road the body was screened by the leaves of the trees, so that it would not have been noticed unless a passerby had been looking for it.

A horrible sight met the eyes of the people who were first to arrive at the grove, and a still more horrible sight met the eyes of the later arrivals, who found not only the body swaying in the wind, with the gaping red wound in the throat, but surging around it a closely packed mass of men whose excitement was something fearful.

A grass rope, brown in color, about half an inch in diameter, was thrown over the limb of an oak tree. One end of this



rope was around the neck of Leo M. Frank, tied in a hangman's knot, and the other end was tied to the base of a sapling some twenty feet away.

Frank hung with the top of his head near the limb of the oak tree, his feet about four feet above the ground. A white handkerchief was over his face and the corners knotted at the back of his head. The hangman's knot lay against his right jaw. The wound in his throat, where William Creen attempted to kill him at the state farm a few weeks ago, was pulled open, underneath his left ear. The rope was above the wound underneath his left ear, but toward the front of his throat, where the wound ranged upward, the rope lay in the wound.

Frank's body from the waist up was clothed in a thin, white pajama jacket. Worked in the jacket on the left side of the chest, were some letters in red thread that looked like "L.M.F." The sleeves of the pajama were chipped away by souvenir hunters wielding their pocket-knives until both sleeves were gone as far up as the elbows.

The arms of the dead man, thus exposed, hung straight and stiff, with the wrists handcuffed in front and the arms and hands and fingers were blue, while the left thumb showed the healing cut where Frank defended himself from Creen's knife attack at the state farm.

The body from the waist down was wrapped in a dirty piece of brown cloth that looked like khaki. It was stretched across the front like a skirt drawn tight, and tied together by the corners behind, somewhat toward the left hip. The edges of the cloth, just barely meeting on the left side, would flap open in the wind as the body swayed back and forth, exposing the leg of the dead man from the knee down, blue and stiff like the arm.

Around the ankles was tied a piece of grass rope about the same size of the rope Frank was hanged with, and this rope

was cut from around the ankles by souvenir hunters soon after the crowd gathered.

The crowd gathered with the rapidity that only intense curiosity and intense excitement can produce. They swarmed the road from both directions. They seemed to rise up out of the ground, so fast they came. The automobiles came careening, recklessly disregarding life and limb of occupants. Horse drawn vehicles came at a gallop. Pedestrians came running.

The vehicles stopped in the road at the grove and soon packed the road and overflowed into the fields. As the vehicles would stop their occupants would jump out and run to the grove, bending forward, panting, wild-eyed.

Women came. Children came. Even babes in arms. The sight of the body, swaying in the wind, with the red gaping wound in the throat, made some of the women sick and they would utter little shrieks and groans and turn their heads away. Other women walked up to the packed mass of men and pushed their way into the pack, and looked on the dead body without the quiver of an eyelash.

Excitement began to manifest itself as soon as the crowd began to gather, and as the crowd increased, the excitement increased.

One of the first arrivals was a man in a frenzy of passion. He was bareheaded, coatless, his eyes blazing like the eyes of a maniac. He ran through the crowd, ran up to the body, threw up his hands and clinched his fists and shook them at the body. Then his hands would open and his fingers would writhe, and his fists would close again, and he would shake them at the body.

"Now we've got you!" he screamed. "You won't murder any more little innocent girls! We've got you now!! We've got you now!!!"

His voice would rise to a shrill high note, and then it would drop off and become hoarse, and he would chant his words in

a kind of sing-song, repeating one imprecation over and over.

And every once in a while, when he paused, some man in the crowd would give a yell, and the crowd would join in the yell, and it would grow and get higher and higher, and the sound of it would fill the little grove and echo back and forth.

These demonstrations seemed to fan the fury of the man by the body. His gesticulations became more violent, his raving words came faster and faster from his mouth.

"They won't put any monument over you," he cried. "They are not going to get you! They are not going to get a piece of you as big as a cigar!"

The crowd yelled and packed closer.

At this juncture a short, thick-set man, with blue eyes gleaming, ran up to the crowd, jostled his way through the crowd, and pushed up to a place beside the man who was cursing the body. He climbed up on something so that he could see over the heads of the crowd. "Men, hear me," he said.

It was Newt A. Morris, former judge of the Blue Ridge circuit, who had just arrived in an automobile from Marietta with Attorney John Wood of Canton. They were attending Alpharetta court, heard the news early Tuesday morning, and came at top speed to the scene.

"Hear me, men," said Judge Morris. The crowd got quiet except for a mumbling in an undertone by the man beside the body.

"Citizens of Cobb county, listen to me, will you?" said Judge Morris. They gave a murmur of assent.

"Whoever did this thing—"

The man beside the body broke in with a shout.

"God bless him, whoever he was!" shouted the man.

Judge Morris laid his hand on the man's shoulder and asked him please to be quiet for a few minutes.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "did a thorough job."

The crowd whooped.

"They 'shore' did," chorused the crowd.

"Whoever did this thing," said Judge Morris, "left nothing more for us to do. Little Mary Phagan is vindicated. Her foul murder is avenged. Now I ask you, I appeal to you, as citizens of Cobb county, in the good name of our county, not to do more. I appeal to you to let the undertaker take it."

The man by the body broke in again.

"We are not going to let the undertaker have it!" he shrieked. "We are not going to let them erect a monument over that thing! We are not going to let them have a piece of it as big as a cigar! We are going to burn it! That's what we are going to do! We are going to burn it! Come on, boys! Let's burn the dirty thing!"

Judge Morris raised his voice.

"Men, I appeal to you," he shouted. "Don't do anything to this body. This man has a father and a mother, and whatever we think of him, they're entitled to have the body of their son. Men, men, I appeal to you for the good name of our county. Let all who favor giving this body over to the undertaker say 'aye.'"

There was a chorus of "ayes."

"Now let all who oppose it say 'no,'" said Judge Morris.

The man beside the body, at the top of his voice, yelled "No!"

"Let all who favor giving this body to the undertaker raise their hands," said Judge Morris.

The hands of the crowd went up.

"Let all who oppose it give the same sign," said Judge Morris.

The hand of the man beside the body was raised aloft, trembling with excitement.

Judge Morris got down and ran back through the crowd and began to call for an undertaker. While he was calling, somebody laid a knife on the rope and Frank's body dropped

to the ground with a thud, and the crowd packed around it in a solid mass, with the excited man standing at the head.

A negro ran up to Judge Morris. "Here I am, Judge," he said. "Here's the wagon."

Judge Morris gave orders, and the negro and another negro opened the back end of the wagon and pulled out a long undertaker's basket, and started with it toward the body.

"Bring the body on, men," shouted Judge Morris. "Bring it on. Quick, for God's sake."

But none of them would pick it up, and Judge Morris, beckoning to the negroes, wedged in and worked his way toward the body, until the negroes finally got hold of it, and started toward the undertaker's wagon.

The man who had voted "No" reached out and struck at the body, and the negroes dropped it, and when it hit the ground the man stomped upon the face, and ground his heel into the dead flesh, and stamped again, and again, until the crowd, stricken silent and motionless by the horror of the sight, could hear the man's heel as it made a crunching sound.

Again and again, as a man grinds the head of a snake under his heel, did the man in the awful frenzy drive his heel into the face of Leo M. Frank, grinding the black hair of the dead body into the black dirt and dead black leaves.

"Stop him! For God's sake, stop him!" cried Judge Morris, and ran up to the man and begged him to stop.

And while the judge begged and pleaded with him, the negroes at an order from the undertaker, seized the body again and ran with it to the basket, and seized the basket and ran with the body in the basket to the wagon, and shoved the body into the wagon, snapped down the door and leaped to the seat and drove towards Marietta with the big horse running on a dead run.

Judge Morris and Attorney Wood broke and ran for their

automobile, and got in and started after the undertaker's wagon. Several cars, quicker than they, got ahead of them, but these they soon passed, with the crowd swarming along the road in the dust raised by the undertaker's wagon.

At the entrance to the National cemetery, just inside the town of Marietta, Judge Morris caught up with the undertaker's wagon, got out of his car and ordered one of the negroes to take his place, and then climbed up himself to the driver's seat of the undertaker's wagon. Riding for a few blocks, with Attorney Wood driving the automobile ahead, the judge seized the first favorable opportunity and jerked the long basket out of the undertaker's wagon and laid it across the back seat of Attorney Wood's car. Then, jumping in beside the attorney, Judge Morris said, "Now, John, drive like hell to Atlanta."

Thus the body was taken from the crowd, and thus began the automobile ride to Atlanta the like of which had never been seen before.

Opening wide his throttle, Attorney Wood poured into his motor everything it would hold.

By his side, with drawn face and gleaming eyes, Judge Morris strained forward, peering through the dust, waving his arms and shouting for automobiles to make way.

Crosswise of the tonneau, the end of it projecting a foot or more on each side of the car, jostled and swayed the undertaker's long basket with the dead body inside.

On the running board of the car stood another man,\* hanging to the car with one hand, holding the undertaker's basket with the other.

Down the road toward Atlanta sped the car, and up the road toward Marietta sped automobiles loaded with men going like mad to see the body.

The car with the body gave the cars with the sightseers just room enough for the end of the basket to miss a collision and

\* *This was Rogers Winter.*

the cars with the sightseers gave equally as little room for the car with the dead man.

Low over the road hung an endless roll of dust, and through this dust the three men in the death car would dimly see cars coming one after another, a procession of them, all speeding like racers; and the death car would swerve a little to the right to pass them, which made the basket jostle and sway and rattle; while the sightseers flashing past, would wave their hands and shout hoarse shouts, their wild eyes gleaming for an instant as they raced northward to Marietta to see the body hanging in the grove.

At Smyrna the death car slowed down and the man on the running board jumped off and ran into a telephone booth and notified Greenberg & Bond, the undertakers, to meet the death car with their automobile ambulance, which they did at the corner of Ashby and Marietta streets.

In mad haste the basket was shoved into the undertaker's funeral car, and driven with all speed into the city, while down the road behind it came a racing procession of automobiles from Marietta, and up the road toward Marietta went a racing procession of sightseers, never suspecting that one by one they were whizzing past the object of their curiosity.

## HALLELUJAH!

You come along . . . tearing your shirt . . . yelling about Jesus.  
Where do you get that stuff?  
What do you know about Jesus? \*

BILLY SUNDAY'S detractors called him vulgar, blasphemous, greedy, phony and maybe downright crooked. They said he made a racket of God, collected from Big Business to keep Labor doped with religion, chewed tobacco secretly and sold even the concession to sift the tabernacle sawdust for lost nickels. Watching him howling at the devil to come up through the rostrum, or imitating Salomé's dance before Herod, one could believe with Sandburg that he was a slobbering bunkshooter. But fifteen minutes later, when they hit the trail by hundreds, it was hard to judge the people's solace a mountebank.

I can speak with some knowledge of Billy Sunday, for I practically lived with him once. With Billy and Ma Sunday, I got on the train at Winona Lake, their home, and by the time Chicago was reached Billy had already raced into the cab to drive the engine and I had my first story. Then Rodeheaver with his sliphorn and the pianist and the singers and Billy's masseur began piling on at different stops, and so did the other reporters, and outside Atlanta the whole troop knelt in the Pullman aisle while Billy prayed for the Lord to "save" that city and make the revival a success.

\* From "To a Contemporary Bunk-Shooter" in *Chicago Poems by Carl Sandburg*, Copyright 1916 by Henry Holt & Company.



Forty-eight hours before, I had left Atlanta a community pretty cold to the Reverend William Sunday. Most of the churches didn't want him and there had been a civic row. The newspapers, which are sensitive to the haughtier tides down there, were brushing off Billy until my paper, the *Journal*, woke up to the realization that something like the circus was coming to town. They dispatched a reporter "up north" and put the engineer story and the others into big type and more citizens overran the depot than turned out to look at Douglas Fairbanks selling Liberty Bonds. I had to fight my way to the office.

That was the beginning. It kept up for three weeks, revivals every night and on Sunday twice, the tabernacle jammed, Billy blasting the degenerates and saloon-keepers and whores and of course the Huns, Rody brightening the corner or daring the brewers' big horses to run over him when he wasn't sweet-tooting the congregation to tears, and the sawdust trail teeming with penitents. My own city editor got religion and outlawed swearing from the local room. I was there that night; I was there every night.

I was there the night the man marched up the aisle in the middle of the sermon—he was a dumb German carpenter who simply wanted to argue the war with Billy—and six men hit him. One was armed with a chair that accidentally winged venerable Mayor Asa G. Candler, the Coca Cola king. And I was there the only night Mr. Sunday laid an egg, a curious and unforgettable occasion.

In Georgia they separated the races even on the gospel train, but Billy showed his tolerance by holding a special meeting for the colored folks. They filled the benches. The mighty Spellman choir swept them with those grand spirituals and you expected an emotional cyclone when Mr. Sunday, who never preached harder, reached his peroration. But not a man or woman moved as the invitation went out above his pleading arms. Hostile? Resentful? To a white? To a Yankee? Or merely uneasy in a foreign temple? I don't know. But I do know that Billy Sunday for the first time in his career had not a convert until the pastor of the Wheat Street Baptist Church (colored) rose swiftly and—a gentleman's act of courtesy to an embarrassed stranger—boomed, "Folks, won't you come down and shake hands with Mr. Sunday? Bless you, brothers! Bless you, sisters! Choir, sing that hymn!" Then they came.

I hope the reader will forgive these memories by one who has been prayed for publicly by Billy Sunday and, though he hit no trails, possesses somewhere a photograph inscribed, "To Ward Greene, batting average .388." They may serve in a measure to recall the flavor of those days in which Billy Sunday flourished, for what happened in Atlanta was repeated more or less in big cities all over the country.

Of all cities none was so cold, none so tough, none so manifestly the heathen heart, as New York. Yet even New York "fell for" Billy Sunday. On the morning after his revival opened on April 8, 1917, though the United States had declared war on Germany only two days before and the front pages brimmed with news, Billy shared them with the Kaiser, Britain's stand in Flanders and Labor's all-out pledge. And the stories not only gave Sunday his due, they were—perhaps because he waved the flag, perhaps because New York always likes "a good show"—sympathetic.

I select the report in the *New York Tribune*, which was then in its heyday as "the newspaperman's newspaper." These periods of glory occur now and again, unpredictably, to certain newspapers. The old *New York Sun*, the old *Herald*, the *World* under Frank Cobb and the *American* when it was Hearst's pride, assembled brilliant staffs. So did the *Kansas City Star* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and Chicago newspapers in the days memorialized by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur in their play, *The Front Page*. Perhaps there endures no hoary daily where the old-timer on the copy desk does not exclaim, looking backward, "That was a staff!" And perhaps today's youngsters who scoff at him are better than the men he remembers. But you will go far into tomorrow or yesterday to match the *Tribune's* talent that year.

Franklin P. Adams was conducting *The Conning Tower*, Grantland Rice and Heywood Broun wrote sports and young Bob Benchley edited the Sunday section. The city editor was Dwight Perrin. He bossed such stars, all in their vigor then, as Bob Peck, Marquis James, Bob Rohde, Boyden Sparkes, F. F. Van de Water and Herbert Asbury. A cub from Atlanta shook at their nod and all but genuflected to Adams' red tie.

One does not expect the average person to recall what he was doing on the night of April 8, 1917, when the date is thirty years old. The *Tribune's* Billy Sunday story was unsigned. Who wrote

it? Days of inquiry followed, and more than one disappointing clue, but I found my man.

"Conviction with a strong plea for mercy," he wrote me. "I did it. Just why I can identify the thing by the phrase 'hard and fast as ever lightweight battered his way across the ring,' which for some dim reason has stuck in my mind, God alone knows . . . If it was the best job a newspaper turned out on that day, reporters of that high and far off time weren't as hot as, in retrospect, I like to think they were."

To which I could have replied, "Come, Mr. Van de Water, you are a fine novelist and a famous critic and, one notes by *Who's Who*, an authority on the New York State Police and its only civilian member. But though the years of success may taste sweet to an old gentleman of fifty-six up there in the Brattleboro hills, don't you go to belittling the yarn the Van de Water boy batted out in his twenties. Hell, Mr. Van de Water, I saw you and I thought you were majestic then!"

By F. F. VAN DE WATER

He stood, a tense, erect figure, stark in the electric lights beneath the great curving sounding board. One foot was on his chair. The other glistened in its patent leather covering on the top of the pulpit in front of him. His clenched hands were upraised, as though they grasped destruction. His voice was hoarse and excited, like a fighting terrier's.

"German militarism is doomed!" Billy Sunday shouted. "It is doomed, and the great guns of the United States are going to help dig its grave."

He whirled and leaped to the floor of the platform like a cat, picked up something from the carpet and jumped back to the uncertain footing of pulpit and chair with the same feline grace. But now he held something in his hands; something that murmured like distant thunder as he swung it

back and forth with the old ball player's heave; something scarlet and silver and blue. It was the flag.

"We are unfurling it now for the cause of justice," Sunday shouted, a tense grin in his sweat-streaked face. "It has never flown for anything else."

And then a great roar swelled up, blotting out the words that followed. Twenty thousand men and women rose to their feet. Behind the lean black figure, still swinging the standard back and forth, two pianos crashed out "My Country 'Tis of Thee." In a second the song had spread through the crowd. Every one was singing.

At the end of the verse, Homer A. Rodeheaver, the suave, the easy of speech, held up his hand. "We will sing the Battle Hymn," Sunday's music director announced, and picked up the trombone that has made him famous at a score of revivals.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The mighty marching song filled the tabernacle to the highest of the unvarnished rafters. Men coughed and blinked away tears and tried to go on. It was more of a prayer than a hymn. The taut figure of Sunday continued to whirl the flag about his head until the last tremendous note had died away. Then he relaxed, leaped down to the floor and mopped his face.

"That's all," he said, with a weary grin.

That is the picture that the Rev. William A. Sunday stamped for all time upon the memories of 20,000 persons last night. That was the magnificent climax of the first day of the mightiest campaign that he has ever undertaken.

"God's Grenadier" he called himself last night—one of the Almighty's army who is set in the forefront of the battle to break the ranks of the foe for those that follow. But it was not as a bomb thrower that he came to New York yesterday. His was the force and rush and shock of a regiment of cavalry, and in the two engagements that he fought yesterday—afternoon and evening—he took nearly 40,000 prisoners.

It is not as a mercenary that Sunday, the fighter, has come

to New York. He has taken up the conflict in the greatest city of the nation for the love of the cause that he leads. Not one penny of the thousands that he will receive in his three months' service will ever find its way into his pockets.

All of the customary "gift offering" given upon the last day of his stay will go, after his employes have been paid, to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.'s doing work among the United States soldiers. He will take nothing for the hardest work of his life.

This is the reply that "God's Grenadier" gave yesterday afternoon to those who have sneered at him and have said, shrugging their shoulders, "Sunday is only in it for what he gets." This time Sunday is in it up to his strong, pugnacious chin, and as a volunteer. "I won't have that gang spit on me again and then try to rub it in!" he shouted.

Based on what other cities have contributed, this gift offering has been estimated at \$75,000. In Pittsburgh he received \$42,000, in Philadelphia, \$55,000, in Boston, \$52,500, and in his most recent campaign, in Buffalo, \$42,200.

Sunday had begun to fight by the time his never motionless patent leather shoes had been upon the green carpet of the platform for a moment. Ten minutes after he had begun his first sermon yesterday afternoon he had trained all his batteries upon the forces of evil in New York City. He peppered them with a machine gun fire of adjectives—"vile, iniquitous, low-down, groveling, worthless, damnable, rotten, hellish, corrupt, miserable," was only one salvo that he directed upon them.

He blasted the "weasel-eyed, butter-and-milk, white-livered, whiskey-soaked gang" with shock after shock of invective and sarcasm. And with his attack he broke through the thin shell of reserve that New Yorkers had brought to the tabernacle. Ten minutes after the beginning of his sermon they were cheering with him. Before he finished they were yelling for him.

As usual, his hottest offensive was directed against "that worst crowd this side of the penitentiary; that black-hearted gang of scoundrels—the liquor dealers." His attack upon them was the climax of his afternoon sermon.

"Come on, you blackguards!" he yelled. "Come on. I defy you!"

He fought an imaginary foe across the stage as hard and fast as ever lightweight battered his way across a ring. His face was dripping and red when he halted, one foot and one hand raised, tense and quivering.

"I've fought the liquor dealers for twenty years," he cried. "I've taken \$20,000,000 worth of business away from them. I ask no quarter from them and I give none."

He then charged liquor dealers of New York with having raised a fund of \$500,000 "to put him out of business," and said that they had called up two ministers of his acquaintance to try and bribe them to oppose him. It was immediately after this that he announced that he would not take a cent for the battle that he will fight here.

All parts and conditions of New York came to hear him. They came afoot and on subway and surface cars, by 'bus, by automobile, even by horse and wagon—a world's series crowd, all drawn by one little, nervous ex-ball player.

He was nervous when the time for the afternoon sermon came. No small boy at school commencement, with all the terrors of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" still ahead of him, could have looked more miserable.

While the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, pronounced the invocation Sunday stood beside him, head bowed, thin, nervous hands rubbing his face, his lips moving in prayer. Before he began his sermon he tried the strength of the floor and tested his pulpit like a fighter before the gong.

Then gripping his pulpit sides so hard that his knuckles were white, he leaned forward awkwardly.

"Well," he said, with the boyish, winning Sunday grin, as the applause died away, "I see you are the same old gang that used to yell at me when I played ball here on the old Polo Grounds."

He is a fighter—a steel-springed, rubber-thewed scrapper; he is a poet, he is an actor, he is—Billy Sunday, a paradox.

"He changed the heavens into marching choral societies," he said, speaking softly and dreamily. "And He caused the evening stars to sing together in the symphony of the centuries."

The very next moment the old belligerent growl was back in his voice and he was shouting, "If you could see the devil as he is he'd be in the hospital by the next Fourth of July."

The afternoon sermon was more or less a get-together meeting, in which only a few compliments were passed.

"If an angel of God should come to New York," he told his hearers, "and train with the crowd you call 'good,' he'd have to take a bath in carbolic, lysol and formaldehyde before they let him into heaven again."

It was toward the close of the evening sermon that he caught hold of vital, intimate things for the first time. The closing part of his sermon dealt almost entirely with the war.

"God's call rings out for the people to show their loyalty now, more than ever before," he cried. "I have never said Germany should be wiped off the map, but I have said that German imperialism should be blotted from the face of the earth."

A moment later, the flag was in his hands, and his face was lit with a strange fierce light, as he swung it back and forth. Billy Sunday had begun the greatest fight of his life, and had won the first round.

Offerings at afternoon and evening services yesterday totalled \$1,902.22. Previous cash subscriptions have been \$53,963.46. This leaves \$94,134.32 to be realized before all expenses of the campaign can be met.

# A DREAM-SCOOP COMES TRUE

"HELLO, EVERYBODY-

That salute, in the later 1920s, meant to millions of Americans but one man. Coming over the air, it immediately evoked a florid Irish mug crossed by a grin and a ribbon holding in place the patch over the left eye. The other eye beamed bright blue if a little bloodshot. The American millions settled down happily to their radios. And the first speedcaster started shooting them the news at 245 words a minute.

In the later years of his popularity it became the fashion to ridicule Floyd Gibbons. Jokes were even made about that patch, which Floyd did not wear like a stigma. Well, he wasn't literary; he himself made jokes about the writers of "nine-dollar words," he worked the homespun line in public as religiously as he wore Charvet shirts. But a lot of the boys who jeered Gibbons envied him. As for the patch, it was necessary; the nature of Gibbons' wound did not permit a glass eye.

Whatever else he was, Floyd was a good reporter. Radio made him rich and famous, but newspaper reporting made him ripe for radio. He broke into the business in Milwaukee, went to work on a Socialist paper in Chicago and, when it folded, got a job on the *Tribune*. There he was one of Walter Howey's boys. "The greatest



city editor who ever lived," so called by a harried and worshipping staff, gave Gibbons his training and, in a city and an era of daring reporters, a series of assignments that distinguished him.

In 1917 Floyd got the best of these. It was to lose him that eye at Belleau Wood, a rather light casualty compared to the dead and wounded correspondents in World War Two, but marking Gibbons unique among the men who covered World War One, in which only one other American correspondent was wounded and none killed. Luck was with him at the end of his war assignment. Luck was with him at its beginning.

The dream of the young reporter has ever been to enter the park just as the runaway horse threw the heiress, to stumble on the living Hitler in his neighbor's flat. The *Tribune* sent Gibbons to cover the war in Europe at the moment Ambassador Von Bernstorff had been handed his papers in Washington. He might have taken the same ship with the German, but he knew that its chances of being torpedoed were a thousand to one. He chose a smaller boat.

"We might get it," he said. "What a story if we do!"

And sure enough, on the night of February 25, 1917, a submarine rose out of the dark Atlantic off the coast of Ireland and sent two torpedoes crashing into the Cunarder *Laconia*.

Floyd Gibbons was playing cards in the *Laconia's* smoking-room. His story of that night, filed hours later to the *Tribune* from Queenstown, may not be literature but it was more than a scoop, it reads "real." Only the man who was "there" could have written it, the young reporter who miraculously saw his dream come true.

By FLOYD P. GIBBONS

QUEENSTOWN, Feb. 26 (via London, Feb. 28).—I have serious doubts whether this is a real story. I am not entirely certain that it is not all a dream and that in a few min-

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utes I will wake up back in stateroom B 19 on the promenade deck of the Cunarder *Laconia* and hear my cockney steward informing me with an abundance of "and sirs" that it is a fine morning.

It is now a little over thirty hours since I stood on the slanting decks of the big liner, listened to the lowering of the lifeboats, heard the hiss of escaping steam and the roar of ascending rockets as they tore lurid rents in the black sky and cast their red glare over the roaring sea.

I am writing this within thirty minutes after stepping on the dock here in Queenstown from the British mine sweeper which picked up our open lifeboat after an eventful six hours of drifting and darkness and baling and pulling on the oars and of straining aching eyes toward that empty, meaningless horizon in search of help. But, dream or fact, here it is:

The Cunard liner *Laconia*, 18,000 tons burden, carrying seventy-three passengers—men, women and children—of whom six were American citizens—manned by a mixed crew of 216, bound from New York to Liverpool and loaded with foodstuffs, cotton and war material, was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine last night off the Irish coast. The vessel sank in about forty minutes.

Two American citizens, mother and daughter, listed from Chicago and former residents there, are among the dead. They were Mrs. Mary E. Hoy and Miss Elizabeth Hoy. I have talked with a seaman who was in the same lifeboat with the two Chicago women, and he has told me that he saw their lifeless bodies washed out of the sinking boat.

(United States Consul Frost at Cork reported to the embassy in London yesterday that Mrs. Hoy and her daughter had escaped in a lifeboat which was swamped. They were picked up, he said, by another boat, but soon died from exposure. They were buried at sea.)

The American survivors are Mrs. F. E. Harris of Philadelphia, who was the last woman to leave the *Laconia*; the Rev.

Father Wareing of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore; Arthur T. Kirby of New York, and myself.

A former Chicago woman, now the wife of a British subject, was among the survivors. She is Mrs. Henry George Boston, the daughter of Granger Farwell of Lake Forest.

After leaving New York, passengers and crew had had three drills with the lifeboats. All were supplied with lifebelts and assigned to places in the twelve big lifeboats poised over the side from the davits of the top deck.

Submarines had been a chief part of the conversation during the entire trip, but the subject had been treated lightly, although all ordered precautions were strictly in force.

After the first explanatory drill on the second day out from New York, from which we sailed on Saturday, Feb. 17, the "abandon ship" signal, five quick blasts of the whistle, had summoned us twice to our lifebelts and heavy wraps (with a flask and a flashlight) and to a roll call in front of our assigned boats on the top deck.

On Sunday we knew generally we were in the danger zone, though we did not know definitely where we were—or at least the passengers did not.

In the afternoon, during a short chat with Capt. W. R. D. Irvine, the ship's commander, I had mentioned that I would like to see a chart and note our position on the ocean. He replied, "Oh, would you?" with a smiling, rising inflection that meant "It is jolly well none of your business."

Prior to this my cheery early morning steward had told us that we would make Liverpool by Monday night, and I used this information in another question to the Captain.

"When do we land?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Capt. Irvine; but my steward told me later it would be Tuesday, after dinner.

The first cabin passengers were gathered in the lounge Sunday evening, with the exception of the bridge fiends in

the smoke room. "Poor Butterfly" was dying wearily on the talking machine and several couples were dancing.

About the tables in the smoke room the conversation was limited to the announcement of bids and orders to the stewards. Before the fireplace was a little gathering which had been dubbed as the Hyde Park Corner—an allusion I don't quite fully understand. This group had about exhausted available discussion when I projected a new bone of contention.

"What do you say are our chances of being torpedoed?" I asked.

"Well," drawled the deliberative Mr. Henry Chetham, a London solicitor, "I should say four thousand to one."

Lucien J. Jerome of the British Diplomatic Service, returning with an Ecuadorian valet from South America, interjected: "Considering the zone and the class of this ship, I should put it down at two hundred and fifty to one that we don't meet a sub."

At this moment the ship gave a sudden lurch sideways and forward. There was a muffled noise like the slamming of some large door at a good distance away. The slightness of the shock and the meekness of the report compared with my imagination was disappointing. Every man in the room was on his feet in an instant.

"We're hit!" shouted Mr. Chetham.

"That's what we've been waiting for," said Mr. Jerome.

"What a lousy torpedo!" said Mr. Kirby, a typical New Yorkese. "It must have been a fizzer."

I looked at my watch. It was 10.30.

Then came the five blasts on the whistle. We rushed down the corridor leading from the smoking room at the stern to the lounge, which was amidships. We were running, but there was no panic. The occupants of the lounge were just leaving by the forward doors as we entered.

It was dark on the landing leading down to the promenade deck, where the first class staterooms were located. My pocket flashlight, built like a fountain pen, came in handy on the landing.

We reached the lower deck. I rushed into my stateroom, grabbed life preservers and overcoat and made my way to the upper deck on that same dark landing.

I saw the chief steward opening an electric switch box in the wall and turning on the switch. Instantly the boat decks were illuminated. That illumination saved lives.

The torpedo had hit us well astern on the starboard side and had missed the engines and the dynamos. I had not noticed the deck lights before. Throughout the voyage our decks had remained dark at night and all cabin port holes were clamped down and all windows covered with opaque paint.

The illumination of the upper deck, on which I stood, made the darkness of the water, sixty feet below, appear all the blacker when I peered over the edge at my station boat, No. 10.

Already the boat was loading up and men and boys were busy with the ropes. I started to help near a davit that seemed to be giving trouble, but was stoutly ordered to get out of the way and get into the boat.

We were on the port side, practically opposite the engine well. Up and down the deck passengers and crew were donning lifebelts, throwing on overcoats and taking positions in the boats. There were a number of women, but only one appeared hysterical—little Miss Titsie Siklosl, a French-Polish actress, who was being cared for by her manager, Cedric P. Ivatt, appearing on the passenger list as from New York.

Steam began to hiss somewhere from the giant gray funnels that towered above. Suddenly there was a roaring swish as a rocket soared upward from the Captain's bridge, leaving a comet's tail of fire. I watched it as it described a graceful

arc in the black void overhead, and then with an audible pop it burst in a flare of brilliant colors.

There was a tilt to the deck. It was listing to starboard at just the angle that would make it necessary to reach for support to enable one to stand upright. In the mean time electric floodlights—large white enamelled funnels containing clusters of bulbs—had been suspended from the promenade deck and illuminated the dark water that rose and fell on the slanting side of the ship.

“Lower away,” some one gave the order, and we started downward with a jerk toward the seemingly hungry rising and falling swells.

Then we stopped with another jerk and remained suspended in midair while the men at the bow and the stern swore and tussled with the lowering ropes. The stern of the boat was down, the bow up, leaving us at an angle of about 45 degrees. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from falling out.

“Who’s got a knife? A knife! a knife!” bawled a sweating seaman in the bow.

“Great God! Give him a knife,” bawled a half-dressed, gibbering negro stoker who wrung his hands in the stern.

A hatchet was thrust into my hand, and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it crashed down on the holding pulley. One strand of the rope parted and down plunged the bow, too quick for the stern men. We came to a jerky stop, with the stern in the air and the bow down, but the stern managed to lower away until the dangerous angle was eliminated.

Then both tried to lower together. The list of the ship’s side became greater, but instead of our boat sliding down it, like a toboggan, the taffrail caught and was held. As the lowering continued the other side dropped down and we found ourselves clinging on at a new angle and looking straight down on the water.

A hand slipped into mine and a voice sounded huskily close to my ear. It was the little old German Jew travelling man who was disliked in the smoke room because he used to speak too certainly of things he was uncertain of and whose slightly Teutonic dialect made him as popular as smallpox with the British passengers.

"My boy, I can't see nutting," he said. "My glasses slipped and I am falling. Hold me, please."

I managed to reach out and join hands with another man on the other side of the old man and together we held him in. He hung heavily over our arms, grotesquely grasping all he had saved from his stateroom—a gold-headed cane and an extra hat.

Many feet and hands pushed the boat from the side of the ship and we sagged down again, this time smacking squarely on the pillowy top of a rising swell. It felt more solid than midair, at least. But we were far from being off. The pulleys twice stuck in their fastenings, bow and stern, and the one axe passed forward and back, and with it my flashlight, as the entangling ropes that held us to the sinking *Laconia* were cut away.

Some shout from that confusion of sound caused me to look up, and I really did so with the fear that one of the nearby boats was being lowered upon us.

A man was jumping, as I presumed, with the intention of landing in the boat, and I prepared to avoid the impact, but he passed beyond us and plunged into the water three feet from the edge of the boat. He bobbed to the surface immediately.

"It's Duggan," shouted a man next me.

I flashed a light on the ruddy, smiling face and water plastered hair of the little Canadian, our fellow saloon passenger. We pulled him over the side. He spluttered out a mouthful of water and the first words he said were:

"I wonder if there is anything to that lighting three ciga-

rettes of the same match? I was up above trying to loosen the rope to this boat. I loosened it and then got tangled up in it. The boat went down but I was jerked up. I jumped for it."

His first reference concerned our deliberate tempting of fates early in the day when he, Kirby and I lighted three cigarettes from the same match and Duggan told us that he had done the same thing many a time.

As we pulled away from the side of the ship its receding terrace of lights stretched upward. The ship was slowly turning over. We were opposite that part occupied by the engine rooms. There was a tangle of oars, spars and rigging on the seat and considerable confusion before four of the big sweeps could be manned on either side of the boat.

The gibbering bullet-headed negro was pulling directly behind me and I turned to quiet him as his frantic reaches with his oar were hitting me in the back. In the dull light from the upper decks I looked into his slanting face—his eyes were all whites and his lips moved convulsively. Besides being frightened the man was freezing in that thin cotton shirt that composed his entire upper covering. He would work feverishly to get warm.

"Get away from her, get away from her," he kept repeating. "When the water hits her hot boilers she'll blow up, and there's just tons and tons of shrapnel in the hold."

His excitement spread to other members of the crew in the boat. The ship's baker, designated by his pantry headgear, became a competing alarmist, and a white fireman, whose blasphemy was nothing short of profound, added to the confusion by cursing every one.

It was the give way of nerve tension. It was bedlam and nightmare.

Seeking to establish some authority in our boat, I made my way to the stern and there found an old, white haired sea captain, a second cabin passenger, with whom I had talked before. He was bound from Nova Scotia with codfish. His



sailing schooner, the Secret, had broken in two, but he and his crew had been taken off by a tramp and taken back to New York.

He had sailed from there on the Ryndam, which, after almost crossing the Atlantic, had turned back. The Laconia was his third attempt to get home. His name is Capt. Dear.

"The rudder's gone, but I can steer with an oar," he said. "I will take charge, but my voice is gone. You'll have to shout the orders."

There was only one way to get the attention of the crew, and that was by an overpowering blast of profanity. I did my best and was rewarded by silence while I made the announcement that in the absence of the ship's officer assigned to the boat, Capt. Dear would take charge.

We rested on our oars, with all eyes on the still lighted Laconia. The torpedo had struck at 10.30 P.M., according to our ship's time. It was thirty minutes afterward that another dull thud, which was accompanied by a noticeable drop in the hulk, told its story of the second torpedo that the submarine had despatched through the engine room and the boat's vitals from a distance of 200 yards.

We watched silently during the next minute, as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then to red and nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night, which hung over all like a pall.

A mean, cheese colored crescent of a moon revealed one horn above a rag bundle of clouds low in the distance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by general leering stars in the zenith, and where the Laconia's lights had shone there remained only the dim outlines of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland, silhouetted against the overcast sky.

The ship sank rapidly at the stern until at last its nose stood straight in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of

sight like a piece of disappearing scenery in a panorama spectacle.

Boat No. 3 stood closest to the ship and rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage. As our boat's crew steadied its head into the wind a black hulk, glistening wet and standing about eight feet above the surface of the water, approached slowly and came to a stop opposite the boat and not six feet from the side of it.

"What ship was dot?" the correct words in throaty English with a German accent, came from the dark hulk, according to Chief Steward Ballyn's statement to me later.

"The Laconia," Ballyn answered.

"Vot?"

"The Laconia. Cunard Line," responded the steward.

"Vot did she weigh?" was the next question from the submarine.

"Eighteen thousand tons."

"Any passengers?"

"Seventy-three," replied Ballyn, "men, women and children, some of them in this boat. She had over 200 in the crew."

"Did she carry cargo?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll be all right. The patrol will pick you up soon," and without further sound save for the almost silent fixing of the conning tower lid, the submarine moved off.

"I thought it best to make my answers truthful and satisfactory, sir," said Ballyn, when he repeated the conversation to me word for word. "I was thinking of the women and children in the boat. I feared every minute that somebody in our boat might make a hostile move, fire a revolver, or throw something at the submarine. I feared the consequences of such an act."

There was no assurance of an early pick-up, even though

the promise were from a German source, for the rest of the boats, whose occupants—if they felt and spoke like those in my boat—were more than mildly anxious about their plight and the prospects of rescue.

We made preparations for a siege from the elements. The weather was a great factor. That black rim of clouds looked ominous. There was a good promise of rain. February has a reputation for nasty weather in the North Atlantic. The wind was cold and seemed to be rising. Our boat bobbed about like a cork on the swells, which fortunately were not choppy.

“How much rougher weather could the boat stand?” This question and the conditions were debated pro and con. “Had our rockets been seen? Did the first torpedo put the wireless out of business? Did anybody hear our S O S? Was there enough food and drinking water in the boat to last?”

That brought us to an inventory of our small craft, and after much difficulty we found a lamp, a can of powder flares, a tin of ship biscuits, matches and spar oil.

The lamp was lighted. Other lights were visible at small distances every time we mounted the crest of the swells. The boats remained quite close together at first. One boat came within sound and I recognized the Harry Lauder-like voice of the Second Assistant Purser, last heard on Wednesday at the ship’s concert. There was singing—“I Want to Marry ‘Arry” and “I Love to Be a Sailor.”

Mrs. Boston was in that boat with her husband. She told me later that an attempt had been made to sing “Tipperary” and “Rule Britannia,” but the thought of that slinking dark hulk of destruction that might have been a part of the immediate darkness resulted in an abandonment of the effort.

“Who is the officer in that boat?” came a cheery hail from a nearby light.

“What the hell is it to you?” bawled out our half frozen negro, for no reason imaginable other than, possibly, the relief of his feelings.

"Brain him with a pin, somebody," yelled our profound oathsmen, and accompanied this with a warmth of language that must have relieved the negro's chill.

The fear of some of the boats crashing together produced a general inclination toward further separation on the part of all the little units of survivors, with the result that soon the small craft stretched out for several miles, all of them endeavoring to keep their heads in the wind.

And then we saw the first light—the first sign of help coming—the first searching glow of white brilliance, deep down on the sombre sides of the black pot of night that hung over us. I don't know what direction that came from—none of us knew north from south—there was nothing but water and sky. But the light—it just came from over there where we pointed.

We nudged violently sick boatmates and directed their gaze and aroused them to an appreciation of the sight that gave us new life.

It was way over there—first a trembling quiver of silver against the blackness; then, drawing closer, it defined itself as a beckoning finger, although still too far away yet to see our feeble efforts to attract it.

We nevertheless wasted valuable time and the ship's baker, self ordained custodian of biscuit tin, did the honors handsomely to the extent of a biscuit apiece to each of the twenty-three occupants of the boat.

"Pull starboard, sonnies," sang out old Capt. Dear, his gray chin whiskers literally bristling with joy in the light of the round lantern which he held aloft.

We pulled, pulled, lustily forgetting the strain and pain of innards torn and racked from pain, vomiting—oblivious of blistered hands and wet, half frozen feet.

Then a nodding of that finger of light—a happy, snapping, crap-shooting finger that seemed to say: "Come on, you men," like a dice player wooing the bones—led us to believe

that our lights had been seen. This was the fact, for immediately the coming vessel flashed on its green and red side lights and we saw it was headed for our position.

We floated off its stern for awhile as it manoeuvred for the best position in which it could take us on with the sea that was running higher and higher, it seemed to me.

"Come alongside port!" was megaphoned to us. And as fast as we could we swung under the stern and felt our way broadside toward the ship's side. A dozen flashlights blinked down to us and orders began to flow fast and thick.

When I look back on the night I don't know which was the more hazardous, our descent from the *Laconia* or our ascent to our rescuer. One minute the swell lifted us almost level with the rail of the low built patrol boat and mine sweeper, the next receding wave would carry us down into a gulf over which the ship's side glowered like a slimy, dripping cliff.

A score of hands reached out, and we were suspended in the husky tattooed arms of those doughty British jack tars, looking up into the weather beaten, youthful faces, mumbling thanks and thankfulness and reading in the gold lettering on their pancake hats the legend "*H. M. S. Laburnum.*"

We had been six hours in the open boats, all of which began coming alongside one after another. Wet and bedraggled survivors were lifted aboard. Women and children first was the rule.

The scenes of reunion were heart-gripping. Men who had remained strangers to one another aboard the *Laconia* wrung each other by the hand or embraced without shame. The frail little wife of a Canadian chaplain found one of her missing children delivered up from another boat. She smothered the child with ravenous mother kisses while tears of joy streamed down her face.

Boat after boat came alongside. The waterlogged craft containing the Captain came last. A rousing cheer went up as

he landed his feet on the deck, one mangled hand hanging limp at his side.

The jack tars divested themselves of outer clothing and passed the garments over to the shivering members of the *Laconia's* crew.

The little officers' quarters down under the quarterdeck were turned over to the women and children. Two of the *Laconia's* stewardesses passed boiling basins of navy cocoa and aided in the disentanglement of wet and matted tresses.

The men grouped themselves near steam pipes in the petty officers' quarters or over the gratings of the engine rooms, where new life was to be had from the upward blasts of heated air that brought with them the smell of bilge water and oil and sulphur from the bowels of the vessel.

The injured—all minor cases, sprained backs, wrenched legs or mashed hands—were put away in bunks under the care of the ship's doctor.

Dawn was melting the eastern ocean gray to pink when the task was finished.

In the officers' quarters, now invaded by the men, somebody happened to touch a key on the small wooden organ and this was enough to send some callous seafaring fingers over the keys in a rhythm unquestionably religious and so irresistible under the circumstances that although no one knew the words the air was taken up in serious humming chant by all in the room.

At the last note of the Amen, little Father Wareing, his black garb snagged in places and badly soiled, stood before the centre table and lifted his head back until the morning light, filtering through the open hatch above him, shone down on his kindly, weary face. He recited the Lord's Prayer and all present joined. The simple, impressive service ended as simply as it had begun.

# THE GREAT MR. O'MALLEY

ONE WHO never knew him, after reading his tales of the New York Tenderloin, his statement that he was "a reporter on the *Sun* for fourteen years, thirteen of which were spent in Jack's restaurant," plus the fact that he died in France at the age of fifty-seven denouncing prohibition to the end, might easily infer that Frank Ward O'Malley was a lush. Here, he might decide, went the incarnation of that unicorn of journalism, the star reporter who wrote better drunk than sober.

The lie to such a legend does not require the testimony of O'Malley's friends, who remember him as a joyous but fairly temperate onlooker needing scarcely a jigger to see Manhattan as an enchanted city, or of his doctor, who tells us that his health ultimately denied him even a whiff of spirits. O'Malley left a sounder record of sobriety, his own work.

None but an unclouded mind could have written what O'Malley wrote, none but a man of remarkable observation, sensitivity and talent for ring-mastering words; no one, indeed, save Frank Ward O'Malley.

I have read much in dusty newspaper files. When I shook out O'Malley's stuff it was with the skepticism of a younger generation. But it was good; thirty years gone, it was very good. He deserved, I think, his epitaph of "greatest reporter."

It is the habit in newspaper shops to look back on O'Malley as a humorist. Well, he was. His best inventions were those yarns of incredible people at fantastic festivals which retained just enough reality to make the reader wonder whether these scandalous doings were true or not. But humor stales with its times. The good ship Wobble, the Duke of Essex Street, Zip the Whatisit and those long lists of the gouged and clawed at Hibernian soirées, seem flat and forced to today's consumers of the wisecrack and the gag. Yet O'Malley as the "straight" reporter still grips and moves.

There is, for example, the famous story of the shooting of Patrolman Eugene Sheehan by Bill Morley, a thug, which O'Malley got from the lips of Sheehan's mother, Catherine, while other reporters stalked the precinct station and the morgue. You can understand, perusing it today, why a Westchester commuter rose to his feet in 1907 and read aloud to a coach of strangers the simple lines that made him choke. But that story is in many anthologies. I have chosen instead, from the envelope of O'Malley clippings in the *Sun* morgue, reporting not quite so well known.

This is O'Malley's account of the funeral of Cardinal Farley in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Saturday, September 24, 1918. "O'Malley of the *Sun*" was then at the peak of his career, a name greater than Dana in the city rooms of America. He had come to New York sixteen years before to do commercial illustrating after ten years of study at the Washington, D. C., League, Notre Dame and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he respectively spent, to quote him, "too much time in the Senate Gallery, too much time with the football team and too much time in a burlesque theatre." Art, after ten years, was wearisomely long for O'Malley. He began writing verse and humor for the *Morning Telegraph*, a theatrical daily, and went to the *Sun* in 1906. In 1920 he was to leave the *Sun* to write occasional articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* and Mencken's and Nathan's *American Mercury* until his death in 1932. He was forty-three and the *Sun's* ace on the Indian Summer afternoon he taxied downtown from St. Patrick's Cathedral with his pockets jammed with notes and his brain whirling phrases to picture the tremendous spectacle he had viewed.

O'Malley's funeral story may not be as brilliant as his comic



pieces or as emotionally effective as the passing of young Sheehan. But one must agree with Edmond P. Barnett, veteran city editor of the *New York Sun*, when he said to a young reporter setting out to cover the funeral of another great Cardinal (Hayes), and tapped the yellow page from the file, "This is the perfect model."\*

### By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

A humble woman, who seemed very old and very poor, was the last person to leave St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday, following the final services over the body of Cardinal Farley; ceremonies which for religious impressiveness and beauty never have been exceeded, never perhaps equalled, in America.

"A long time ago," said the little old woman to the reporter who found her lingering near the Fiftieth street exit of the nave and questioned her, "when the Cardinal, Lord have mercy on him, was just ordained and came to us as assistant rector at St. Peter's, down where I live at New Brighton, I asked him to come to our house when my husband was dying. And I had no money to pay for funeral expenses. But Father Farley got a man named Roach, who was an undertaker down on Staten Island then—he's dead now—and the Cardinal lying dead there paid the cost of the burial of my man.

"And so I wanted to be the last in the cathedral here to see him. I'll go now."

Police Inspector Frank Morris had told her she must leave her dark corner at the southern end of the nave because,

*\* Please note, students, O'Malley's "lead." He used the same trick of approach—the dead evoked through the lips of the grieving living—that he did when he interviewed Mrs. Sheehan. But a good device will work twice. Frank Ward O'Malley knew his trade.*

after a death mask had been taken of the late Cardinal, the canons of the church prescribed that no one except officiating clergymen be permitted to remain in the edifice during the final ceremonies of entombment beneath the high altar. And so the aged woman went out, her wish to be "the last to look upon him" having been satisfied.

Which doubtless was the way Cardinal Farley himself—who did not arrive at his great clerical estate because of political acumen, exceptional oratorical gifts or aggressiveness—would have wished the ceremonies of yesterday to end. He had become a Cardinal Prince of the church paradoxically for the reason that he had always been "just a good priest," who was successful with the humble and poor because it was that class, almost altogether, which interested him. And therefore if he had had his way it would have been a humble being, very old and very poor, whom he would have chosen to be the last of the laity to look upon him.

But the great also honored the dead Cardinal, and thereby honored themselves, during the funeral services, which lasted many hours yesterday. From the layman's standpoint the funerals of Lincoln and McKinley and especially of Grant doubtless exceeded in a material sense the great final obsequies in Fifth avenue yesterday. But no funeral in the history of the western continent approached the obsequies of Cardinal Farley in spiritual ceremony and fervent intent.

In the funeral ceremonies of the Catholic Church—the "church militant"—any one who even slightly knows the rubrics of the ancient religion also knows that threaded through all the sombreness and solemnity of the funeral services is the fibre of exultant victory; for even at the approach of the most solemn moment of the funeral mass the clang of bells and the rising note of the first "Sanctus" from the choir is the militant, almost military, cry of triumph, because a soul has lived and died in the life which the funeral orator at the cathedral yesterday selected from St. Paul as his text:

"I have fought the good fight, I have run my course; I have kept the faith."

That spirit gave the militant note to all of the ceremonies of yesterday from the religious side, but added to this was the feeling of military victory and patriotic faith and hope, such as might be expected in martial times like these. Admirals of the United States Navy and general officers of the army together with the uniformed men of lesser rank were present to add to an atmosphere that was one of victorious glory—despite the sadness which made the hearts of the thousands present heavy.

Alert young men, wearing khaki and puttees and with the bars or gold leaves on their shoulders denoting military rank, stood within the chancel rail or marched in the procession which wound its way from the Cathedral College doors to the altar. Side by side with long bearded monks in their brown cowls or elbow to elbow with the bishops and monsignori in purples marched these young men, and if it were not for the metal crosses worn at the throat one never would have known that they were all young priests serving Uncle Sam as chaplains in the army.

And when, after almost an hour of marching, all the living Cardinals of America, most of the Archbishops, innumerable bishops and monsignori and humbler clergy uncounted had taken their places about the chancel and the catafalque something happened which bore in again upon the silent thousands seated in the great edifice the thoughts of another kind of glory and victory.

The throngs of silent clergy—rabbis and ministers of Protestant faiths as well as Catholic—and the thousands of silent people had settled back in their seats, confident that the splendor of the procession through the streets had been ended and that now they were to hear only the simple ceremonies which for almost 2,000 years had come down, un-

changed, from the Apostles to their followers of the present day.

But out in the sunlight of Fifth avenue a brass band at the head of a long line of United States bluejackets, who were drawn up at attention opposite the gray cathedral, ruffled their drums as the last of the procession of clerics walked slowly into the church. The outer doors of the cathedral had not yet been closed and so the music of the band could be heard within. And the brass blared the first strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" to the rhythmic beating of the drums.

On the instant 10,000 clergymen and laymen inside the church, who a moment before had settled back in the pews for the religious ceremonies, arose to their feet. Cardinals and Archbishops, acolytes and men and women of the congregation stood rigidly to the last exultant note of the national anthem, standing in the presence of what the Catholics in the church firmly believed to be the real presence of Christ, but on their feet now to "render unto Cæsar."

Up and down the aisles, in the streets outside during the final moments of preparation for the funeral mass, might be seen not only the young Catholic priests in the khaki of the army and the blue and gold of the navy but still other clerics of the church, whose every step brought forth metallic clinks. If one looked closer one might have observed just beneath the lower hem of their long black cassocks jingling spurs and the polished russet boots which showed that they too had but taken a moment to throw clerical habiliments over the army uniforms which daily clothes them in army circles in times like these.

Also amid the long streamers of black and dull purple which swathed the columns of the cathedral and reached to high places, where the ends of funereal cloths were lost in the dim gray shadows of the Gothic arches, there was one great splash of color. It more than made up for the complete ab-

sence of flowers. It was a great American flag, draping all the little balcony—really a far spreading balcony, but seemingly small compared to the rest of the impressive interior—where the vested choir of boys and young men had gathered amid the flickering flames of candles to sing the Latin chant of the funeral mass.

In and about the cathedral were delegates and individuals who were the concrete embodiment of the ideas for which the dead Cardinal had lived. Closest to the sanctuary rail were the representatives of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, whose work it had been during the Cardinal's life, and will continue to be now that he is dead, to direct the great charitable institution which was his chief concern as priest and Cardinal. Nuns from the Catholic hospitals of the archdiocese, which he had brought to an ethical and scientific effectiveness that left them second to none in the country, were kneeling in prayer along the walls.

The children of the parochial schools were present as acolytes and thurifers—at the moment that their little brothers and sisters, as the eloquent eulogist of the Cardinal at the services, the Right Rev. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey of Rochester pointed out in his words to the congregation, were assembled in prayer about their instructors in the schools which Cardinal Farley had built up throughout the archdiocese.

One might say that all the Cardinal's life and hopes and aspirations were represented concretely in and around his cathedral when his long and useful services were honored yesterday—the religious life, which was the breath of his being; the love of country and city, which was so pronounced a part of his life work; the schools and hospitals, colleges and asylums, for which he had labored so long and so persistently, and the poor who, next to his Master, were the most vital part of his life.

"His patriotism was not provincial," said Bishop Hickey in his masterful address at the end of the funeral mass. "When our country entered the war and the great strength of the Catholic Church aligned itself shoulder to shoulder with President Wilson, Cardinal Farley instantly had become active in the interest of the sale of Liberty bonds, in food conservation and in each of the other national ideals that went toward the winning of the war.

"I recall a day about two months ago—perhaps the last time Cardinal Farley was able to take an active part in affairs—when at the great risk of his own physical being and strength he spoke at the funeral of the late Bishop Cusack about ideas and ideals dear to the heart of his American countrymen. I stood by his side that day and it thrilled me as the venerable Cardinal spoke of the spreading war and the demands the war was making upon all of us.

"I shall send my priests forth as chaplains in our army and navy," he said that day with patriotic fervor. "I'll go out on sick calls myself if by doing so one more priest may be spared to work in the ranks of our army and navy."

"Before his tomb I would carve the three cardinal theological virtues. First, I should carve the figure, the symbol, of faith, that divine gift which he cherished so tenderly and practised so faithfully. He would brook no discussion where faith in the dogmas of his church entered. And on his tomb I would place the symbol of hope, and then the symbol of the greatest, as St. Paul has said, of all the virtues—charity.

"His last administrative act was to place his name on a check for a sum of money that was devoted to the finest interests of the three things he held dearest—his religion, his country and the poor whom he loved. Thus his life went out for God, for charity and for the children of God. Farewell, dear friend," cried the preacher, as he turned brimming eyes toward the catafalque where the slight body of the dead Car-

dinal lay. "Farewell. Together we join in our prayer to God for the beloved John Cardinal Farley. May his soul rest in peace."

Despite the brevity of the funeral oration the ceremonies which marked the last obsequies over the body of the Cardinal did not come to a close until almost 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

More than four hours earlier the ceremonies had been begun with the slow march of a clerical, military and lay procession which, short as the route was, undoubtedly was the most impressive religious cortege America has seen. And hours before the sailors who marched at the head of the line had made their appearance the faithful, most of them with no hope of gaining entrance to the cathedral, had begun to flock toward the massive gray edifice.

In fact daylight had not yet appeared when the earliest of the arrivals—men, women and children, thickly marked with young men in the uniform of the army or navy—settled into their places in and around the cathedral.

From Forty-eighth street on the south north to Fifty-second street for the length of Fifth and Madison avenues and throughout the cross streets the police as the morning advanced kept a watchful eye on the gathering throngs. Simultaneously Police Inspectors Morris and O'Brien and lesser members of the uniformed rank and file to the number of 1,200 bluecoats kept traffic off the two avenues between the cross streets.

In the Madison avenue block at the rear of the Cathedral, on the Cathedral side of Fifth avenue and in Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets between Madison and Fifth avenues the sidewalks were kept clear of all pedestrians. There was no slight sign of disturbance. The police arrangements were on a par with the church arrangements of the preceding week, during which Joseph A. Boyle, the youthful sexton and undertaker of the Cathedral, had so managed the funeral plans

that throngs estimated at the hundreds of thousands had passed through the church or attended the earlier funeral services in a manner so orderly that not once was it necessary to call an ambulance to attend even the fainting women who heretofore had been omnipresent at similar gatherings.

Already in the late Cardinal's residence at the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Fiftieth street the highest church dignitaries of America—Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston and Cardinal Begin of Quebec—were waiting to take their places in the procession about to be formed.

Monsignori and priests from the archdiocese and from churches scattered the length and breadth of all of North America also were gathering in the early morning hours in numbers hitherto unknown even to the metropolis of the world. As they came to the building at Madison avenue and Fifty-first street which shelters the Cathedral College and the archdiocesan chancery office there was a martial tap of drums and the blasts of bugles in the streets as a block long detachment of Naval Reserves and their officers swung around the corner of Madison avenue and Fiftieth street and stood at attention on the east side of Madison avenue in a double line that ran from Fiftieth to Fifty-first street.

The mass had been announced to begin at 10 A. M., but so long was the procession which first must march around the block into the cathedral that three-quarters of an hour before the hour set for the ceremonies the head of the procession came out of the Cathedral College and led the slow way down Madison avenue from Fifty-first to Fiftieth street, and thence westward through Fiftieth street to the Fifth avenue entrance of the cathedral.

Mounted policemen led the way. Behind them, slowly playing strains of Chopin's Funeral March, came the navy



lads' brass band, followed by cross bearers and acolytes. Up the avenue then stretched a seemingly endless line of acolytes, seminarians and priests in black cassocks and surplices of white lace, the line of black and white broken here and there with the splendid full dress uniforms worn by a detachment of the Knights of Columbus, the white or brown or black and white robes of cloistered monks, the brilliant ribbons of the Papal Knights of St. Gregory, the army and navy uniforms of high officers in the service and priests who had just received commissions in the army and navy.

France was officially represented and so was England, both in a civil way and by officers of the British and French military services. The High Commissions of France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy and our other allies were there and so were officers of the Czecho Slovak armies in their blue gray uniforms, members of the Spanish Embassy and Consulate.

Conspicuous were the tawny locks and pale features of the great Polish patriot and pianist, Paderewski, marching among his beloved militant countrymen. The chief executive of the city, Mayor Hylan, led his administrative family of Borough Presidents and other city officials.

A long line of Catholic army chaplains in khaki was led by a noted Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Manning of Trinity Church, who also was in uniform as the head of the army chaplains of his own faith. Rabbis, ministers, justices and judges, an ex-Governor of the State, Martin Glynn; financiers, navy men, headed by Admiral Usher, and army officers, with Gen. Regan in the lead; provincials of the Redemptionists, the Passionists, the Paulists, the Jesuits, Franciscans and of all the rest of the cloistere or teaching bodies of the Catholic Church were in line.

As the procession passed slowly down Madison avenue and turned toward Fifth avenue it stretched to so great a length of color and dignity that three-quarters of an hour went by before the army and navy chaplains and the scores

of purple robed monsignori, who brought this part of the procession to a close, had wound their slow way past the late Cardinal's home.

As the last of the procession came into view the first of the attendants to the Cardinals, the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishops and Bishops came out of the main entrance to the house where Cardinal Farley had lived for so many years.

The Most Rev. Archbishop John Bonzano, in sombre robes of black and gold, was the titular head of this final part of the procession in that he was the celebrant of the mass, but he was preceded, of course, by a cross bearer and some of the monsignori and papal knights who attended him. A pace behind the celebrant walked the other officers of the mass, Mgr. Mooney, who was the Delegate's assistant priest; the Rev. John Farley, S. J., a nephew of Cardinal Farley, who was deacon of the mass, and the Rev. William Livingston, who was sub-deacon. Also came the deacons of honor, the Right Rev. Mgrs. John Edwards and Michael J. Lavelle.

Finally from the late Cardinal's house came the Cardinals and their ministers. First the waiting throngs saw the slight figure of Cardinal Begin, with church dignitaries and papal knights attending him and small boys in black velvet to hold high his trailing robes to keep them from dragging on the asphalt.

After the Canadian Cardinal and his suite walked the stalwart head of the Archdiocese of Boston, Cardinal O'Connell, with his ministers and attendants. And last came the fragile figure of the venerable first citizen of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, and his suite.

Around into Fifth avenue they walked with slow tread, the glory of their vestments and robes flashing in the morning light. Steadily the navy band, drawn up before the crowd that was massed along the west walk of Fifth avenue across from the cathedral, played the notes of the Chopin funeral

march until the last of the princes of the church had entered the doorway.

From 11 o'clock in the forenoon until after 1 o'clock P. M. the mass and the ceremonies of absolution which followed the mass continued. Bishop Hickey in his eulogy gave a brief but instructive sketch of the life of the late Cardinal from boyhood until his last days, and dwelt upon his virtues and good works in the manner quoted in an earlier paragraph. At the conclusion of the mass and the sermon five of the Archbishops and the Apostolic Delegate in turn pronounced the requiem absolution and the religious part of the ceremonies came to an end.

Throughout the mass the body of the Cardinal, still in his clerical robes on the high catafalque, lay at the head of the crowded centre aisle, where all could see the kindly white face, worn thin by his last sufferings. When the final absolution had been pronounced the Cardinals, who had been enthroned during the services at the right of the sanctuary as one faced the altar, and the Papal Delegate, who had been enthroned opposite them when not singing the mass, arose and prepared to follow the Archbishops, the Bishops, Monsignori, priests and Knights of St. Gregory, which had filled the chancel during the mass.

In the order in which they had come up the aisle the clergymen walked out through the altar gate, around the catafalque and then out through a rear door of the church, the three Cardinals and their attendants coming last. Then until 2:30 the congregation filed past the Cardinal's body until finally the church had been cleared.

# MEHITABEL ON REPORTERS

EDITOR'S NOTE to Reader: Thus far in this book we have encountered one flood, one holocaust, several killings, a funeral and two executions, of which one was legal. We cannot, like Mehitabel, keep always gay and we fear more is to come. Perhaps we should lighten the gloom with a few remarks by Mehitabel herself. She did not think much of reporters, and her suggestions may be salutary in our general air of worship.

Don Marquis was writing in the *New York Sun* on December 20, 1919, when the City Hall press seemed to have been having a little trouble with the Mayor.

By DON MARQUIS

A Letter From Mehitabel

well archy mehitabel says to  
me as i cannot  
work the typewriter would

you mind writing an open  
letter for me in  
the sun dial here goes i  
said and she dictated  
as follows to  
the city government i  
hear you are thinking  
of employing a lot of  
cats at six dollars and a  
half a year  
to keep the rats and mice  
from eating the archives and  
the tired employees  
in the city offices i  
can understand that  
when an employee goes to sleep  
he might be in great  
danger of being eaten  
what you want is cats with  
some class to them  
and you will not be able to  
get them for the money  
i have a large feline  
acquaintance one or  
two of them are cats  
almost as big as a tiger  
no reflection on tammany  
is intended i could  
get you the services of hundreds  
of cats at a decent wage  
but first it would take a  
little propaganda to get the  
right sort of cats  
interested in the idea a  
fund is necessary for the

propaganda i would be  
willing to administer this  
fund and get recruits and  
organize them  
for a good salary but lay off  
the six dollar and a  
half a year stuff  
communicate any offer you have  
to make through archy  
my publicity agent and general  
business representative  
                  mehitabel the cat  
                  per archy  
dictated but not read  
p s tell the  
mayor if the price is  
right i can get a cat  
for the reporters room  
at the city hall who  
would be able to eat a  
reporter in four or five  
bites and who would be  
willing to do so if  
properly approached all  
the mayor would need to do  
would be to point out  
which reporter and  
this cat would do the  
rest or we might agree on  
a flat rate for all the  
reporters or we could say  
ten reporters a year for  
ten dollars a reporter just  
as soon as one reporter is  
eaten another will of course

take his place they  
are fearless creatures these  
reporters always willing  
to go to their death  
without stopping to make a  
will but for a thousand  
dollars a year i will agree to  
keep the city hall  
clear of reporters for at least  
three days a week but  
the first thing is the  
propaganda fund  
    mehitabel  
        purr archy

## TAPS FOR A HERO

THE FIRST World War ended on November 11, 1918, but three years passed before the people of the United States honored their greatest war hero. During that period the country swung to peace in a series of revulsions that took scant notice of war heroes or any homage to them.

Homage was *finis* in 1919, when the boys came home. The people had their hands full of the high cost of living, housing and food shortages, strikes that put a million men out of production, the Bolshevik peril, a wild younger generation, race riots, crime waves and the rise of the Ku Klux Klan. If this category of problems sounds darkly familiar to survivors of the Second World War, they may find comfort in noting what cheerier pursuits occupied those earlier Americans. They were buying automobiles, which were plentiful, and discovering the "joyride"; they were dancing the new fox trot and making their first bathtub gin; the ladies put up their skirts to their knees and sheared their hair; Babe Ruth broke fences and Man O'War track records; business boomed after a temporary wobble; radio, the talkies, million-dollar gates and the big bull market loomed around the corner; the League of Nations was licked, Woodrow Wilson a dying man and President Harding, who played poker and pitched horseshoes like a regular fellow, was leading one hundred percent Americans "back to normalcy." The times were not auspicious for sorrow and sentiment.



Yet America paused for three days in the Autumn of 1921 in an exceptional outpouring of the national heart. From one of those long graves in France where the detail had shoved the torso without the dog-tag and the face obliterated beyond recognition, a body had been lifted. Now, under a few Picardy roses and the flag he died for, the chosen one was coming home. He was only one, but he represented a host.

Many fine stories were written in Washington on November 9, 1921, and the two following days. Those by Kirke L. Simpson, who watched the cruiser *Olympia* appear out of the Potomac's mist and covered his assignment until the last note of taps died across Arlington's hills, won the Pulitzer Prize.

Another fine reporter, twenty-six years later, was to write for the *New York Times* a story of the home-coming of America's dead from World War Two. It parallels in its simplicity and feeling Simpson's piece. In some respects it was far superior. Meyer Berger was the man.

Simpson worked for the Associated Press. He retired in 1945 at the age of sixty-five, but altogether he gave thirty-seven years to the AP's service, most of them as a star correspondent in Washington, where he was the friend of diplomats and generals, but always a newspaperman.

The Associated Press is not noted for emotional writing in its news reports and probably does not encourage it. Kirke Simpson, without fanfare or hysteria, got into his report on the Unknown Soldier the emotion of a nation because, I am sure, he wrote as he felt. He covered the ceremonies for both day and night report; hence there is some repetition. I have omitted those stories written on the second day, when the soldier lay in state under the Capitol's dome, and reprinted here the first story and the last.

By KIRKE L. SIMPSON

WASHINGTON, NOV. 9.—(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS).—  
A plain soldier, unknown but weighted with honors as per-

haps no American before him because he died for the flag in France, lay to-night in a place where only martyred Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, have slept in death.

He kept lonely vigil lying in state under the vast, shadowy dome of the Capitol. Only the motionless figures of the five armed comrades, one at the head and one facing inward at each corner of the bier, kept watch with him.

But far above, towering from the great bulk of the dome, the brooding figure of Freedom watched too, as though it said "well done" to the servant faithful unto death, asleep there in the vast, dim chamber below.

America's unknown dead is home from France at last, and the nation has no honor too great for him. In him, it pays its unstinted tribute of pride and glory to all those sleeping in the far soil of France. It was their home-coming to-day; their day of days in the heart of the nation and they must have known it for the heart beat of a nation defies the laws of space, even of eternity.

Sodden skies and a gray, creeping chilling rain all through the day seemed to mark the mourning of this American soil and air at the bier of this unknown hero. But no jot of the full meed of honor was denied the dead on that account. From the highest officials of this democratic government to the last soldier or marine or bluejacket, rain and cold meant nothing beside the desire to do honor to the dead.

The ceremonies were brief to-day. They began when the far boom of saluting cannon down the river signaled the coming of the great gray cruiser *Olympia*. The fog of rain hid her slow approach up the Potomac, but fort by fort, post by post, the guns took up the tale of honors for the dead as she passed.

Slowly the ship swung into her dock. Along her rails stood her crew in long lines of dark blue, rigid at attention and with a solemn expression uncommon to the young faces beneath the jaunty sailor hats. Astern, under the long, gray muzzle of

a gun that once echoed its way into history more than twenty years ago in Manila Bay, lay the flag-draped casket. Above a tented awning held off the dripping rain, the inner side of the canvas lined with great American flags to make a canopy for the sleeper below. At attention stood five sailors and marines as guards of honor for the dead at each corner and the head of his bier.

Below on the cobbled stretch of the old dock at Washington Navy Yard, a regiment of cavalry waited, sabers at "present," and the black-draped gun caisson with its six black horses to carry the casket to the Capitol. The troopers formed in line facing toward the ship as she swung broadside to her place and the gangway was lifted to her quarterdeck. To their right a mounted band stilled its restless horses.

On the ship, the trim files of her marine guard stood at attention. Rear-Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, to whom had fallen the duty of escorting this dead private soldier over the Atlantic from France, was garbed in the full, formal naval dress as were officers of his staff.

Just as the ship's bell clanged out the quick, double strokes of "eight bells" the sailors' four o'clock and the hour set for arrival, the bugles rang again and the crew again lined the rails far above the dock. The marine guard filed down the gangway to face the troopers across the dock, the ship's band came down and formed beyond the marines. On deck at the gangway head, four sides-boys took their place on each side facing toward each other, the boatswain waiting behind them to pipe a dead comrade over the side with the honors accorded only to full Admirals of the fleet.

Cars bearing Secretaries Weeks and Denby, Assistant Secretary Wainwright, General Pershing, Major General Harbord, Admiral Coontz and Major General Lejeune, the Marine commandant, and their aides rolled up, with Secretary Weeks on the right next to the gangway and Secretary Denby next, then General Pershing and Admiral Coontz;

these highest officers of the army and navy formed in line facing down the open space between the troops and marines.

On deck the bugles called attention. A group of petty officers stepped forward to raise the casket. A forward gun crashed to the first drumming roll of the minute guns of sorrow. The *Olympia's* band sounded the opening chords of Chopin's "Funeral March" and to the slow half-step and carried high on the shoulders of his navy and marine corps comrades, the Unknown was tenderly lifted down the steep pitch to the dock.

Admiral Chandler and his aides came behind, cocked hats off in the cold rain and held across their breasts. Below the cabinet members also stood bareheaded in the rain, the army and navy officers at salute.

Just as the casket passed out through the rails, overside to the plank, the wail of the bo'sun's pipe sounded shrilling the last salute of the sea to the dead. It sounded oddly against the background of the dirge and as the sound of the pipe died away, the gun forward barked again the passing of another minute.

Step by step the bearers labored down the plank, sanded against the slippery murk of the rain, to the cobbled dock floor below. Again the pipe above wailed as they stepped ashore at last and the Unknown was again on American soil.

Slowly the flag-draped casket moved down between the line of troops and marines and under the eyes of the blue-jackets standing rigidly at the ship's rails high above. As they came abreast of the ship's band, the dirge was stilled, a marine bugler sounded four flourishes of salute to a general officer. Then the stirring, lifting strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" rang out to the gray sky, the nation's own hymn of freedom.

Again the slow march to the waiting gun carriage was taken up; again the wail of the funeral march, cut through with the crash of the gun above, sounded. The caisson

waited in a space between the second and third squadrons of the full strength of the Third Cavalry from Fort Myer and beside it stood the eight body bearers of the Army headed by Sergeant Woodfill, hero of heroes among Americans who fought in France.

The soldiers took over the burden at the gun carriage and then could be seen a withered handful of flowers, the only decoration on the flag-wrapped casket. They were the blooms with which this casket was chosen from others there in France before the long journey home began. Through it all they have lain there above the breast of the dead, yellowing with each passing day. They will go with the unknown to his last sleep in the stone crypt at Arlington.

As the casket was strapped in place, an order rang out and the cavalry band swung off to the left, playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Behind them, sabers, cap brims and sodden colors dripping with rain, came the troopers four abreast, troop after troop. Then the caisson, the following squadron, Secretaries Weeks and Denby riding together in a closed car, General Pershing and Admiral Coontz, and behind these the other officers and officials.

The horses swung away at a slow trot. Ahead the winding road to the old gateway was lined on either side with marines at "present arms" and behind them, row after row, were packed the thousands of just plain American citizens who had braved cold and rain for hours to stand bareheaded as the body of this honored fellow countryman was carried by.

Out through the gateway the cortege clattered to find other crowds lining the way under the daylight of a fading Autumn day. It moved quickly on through the streets, ringing to the melody of the band and the drumming of the horses' shoes on the wet pavement. On it went, to swing at last into the great plaza before the Capitol and there troopers again drew up in line, facing the massive building with sa-

bers at "present" as the casket was lifted down and carried up the wide stairway to be placed on the catafalque in the dim rotunda. The two Secretaries, bareheaded, followed and behind them the officers and others.

There were few in the great hall. The only lights were those high among the pillars above the sculptured walls and the last fading gleams of day through the high windows. The waiting guard which would stand through the long night about the bier, stood at "present arms" as the casket was carried in and set in place on the high, black-draped structure on which the body of McKinley was last to repose in state.

There was a pause then until the ring of a command out on the plaza, the flurry of drawn steel as the sabers of the cavalry leaped out again to "present" announcing that President and Mrs. Harding had arrived. The last rites of the day were at hand.

As the President and Mrs. Harding came into the dim chamber, brilliant lights leaped up to make possible a picturing of the scene for all America to see. The cameras clicked. There was no other sound. About the bier the guard stood with rifle butts grounded.

Mrs. Harding stepped forward, a wide white ribbon in her hand. She had stitched it herself and stepping up on the base of the catafalque she laid it across the casket, a slash of white across the rain-sodden flag with its withered cluster of French flowers. As Mrs. Harding stepped down, the President took her place and to the ribbon pinned a silver shield of the United States, set with forty-eight golden stars. It is symbolic of the heart of the nation that goes with this soldier to his tomb.

Then a great wreath of crimson roses was handed to Mr. Harding and he laid it softly on the casket near the head and gave place to Vice-President Coolidge and Speaker Gillett who moved forward together to lay the tribute of Congress,

a wreath of pink roses and snapdragons, in place. Chief Justice Taft moved forward from the opposite side, bearing the floral tribute of the Supreme Court, a wreath of chrysanthemums and carnations.

Secretary Weeks laid the army's token of remembrance, a wreath of white roses, against the casket at the head and Secretary Denby placed the Navy's offering, chrysanthemums and roses, set on an easel, at the foot of the bier. Over and to one side, against the wall, were placed the great masses of pink blossoms that were warmed to life by the sun of France to be carried all the long way on the *Olympia*.

Then General Pershing stepped forward to place his own tribute and that of the American Expeditionary Force on this unknown, gallant comrade's coffin. It was a wreath of giant pink chrysanthemums and as he placed it, the officer paused a moment, then stepped back a pace or two and, drawing his figure to its full height, lifted his hand to cap brim in rigid salute to the dead.

The only spectators of these simple rites were the few clustered in the doorways of the great chamber. The bright lights blazed for a few moments as the President and Mrs. Harding went out to receive again formal honors from the troops waiting below. Then the Unknown was left alone with his motionless guard of honor that was changed at frequent intervals through the night, alone with his head eastward toward distant France and at his feet through a far window and the end of a pillared corridor the twinkling lights of Washington.

On either side of the doorway through which he might have gazed stand the statues of Lincoln and Grant, as though they also kept vigil. And as the lights were switched off and the great building was wrapped in the gloom of night, the dim twilight of the few scattered hidden electrics let the shadows fall over the bier and fill the vast cavern of the dome above with a mystery and a peace that will not be broken until daylight streams again through those high windows.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 11.—(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS).—Under the wide and starry skies of his own home-land America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the wars.

Alone, he lies in the narrow cell of stone that guards his body; but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America. Wherever liberty is held close in men's hearts, the honor and the glory and the pledge of high endeavor poured out over this nameless one of fame, will be told and sung by Americans for all time.

Scrolled across the marble arch oft he memorial raised to American soldier and sailor dead, everywhere, which stands like a monument behind his tomb, runs this legend: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The words were spoken by the martyred Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. And to-day with voice strong with determination and ringing with deep emotion, another President echoed that high resolve over the coffin of the soldier who died for the flag in France.

Great men in the world's affairs heard that high purpose reiterated by the man who stands at the head of the American people. To-morrow they will gather in the city that stands almost in the shadow of the new American shrine of liberty dedicated today. They will talk of peace; of the curbing of the havoc of war.

They will speak of the war in France, that robbed this soldier of life and name and brought death to comrades of all nations by the hundreds of thousands. And in their ears when they meet must ring President Harding's declaration to-day beside that flag-wrapped, honor-laden bier:

"There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

Far across the seas, other unknown dead, hallowed in memory by their countrymen, as this American soldier is enshrined in the heart of America, sleep their last. He, in



whose veins ran the blood of British forebears, lies beneath a great stone in ancient Westminster Abbey; he of France, beneath the Arc de Triomphe, and he of Italy under the altar of the Fatherland in Rome.

And it seemed today that they, too, must be here among the Potomac hills to greet an American comrade come to join their glorious company, to testify their approval of the high words of hope spoken by America's President. All day long the nation poured out its heart in pride and glory for the nameless American. Before the first crash of the minute guns roared its knell for the dead from the shadow of Washington Monument, the people who claim him as their own were trooping out to do him honor. They lined the long road from the Capitol to the hillside where he sleeps to-night; they flowed like a tide over the slopes about his burial place; they choked the bridges that lead across the river to the fields of the brave, in which he is the last comer.

As he was carried past through the banks of humanity that lined Pennsylvania Avenue a solemn, reverent hush held the living walls. Yet there was not so much of sorrow as of high pride in it all, a pride beyond the reach of shouting and the clamor that marks less sacred moments in life.

Out there in the broad avenue was a simple soldier, dead for honor of the flag. He was nameless. No man knew what part in the great life of the nation he had filled when last he passed over his home soil. But in France he had died as Americans always have been ready to die, for the flag and what it means. They read the message of the pageant clear, these silent thousands along the way. They stood in almost holy awe to take their own part in what was theirs, the glory of the American people, honored here in the honors showered on America's nameless son from France.

Soldiers, sailors and marines—all played their part in the thrilling spectacles as the cortege rolled along. And just behind the casket, with its faded French flowers on the draped

flag, walked the President, the chosen leader of a hundred million, in whose name he was chief mourner at his bier. Beside him strode the man under whom the fallen hero had lived and died in France, Gen. Pershing, wearing only the single medal of Victory that every American soldier might wear as his only decoration.

Then, row on row, came the men who lead the nation to-day or have guided its destinies before. They were all there, walking proudly with age and frailties of the flesh forgotten. Judges, Senators, Representatives, highest officers of every military arm of government and a trudging little group of the nation's most valorous sons, the Medal of Honor men. Some were gray and bent and drooping with old wounds; some trim and erect as the day they won their way to fame. All walked gladly in this nameless comrade's last parade.

Behind these came the carriage in which rode Woodrow Wilson, also stricken down by infirmities as he served in the highest place of the nation, just as the humble private riding in such state ahead had gone down before a shell or bullet. For that dead man's sake, the former President had put aside his dread of seeming to parade his physical weakness and risked health, perhaps life, to appear among the mourners for the fallen.

There was handclapping and a cheer here and there for the man in the carriage, a tribute to the spirit that brought him to honor the nation's nameless hero, whose commander-in-chief he had been.

After President Harding and most of the high dignitaries of the government had turned aside at the White House, the procession, headed by its solid blocks of soldiery and the battalions of sailor comrades, moved on with Pershing, now flanked by Secretaries Weeks and Denby, for the long road to the tomb. It marched on, always between the human borders of the way of victory the nation had made for itself of the great avenue; on over the old bridge that spans the

Potomac, on up the long hill to Fort Myer, and at last to the great cemetery beyond, where soldier and sailor folk sleep by the thousands. There the lumbering guns of the artillery swung aside, the cavalry drew their horses out of the long line and left to the foot soldiers and the sailors and marines the last stage of the journey.

Ahead, the white marble of the amphitheater gleamed through the trees. It stands crowning the slope of the hills that sweep upward from the river and just across was Washington, its clustered buildings and monuments to great dead who have gone before, a moving picture in the Autumn breeze.

People in thousands were moving about the great circle of the amphitheater. The great ones to whom places had been given in the sacred inclosure and the plain folk who trudged the long way just to glimpse the pageant from afar, were finding their places. Everywhere within the pillared inclosure bright uniforms of foreign soldiers appeared. They were laden with the jeweled order of rank to honor an American private soldier, great in the majesty of his sacrifices; in the tribute his honors paid to all Americans who died.

Down below the platform placed for the casket, in a stone vault, lay wreaths and garlands brought from England's King and guarded by British soldiers. To them came the British Ambassador in the full uniform of his rank to bid them keep these tributes from overseas safe against that hour.

Above the platform gathered men whose names ring through history—Briand, Foch, Beatty, Balfour, Jacques, Diaz and others—in a brilliant array of place and power. They were followed by others, Baron Kato from Japan, the Italian statesmen and officers, by the notables from all countries gathered here for to-morrow's conference and by some of the older figures in American life too old to walk beside the approaching funeral train.

Down around the circling pillars the marbled box filled

with distinguished men and women, with a cluster of shattered men from army hospitals accompanied by uniformed nurses. A surpliced choir took its place to wait the dead.

Faint and distant, the silvery strains of a military band stole into the big white bowl of the amphitheater. The slow cadences and mourning notes of a funeral march grew clearer amid the roll and mutter of the muffled drums.

At the arch where the choir waited the heroic dead, comrades lifted his casket down and, followed by the Generals and the Admirals, who had walked beside him from the Capitol, he was carried to the place of honor. Ahead moved the white-robed singers, chanting solemnly. Carefully, the casket was placed above the banked flowers and the Marine Band played sacred melodies until the moment the President and Mrs. Harding stepped to their places beside the casket; then the crashing, triumphant chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner" swept the gathering to its feet again.

A prayer, carried out over the crowd by amplifiers so that no word was missed, took a moment or two, then the sharp, clear call of the bugle rang "Attention!" and for two minutes the nation stood at pause for the dead, just at high noon. No sound broke the quiet as all stood with bowed heads. It was much as though a mighty hand had checked the world in full course. Then the band sounded and in a mighty chorus rolled up the words of "America" from the hosts within and without the great open hall of valor.

President Harding stepped forward beside the coffin to say for America the thing that to-day was nearest to the nation's heart, that sacrifices such as this nameless man, fallen in battle, might perhaps be made unnecessary down through the coming years. Every word that President Harding spoke reached every person through the amplifiers and reached other thousands upon thousands in New York and San Francisco.

Mr. Harding showed strong emotion as his lips formed the

last words of the address. He paused, then with raised hand and head bowed, went on in the measured, rolling period of the Lord's prayer. The response that came back to him from the thousands he faced, from the other thousands out over the slopes beyond, perhaps from still other thousands away near the Pacific, or close packed in the heart of the nation's greatest city, arose like a chant. The marble arches hummed with the solemn sound.

Then the foreign officers who stand highest among the soldiers or sailors of their flags came one by one to the bier to place gold and jeweled emblems for the brave above the breast of the sleeper. Already, as the great prayer ended, the President had set the American seal of admiration for the valiant, the nation's love for brave deeds and the courage that defies death, upon the casket.

Side by side he laid the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross. And below, set in place with reverent hands, grew the long line of foreign honors, the Victoria Cross, never before laid on the breast of any but those who had served the British flag; all the highest honors of France and Belgium and Italy and Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia and Poland.

To Gen. Jacques of Belgium it remained to add his own touch to these honors. He tore from the breast of his own tunic the medal of valor pinned there by the Belgian King, tore it with a sweeping gesture, and tenderly bestowed it on the unknown American warrior.

Through the religious services that followed, and prayers, the swelling crowd sat motionless until it rose to join in the old, consoling "Rock of Ages," and the last rite for the dead was at hand. Lifted by his hero bearers from the stage, the unknown was carried in his flag-wrapped, simple coffin out to the wide sweep of the terrace. The bearers laid the sleeper down above the crypt on which had been placed a little of

the soil of France. The dust his blood helped redeem from alien hands will mingle with his dust as time marches by.

The simple words of the burial ritual were said by Bishop Brent, flowers from war mothers of America and England were laid in place.

For the Indians of America Chief Plenty Coos came to call upon the Great Spirit of the Red Men, with gesture and chant and tribal tongue that the dead should not have died in vain, that war might end, peace be purchased by such blood as this. Upon the casket he laid the coup stick of his tribal office and the feathered war bonnet from his own head. Then the casket, with its weight of honors, was lowered into the crypt.

A rocking blast of gunfire rang from the woods. The glittering circle of bayonets stiffened to a salute to the dead. Again the guns shouted their message of honor and farewell. Again they boomed out; a loyal comrade was being laid to his last, long rest.

High and clear and true in the echoes of the guns, a bugle lifted the old, old notes of taps, the lullaby for the living soldier, in death his requiem. Long ago some forgotten soldier poet caught its meaning clear and set it down that soldiers everywhere might know its message as they sing to rest:

“Fades the light;  
And afar  
Goeth day, cometh night,  
And a star,  
Leadeth all, speedeth all,  
To their rest.”

The guns roared out again in the national salute. He was home, The Unknown, to sleep forever among his own.

# THE WORLD AND THE DEVIL

THE ONLY portion of these United States which has ever been conquered by an enemy invader—the Southern Confederacy—organized its underground in 1865 to combat, in the name of native white supremacy, rule by the Northern carpetbaggers and the freed slaves. The underground was so successful in nullifying an oppressive occupation that the Ku Klux Klan, as it was called in most secession states, was abolished by its Grand Wizard, General Nathan Bedford Forrest, four years later. It survived with respect in Southern history for fifty years.

A succession of interesting circumstances began nearly half a century after Forrest's whitehoods rode their last ride. A North Carolina lawyer and preacher, Thomas Dixon, wrote a book called *The Clansman*. That was in 1905; it was a sensation for a while, largely because of a rape in which the rapist was identified through his face "photographed" on the pupils of his victim's eyes. Then it, too, died. But not for one man.

Another Southerner, a Kentuckian, David Wark Griffith, made the first "great" motion picture, *The Birth of a Nation*, based on Dixon's novel. In some cities, notably Boston, its showing led to rioting and protests. But in others it was hailed as a masterpiece. In Atlanta people cheered and pounded the backs of others as the Ku Klux charged to rescue in a climax of whirling robes, crashing

whips and fleeing blacks. That was in 1915; it is noteworthy, in view of what the future was to bring, that even the *New York World's Almanac* of the following year starred *The Birth of a Nation* in its motion picture review and reserved for special mention "the raid of the Ku Klux Clansmen." (*Sic.*)

In one of those audiences at the Atlanta theatre must have sat William Joseph Simmons, who may have cheered and may have wept but who certainly filed into Edgewood Avenue with more than his emotions stirred by Henry B. Walthall and Mae Marsh. Simmons was likewise a Southerner, not as talented as Dixon or Griffith, but destined to make in his season more money from Forrest's hobgoblins than either of the others.

That was also the year when state prohibition began creeping up from the South to conquer, eventually, the North and the country. Dry-voting drinkers in Georgia were getting theirs through the subterfuge of a law that permitted a man to keep his own liquor in his own locker at his own club. Simmons, a hanger-on at the Atlanta City Hall and a "colonel" to his cronies by jocular custom, probably stopped for a drink at the Owls or the Panthers or one of the other speakeasies which, as "locker clubs," infested the city in a local rehearsal of the farce that was later to play the national circuit. Simmons had a better idea than any of those fancy "clubs," infinitely more alluring to the joiners, he realized, than the Woodmen of the World, of which he had been an "organizer." Correctly gauging that human veneration for the hallowed which bears such worthy fruit as the Boy Scouts and the Colonial Dames, plus man's delight in the secret and mysterious, he filed incorporation papers for the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

But the revived Klan—now without the C—languished for nearly another five years until Simmons hobnobbed with Edward Young Clarke, a smart promoter. Clark had dipped in many golden rivers. He had publicized the Anti-Saloon League, and during the war years, when welfare organizations held competitive "drives" until they developed the Community Chest, forerunner of the USO, he had been the moneygetter for such respectable outfits as the Salvation Army. Clarke boasted for a partner another smart operator, Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, who in a different



profession had been known to sportive Atlantians as plain Bessie Slaton.

These three, who were to become national ogres under the grandiose titles of Imperial Wizard, Imperial Giant and Empress of the Ku Klux Klan, opened for business with but one purpose—"get the money."

It is doubtful whether they fathomed in the beginning what powers of evil, beyond sheer greed, they possessed. Certainly the rest of the nation, which had acclaimed Griffith's picture, did not. A New York newspaper in its gravure section published the first photograph of Klansmen in session with a laudatory caption. The sons of the old South, it implied, were perpetuating the valiant traditions of their forebears—a second Society of the Cincinnati, no doubt.

That picture had been the assignment of an Atlanta newspaper photographer who asked E. Y. Clarke if he could make it. Clarke laughed in his face. "We are a secret order," he said, refusing. But Tracy Mathewson was a man of resources. Secret order, eh? The saw could cut two ways. Buying some yards of white cloth and a bucket of paint, he hired the cheapest help he could find. There is only one class of very cheap labor in Georgia. The sons of the old South hidden under the calico were all black.

When Tracy Mathewson told me this story years after the event, E. Y. Clarke had long before revised his theories of "no publicity." Frightening photographs appeared in newspapers all over the country: phantoms burning fiery crosses and parading the streets of awed American towns; five million white Americans who, instead of collecting models' fees as the first colored "Klansmen" did, were paying Clarke and associates some fifty million dollars for the privilege of posing.

The *New York World* launched its crusade against the Ku Klux Klan on September 6, 1921, in a series of articles that were also published in twenty-six other newspapers. The *World's* exposé was organized and directed by Herbert Bayard Swope, that remarkable brew of ego and energy whom Stanley Walker called "a snorting Caesar" compared to other reporters of his day.

Swope was then executive editor of the *World*, at the height of his own and the paper's prestige. Actually writing most of the

articles was a man of quieter personality, Rowland Thomas, who had won fame for his prize story, *Fagan*, in *Collier's* magazine and was to die obscurely twenty years later while working for a small western newspaper.

The *World* did not destroy the Ku Klux Klan, for a Congressional investigation resulted, true to most Congressional investigations, in little or nothing. Indeed, the *World* was criticized by some for publicizing the Klan, however pitilessly.

It is a fact that Klan membership, after the *World's* crusade, grew for a while instead of dropping. It is a fact that the *World's* circulation grew; while the Klan articles were running, excited New Yorkers waited at midnight outside the *World* building for first editions. But the prosecutions of the Klan in Indiana and Louisiana, the surge of popular resentment in other states, the "unmasking" of the Klan so that members could not conceal their identity, all the gradual decline that made Kluxers almost as uncommon as polecats before World War Second, would never have come about had not a newspaper boldly, unselfishly—or to its own profit, if you will—told truth to the public.

I have selected for publication the first of the *World's* articles and the more interesting parts of others. They form a brief against the Klan which, though no great shakes in literary quality, makes timely reading for another postwar generation facing similar rebirths of intolerance.

There is an old saying that a snake, no matter how smashed, will wriggle till sundown. The pity is that the sun which set on the *New York World* did not set also on its quarry.

By ROWLAND THOMAS

What is the Ku Klux Klan?

How has it grown from a nucleus of thirty-four charter members to a membership of more than 500,000 within five years?

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How have its "domains" and "realms" and "Klans" been extended until they embrace every State in the Union but Montana, Utah and New Hampshire?

What are the possibilities of a secret organization that practises censorship of private conduct behind the midnight anonymity of mask and robe and with the weapons of whips and tar and feathers?

What ought to be done about an order whose members are not initiated but "naturalized," whose oaths bind them to obedience to an "Emperor" chosen for life?

What ought to be done about an organization with such objects when the salesmen of memberships in it work first among officers of the courts and Police Departments, following then with the officers on the reserve lists of the military and naval forces?

At the end of months of inquiry throughout the United States and in the performance of what it sincerely believes to be a public service, The World this morning begins the publication of a series of articles in which answers to these questions will be offered, set out against the vivid background of as extraordinary a movement as is to be found in recent history.

The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., was organized Oct. 26, 1915, in Atlanta, Ga., by William Joseph Simmons, who at one period of his life had been an itinerant Methodist exhorter; at another, professor of Southern history at Lanier University, a small, newly organized institution in Atlanta, and at still another a solicitor of members for the Woodmen of the World. On that date Simmons and thirty-three of his friends signed a petition for a charter as a standard fraternal secret order, which charter was issued by the Superior Court of Fulton County, Ga., on July 1, 1916.

Now the organization is active in every State of the Union but three. It has a membership of more than 500,000—of 650,000, according to the boasts of its leaders.

When it was organized, its founders claimed it was a revival or legitimate rebirth of the old Ku Klux Klan of the reconstruction period in the South, and, like the original Klan, its slogan was "White Supremacy." It was directed against the negro.

Now the negro has become a side issue with it. To-day it is primarily anti-Jew, anti-Catholic, anti-alien, and it is spreading more than twice as fast through the North and West as it is growing in the South.

How has it managed to spread out so widely and rapidly?

First, by appeals to local or sectional prejudices and hatreds. On the Pacific Coast it has beckoned to Japophobes and whispered in their ears that the yellow man is plotting to incite the black man in America to rise against the white man. In the cities of the Central West it has pretended to devote itself to stamping out radicalism. On the Atlantic Coast it has preached that an alien-born man or woman, even though naturalized, has no place in America. Everywhere it has banned Jews from membership and made anti-Semitism one of its many missions. Everywhere, also, no less positively but not as frankly, it has barred and attacked Roman Catholics. Wherever a prospective member lives, he has been promised that his pet aversion will be made an object of Klan action.

Second, it owes its growth to the employment of a large number of professional salesmen, who net the country in an up-to-date sales organization and peddle memberships on a basis of \$4 for every member taken into the Klan. These paid organizers, or Kleagles, are at work this summer on a membership drive directed from Atlanta and from the various cities where the State sales managers, or King Kleagles, have set up their headquarters.

This drive is being actively pushed in scores of communities throughout the United States. The Kleagles collect no initiation fees, but each new member makes a "donation" of

\$10, of which the Kleagle keeps \$4 and sends the rest to his King Kleagle, who pockets another \$1. The remaining \$5 vanishes into the "imperial" treasury of the order.

Furthermore, the Klan itself owns the company manufacturing the regalia of cotton robe and hooded cap, which is sold to members for \$6.50 and costs \$1.25 to make. The whole "propagation" department is in the hands of professional drive leaders, whose sole interest in Ku Kluxism is in the "split" just outlined.

In the last five years membership "donations" and sales of regalia have yielded at least \$5,000,000—probably a considerably greater sum. Ku Kluxing from the inside has been a paying enterprise and its lucrative possibilities have recently been increased by the decision to admit women as well as men to membership. The sisters can now come on in with the brothers—at only \$10 per come-on.

The original Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., modestly begun five years ago, has become a vast enterprise, doing a thriving business in the systematic sale of race hatred, religious bigotry and "100 per cent." anti-Americanism.

It has become and calls itself an "Invisible Empire," ruled by an "Emperor" and "Imperial Wizard," Col. William Joseph Simmons, who is no more legitimately a Colonel than he is an Emperor or a wizard. Closely associated with him, and making up the triumvirate or "Big Three" which controls its affairs, are Edward Young Clarke, "Imperial Kleagle," a professional publicity man and drive promoter, and Clarke's business partner in the management of the Southern Publicity Association of Atlanta, Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, who is the principal stockholder in the Searchlight, a newspaper published in Atlanta as the organ of the movement.

Efforts are being made to spread the poison of Ku Kluxism in the army and navy. For months its membership peddlers have been sending their anonymous circulars to officers on the reserve list of the military and naval forces.

Also to reach the hundreds who flew during the war and the thousands then awakened to active interest in aviation, the promoters of the Klan last spring formed in Atlanta an adjunct order headed by "Emperor" Simmons and known as "The Invisible Planet, Knights of the Air." Membership in this was open to men, women and children, and Jews and Catholics were not barred. The price of admission was \$10. Only Klansmen could be officers in the Knights of the Air, and every white, Gentile, Protestant, native born member was a hand-picked prospect for Klansmanship and another \$10 donation.

The Klan organizers go out instructed by headquarters to make their first drive to secure city, town and village authorities as members, and to centre their efforts also on Judges of local and circuit courts and the police forces. In the weekly news letters sent out from Atlanta by Imperial Kleagle Clarke for circulation among Klansmen, the success achieved along these lines is boasted as the reason why in so many places the Klan has ventured to work openly without fear of interference and as an incentive for pushing forward the work of setting up an invisible, Klan-controlled super-government throughout the country.

What are the possibilities of such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan?

A partial answer to this question lies in an analyzed list prepared by The World of outrages committed by groups of masked men wearing white robes and hoods and announcing themselves to their victims as Ku Klux Klansmen. A large majority of these attacks on individuals have involved matters of behavior along the lines of personal morality, have flagrantly violated the Bill of Rights implanted in the Federal Constitution and the charter law of every State in the Union, and have involved an assumption of the Klan's authority to impose moral censorship on communities and citizens, summarily punish any "offenses," and set up and enforce its own

standards covering every incident of private life. To sum up this aspect of the case, the words of a man who knows the Klan intimately from the inside may be used. He says:

"It would be impossible to imagine an attitude more essentially lawless. Ku Kluxism as conceived, incorporated, propagated and practised has become a menace to the peace and security of every section of the United States. Its evil and vicious possibilities are boundless. It is nothing more or less than a throwback to the centuries when terror, instead of law and justice, ruled and regulated the lives of men."

For months *The World* has been engaged in a Nation-wide investigation of the Ku Klux Klan and has uncovered a vast mass of evidence. It has learned what the Klan is, down to the last fatuous bit of verbiage tucked away in the secret ritual; what Ku Kluxism means, down to the last whispered word of its insidious propaganda, and what the propagators of Ku Kluxism, Inc., have done and have set themselves to do.

The information thus gathered *The World* now proposes to make public property in a series of articles, of which this is the first. This series will constitute a complete exposure of the organization.

Specifically, here are some of the things which *The World* will lay before its readers in forthcoming articles:

Proof of the Klan's anti-Jew and anti-Catholic tenets, with definite instances of their application;

Basic extracts from the "Kloran," the ritual of the first degree of the order and the most secret of its documents;

The names and headquarters throughout the country of the Kleagles, the organizers who peddle memberships at \$4 a head;

Photographs of pages and passages from the "Kloran," of initiation ceremonies in widely separated parts of the country of "Imperial" manifestoes put out by "Emperor" Simmons, of parades of Klansmen, of their chief officers, of advertisements for salesmen and members, of letters that went in and out of

the Army and Navy Club in New York City and a mass of other photographic evidence;

The analyzed lists of outrages by the Klan or its imitators, and of action taken by various State and municipal authorities against the further spread of Ku Kluxism;

A blistering letter of withdrawal from one of the most active Kleagles in the South, arraigning the "Imperial Wizard" for the evil and unpatriotic things done in the name of the Klan;

Details of the efforts to widen the field of exploitation by organizing the "Invisible Planet, Knights of the Air";

Facts about efforts being made just now to "call off" the newspapers of the country by launching a \$100,000 advertising campaign;

Ku Klux espionage and attempts at interference inside The World and other newspaper offices;

Revelations of the huge personal advantage enjoyed by the "insiders," ranging from the millions paid in commissions to the Kleagles and the establishment of a \$1,500,000 "Imperial Palace" in Atlanta, to the gift of a \$25,000 home to "Colonel" Simmons and the recent purchase for him of the university where he was a few years ago an inconspicuous professor of Southern history.

To gather, verify and fit together all this information concerning a movement which specializes in mystery and secrecy has been a work of months, carried on by the most highly qualified members of this paper's staff, assisted by local representatives of The World in more than forty cities in a score of different States.

The Ku Klux Klan, which has for its principal object the establishment of a secret and insidious government within the Government of the United States, which has for its aim the perpetuation of race prejudice and religious persecution, which is founded on the tenet that all men are created unequal, has had an amazing growth throughout the country



during the last five years and particularly during the last twelve months simply because it has been industriously pushed in all parts of the country by a corps of skilful salesmen, provided with a line of selling talk designed to appeal to the ignorant, the cruel, the cowardly and the vengeful. This sales force differs from the selling organizations maintained by legitimate business organizations in only one particular.

The one point of difference is solely one of labels. The Klan is nothing if not original in matters of nomenclature, and the wizardry of its imperial dictator constantly shines in the bestowal of fresh names on otherwise old objects.

In the shining vocabulary of "Col." Simmons there is no such thing as a salesman. The house-to-house membership peddlers who induce prospects to sign on the dotted line and part with the \$10 "donation" consigned "to the propagating fund of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc.," rejoice in the title of Kleagles. The State Sales Manager to whom they report is a King Kleagle, who in turn works under the supervision of a higher sales functionary known as a Grand Goblin who is nothing more or less than a District Sales Manager.

In the same way, in the apportionment of sales territory, a single State loses its constitutional entity and becomes a "realm" of the "Invisible Empire," while a sales district comprised of several States is known as a "domain."

The General Sales Manager of the Ku Klux Klan is Edward Young Clarke, who works from the offices of his Southern Publicity Association in the Flatiron Building, Atlanta, and whose Klan title is Imperial Kleagle.

In a report made to "Emperor" Simmons on July 2 last, Imperial Kleagle Clarke, who still spells his own name with a "c" instead of a "k," wrote:

"In the past three or four months we have added to our membership a little more than 48,000 members. In all my years of experience in organization work I have never seen

anything to equal the clamor throughout the Nation for the Klan. The headquarters of the domain chiefs are located in New York, Washington, Indianapolis, Denver, Dallas, Houston and Los Angeles. In all these cities our investigators are working eighteen hours a day, and in most instances are three and four months behind their lists of applicants.

"Although we are located in all the cities named," the Imperial Kleagle added, "with magnificent office forces on the job, 'the enemy' has yet to locate us, even though they have made diligent search. We are completely camouflaged in each of those places and it will be almost a miracle if we are located (i. e., discovered) in any city where headquarters have been established."

The almost-miracle has come to pass despite the Imperial Kleagle's prediction. In fact, on the very date when he was making the above statement to his Emperor there was in the office of The World, among a mass of other documents bearing on the character and progress of the Ku Klux Movement, Inc., an official roster of the employees and officers of the Propagation Department of the K. K. K., as prepared for circulation from the Imperial Kleagle's office among the sales force, under date of June 15.

The roster shows that on the date mentioned the propagation (sales) department of the Klan had 214 employees working on commission in the Nation-wide field, which for administrative purposes had been divided into eight sales districts or domains.

*[Here the World printed the complete roster of Clarke's sales force, names and addresses.]*

One further point is to be noted. The salesmen are put under a special pledge of personal fealty to their "Emperor," William Joseph Simmons. On their oaths of allegiance to the "Invisible Empire" of which they are "naturalized citizens," they solemnly pledge "lofty respect, free-hearted loyalty and an unwavering devotion" to the Imperial Wizard, promise to

suppress all factions, "cisms"—another bit of wizardly spelling—or "conspiracies" against Simmons or his plans and purposes, and agree to oppose strenuously any degree of disloyalty or even disrespect toward him as supreme chief governing head of the society he founded.

Oath-bound secrecy, bolstered with the trumpery device of a ghostly sheet and pillow slip regalia, is the very life blood of Ku Klux, Inc. Along with the revival of the memories of the past, when another Ku Klux Klan spread terror with whip and tar pot and anonymous warnings to individuals or classes who had incurred its displeasure, it makes up the mixture of equal parts of pseudo-romantic mystery and plain everyday prejudice and hatred hawked by the membership peddlers, who are doing a land office business. The menace of the organization is potential rather than actual. It is to prevent it from being translated into life that The World has undertaken this exposure.

The prejudice and hatred are genuine enough, as will appear when The World later analyzes certain parts of the Klan propaganda and certain events in which it has already fruited. But the mystery is, to put it not too unkindly, very much adulterated. A large part of it is bunk, and the wonder is that it has not been shown up sooner.

One of the main talking points used by the sales force of Ku Kluxism, Inc., is the carefully fostered tradition that it is the most utterly secret of all secret organizations. Not only does it mask its members from the gaze of the "alien" world, but it instructs them never to let even their nearest and dearest know that they are members. Its propagators make a specialty of approaching "prospects" by devious and carefully hidden ways; its meeting places are concealed; it depends for making its impression on outsiders on appearing unheralded from the dark, passing cloaked and hooded, and vanishing again into the veiling night.

Such being the case, The World prints a photograph of the

mystery-loving order's most carefully guarded treasure—nothing less than its “Kloran,” or ritual, which contains the “secret work” of its lodge room, including the ceremonies made and provided by “Emperor” Simmons for the “naturalization” and “dedication” of new-made citizens of the “Invisible Empire.” If any clients of the firm of “Kotop & Co.” have been sceptical heretofore regarding the thoroughness of the investigation of Ku Kluxism, Inc., made by The World, and the completeness of the exposure which is now under way in these articles, this photograph of the Kloran will come as an unpleasant surprise.

And if any Klansman should feel irritated at seeing the central document of the mystery to learn which he parted with his \$10 donation thus exposed to the examination of the “alien” world, let him ponder and draw his own conclusions from the fact that the one person whose failure to guard the Kloran made possible this exhibition and discussion of its contents was no one else than the Imperial Wizard.

There have been numerous laughable interludes in this investigation, including that recounted yesterday where one of the Klan's mail-order canvassers invited a negro to become a Klansman and asked for an answer at the Army and Navy Club in New York. But for sheer clumsiness it is doubtful if anything ever could surpass the wizardry displayed by “Col.” Simmons in begetting from his brain what he intends to be the innermost and most closely guarded secret of his order, and then taking out a copyright on the production.

How deeply he wished to impress the inviolability of the Kloran on his followers appears from an “Imperial Decree,” which he issued from his “Aulik in the Imperial Palace in the Imperial City of Atlanta” on June 24, 1916, and printed under the imperial seal as pages 5 and 6 of the Kloran.

The “decree,” addressed to all Exalted Cyclops (Klan Presidents) and all Klansmen, runs in part as follows:

“The Kloran is ‘THE book’ of the Invisible Empire, and is

therefore a sacred book with our citizens and its contents MUST be rigidly safeguarded. \* \* \* The book or any part of it MUST not be kept or carried where any person of the 'alien' world may chance to become acquainted with its sacred contents as such. \* \* \* This decree is as binding as if its verbiage was incorporated in the Oath of Allegiance. \* \* \* IN WARNING: A penalty sufficient will speedily be enforced for disregarding this decree in the profanation of the Kloran."

And thereupon, having so decreed, "Emperor" Simmons, on Jan. 12, 1917, made application in Washington for copyright on his book, which was granted after he had sent \$1 and two complete copies of the Kloran to the Register of Copyrights, as required by law. And ever since, also in strict compliance with the law, "The Book of the Invisible Empire," with all its "sacred contents," has been available to all comers in the reading room of the Library of Congress, through the card index system, just as any other book copyrighted in the United States is.

If making the Kloran thus accessible to the general public, including representatives of newspapers of an investigative bent, is a profanation of the book in the sense of the decree, then Wizard Simmons would seem to have overlooked or ignored his own imperial "warning" and thus to have laid himself subject to a "penalty sufficient" to be "speedily enforced."

The Kloran as deposited for copyright is a pamphlet of fifty-four pages, well worth examination as a literary curiosity, all the way from page 4, with its "List of Klan Officers With Explanation of Titles," to pages 52, 53 and 54, with more "Titles and Explanations."

One look at the list of Ku Klux titles will explain the necessity of devoting four pages of "THE book" to explanations of them. As has been stated before, "Emperor" Simmons is utterly nonchalant and individual in his use of language, and

swings a terrific typewriter on both domestic and imported brands of words. Nowhere is he more impressive than when he goes verbally at least half way overseas and explains the foreign etymology and derivation of some of his alphabetical jigsaw puzzles.

On page 53, for instance, he explains to his trusting disciples that KLAVERN, the Ku Klux name for the meeting place of a Klan, comes from "cavera—a large cave"—but fails to go on and explain where "cavera" comes from.

KLOKARD, he makes clear on the same page, is the "Lecturer or Teacher" of the Klan and comes from "Klo of Kloran, the book, and Kard, meaning a teacher or reader."

KLUDD, the Chaplain, he says, is derived from "Culdee—the high priest of the ancient Druids," while KLIGRAPP, the Secretary, is from "Kirographer—one whose business it is to write," and KLABEE, the Treasurer, gets his nomination from "Kaba—to keep, and Kees, an ancient Egyptian coin, and means a purse."

KLADD, page 54 solemnly points out, is the Conductor, from "Kada—to lead or pull." KLAROGO, the Inner Guard, is from "caveo—to stop or beware, and interrogate, to question." KLEXTER, the Outer Guard, is a head-on collision between "Ken—to look all around with the eyes" (not with the hands or feet), and "External"—which last word, "Emperor" Simmons informs his followers, means "outside." KLOKAN, an investigator, "comes from Ko—to know, and Kansas—with the eyes."

But the gem of all these explanations is, fittingly enough, held in reserve by "Emperor" Simmons till he gets round to himself and in a score of palpitating, almost quivering, words explains to the citizens of the Invisible Empire one William Joseph Simmons and his exalted office. This scintillating verbal jewel deserves a chance to dartle forth all by itself, in full-face, thus.

"IMPERIAL WIZARD—The Emperor of the Invisible

Empire, a wise man, a wonder worker, having power to charm and control. From Vita, to know," which makes it plain that Emperor Simmons hesitates to hate himself just as much as, and no more than, he holds back from manhandling the ancient and much enduring Latin tongue.

Such passages as these are fairly chosen samples of the deep and sacred mysteries to penetrate which thousands of those ready made customers commonly described as "suckers" have been parting with \$10 per head to the mail order house of Ku Kluxism, Inc. Such edifying secrets, copyrighted and automatically made public property by the cautious Imperial Wizard, are half of the proprietary compound with which they gained the right to be dosed by making their "donations" to the propagating fund of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

The other half, as stated at the beginning of this article, is genuine enough. It is the right to hate in concert, in secrets and in disguise certain selected groups of their fellow citizens of the republican commonwealth for which Abraham Lincoln lived and died, and for the safeguarding of which two millions of other Americans were only three years ago this fall driving through the Argonne, enduring suffering and privation, facing disease and wounds and grimy death all over France and Flanders without any distinction between native or foreign born, naturalized or still alien, Christian or pagan, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, but pulling all together as units in what John Pershing recently characterized as the finest army that ever trod shoe leather.

## BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD

FREEDOM'S ROAD to achievement is narrow and steep in the United States. Few Negroes have climbed it; they are, out of a population of thirteen dark millions, a handful. Most of the few won recognition in the arts. Because artistic talent is intrinsic in Negroes? Because years of oppression with small hope of worldly gain fostered the artistic impulse? Or are the arts friendlier than other fields to a people denied ordinary opportunities such as running a grocery-store or hanging out a lawyer's shingle anywhere save among their own? I know only the Robesons, the Robinsons, the Wrights, and the Andersons. None put her mark higher than Florence Mills.

Florence Mills flew out of Harlem to the world at a significant moment in the Negro's social history. The rest of the country, particularly the rest of New York, was discovering a Negro different from the legendary. In entertainment the legend was Old Black Joe, who might be Julius Bledsoe singing *Old Man River*, or it was Bert Williams, the minstrel man, or it was Roland Hayes cleaving his wings on the higher level of Carnegie Hall. There was no middle ground between the clown or the serf and the Negro intellectual.

But up there in the miles of black blocks between the rivers, life had become as restless, as autonomous, as ambitious and as everyday as anywhere else. This was a city, a little nation, strong and individual and suddenly strange. A trip to Harlem excited a white like a trip to Havana or Mexico City. The whites, in the 1920s, went up there in droves to watch the goings-on at the



Apollo vaudeville theatre, the Charleston dancers at Small's Paradise, to drink vile booze in bootleg dumps and on the whole to behave rather badly. Carl Van Vechten might chum with wealthy Mrs. Walker, the cosmetics queen, and write revealing books such as *Nigger Heaven*, but a boisterous Southerner bounced from the Nest got his face spit into and asked for it. Harlem needed a better symbol than grinding hips and a gin bottle.

And out of Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* it came, a blackbird to the Great White Way, destined for a little while to mean for her people—and the whites, too—the best, whether judged as a person or a performer.

There was nothing lofty about Florence Mills. She was a hooper and a blues singer, on the stage at eight, one of a sister act at fifteen, her first hit *Tennessee Ten* with Nora Bayes. She was, if you like, just a Harlem highyaller trying to get along, "pintsize, made of rubber," and doing pretty good when Lew Leslie got the daring notion that an all-colored revue might actually compete with white shows on Broadway.

It hadn't been done. Even *Shuffle Along* starred white principals to bring the customers to the box-office. Wise money said nobody would storm a theatre to see "nothing but niggers." But all those folks flocking uptown, crazy about jazz, crazy about boogies, crazy about Florence Mills—she had something that made them swing, made them laugh, made them get up and cheer. Why not take a chance?

Her first success was *Dixie to Broadway* at the Broadhurst, her second *Blackbirds of 1925*. The show went to Paris, it went to London and the Prince of Wales (he was not Duke of Windsor then) attended thirteen times. If you ever saw or heard Florence Mills—singing *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, singing *Sometimes I'm Happy*—you will know why. She had it.

By that time Harlem was mightily proud of Florence Mills. They had been proud, of course, of Gilpin and Hayes and Robeson, but they were proud of Florence Mills in a different way. She was one of them, dancing and laughing and living as they did; she was Harlem itself, and she always loved Harlem and came home to Harlem, despite all those jewels and motor cars and such, whenever she could. And so Florence Mills came home to Harlem on the *Ile de France* in 1927. But she came home to die.

She was only thirty-two—"before her career was much more than begun," said the *New York World's* editorial. Harlem liked that statement, because Florence Mills had been taking voice lessons in Paris, and who knows where she would have gone in the great world, had she lived?

She died suddenly. Nobody knew she was that sick, not even her mother. Mrs. Nellie Winfrey was sick herself. Florence did not tell her where she was going that day. The pain was bad, but the doctors said it was only appendicitis and the operation was not serious. "Just a short trip, Mother, I'll be back soon." But when they came in to Mrs. Winfrey, she read it in their faces. "Don't tell me; Florence is dead."

The news broke Harlem's heart. It shocked and saddened white New York. Besides the editorials in the *New York Times* and the *New York World*, there were front-page stories in every paper. And in Boston a reporter and feature writer named W. A. Macdonald, who had been on the copy-desk most of his life, went to his managing editor, George S. Mandell.

"I want to cover Florence Mills' funeral. If you won't send me to New York, will you let me go? I'll pay my own expenses."

Macdonald's story appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* on Monday, November 7, 1927. It was selected by *The Bookman*, then edited by Burton Rascoe, as its prize story for that month, and Paul Patterson, editor of the *Baltimore Sunpapers*, one of the judges, said of it, "The tendency of the reporter assigned to a 'big story' is to over-write. He knows he is expected to turn out a story that will be distinguished for its literary qualities and dramatic values, and too often the result is over-emphasis and a splurge of adjectives. It was the application of this point that led to the decision in favor of Mr. Macdonald's account of the funeral of Florence Mills."

By W. A. MACDONALD

On Saturday night the line outside the undertaking chapel in Harlem was still there. Only now it was longer than it had

been since the body of Florence Mills was brought there in the middle of the week. It began for the day in the middle of the morning; it dissolved for the night at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday. There it was on Saturday before the stone building at the corner of Seventh avenue and 137th street, where a cardboard sign on the door said "Remains of Miss Mills on View at One O'Clock. 'The Family.'" There were no police there then because the crowd was small. It grew so fast that the doors were opened two hours before the cardboard's time. They wanted all to go in at once, but quiet-voiced young men at the door ordered that it form in line.

Mostly these were colored people; a few were white. Mostly they were poor; their clothes showed that. They moved slowly into the chapel and down the aisle. There were old women, young women, pretty girls, children. An elder Negress complained from the steps that white people had come saying they were from out of town and had been admitted while "They pushed me out." Someone hushed her. This was the fourth day that this line had passed through the chapel. A white truck driver in a soiled leather jacket took the butt of a cigar from his mouth as he went in. A tall young policeman, his bright hair gleaming in the dim light, walked down the aisle, his hands on the shoulders of a little colored boy to whom he leaned down and spoke. Except for the sound of shuffling feet the room was still.

Thousand by thousands the people of Harlem were looking for the last time at Florence Mills. It was such a fleeting look. In the great copper coffin lay the figure of the little dancer, her dress silver, her thin legs in gray. Her dark, short face was a rounded square.

Two tall white candles burned above the metal coffin. One stood at the head, one at the foot. The melted wax had formed in corrugations down their sides. In the background were banks of flowers. A hundred thousand dollars worth of flowers before the day was over. From all the world that

knew her came the flowers by cable, by telegraph, by messengers direct from those who had selected their tribute with loving care. Hour by hour the thousands moved before them. They waited, slowly moving, outside the building in the cold rain of dreary morning; they were patiently going on through the clearing afternoon; they were lengthening their line through the cold evening under the stars in the sky above Harlem. At seven o'clock at night they extended through One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh street for nearly a block. And more were coming all the time.

Meantime Harlem was going on with its other life. It is the greatest Negro city in the world. From just north of Central Park up to the end of Manhattan, more than two hundred thousand Negroes are gathered in an unbroken community, most of which was to be crowded into the streets about the Mother Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church for the funeral on Sunday. Up and down Seventh avenue strolled the life of Harlem stepping a little more quickly as the cold wind nipped. People gathered in the theaters, where Florence Mills had sung and danced; they laughed at actors of their own color. Girls of the chorus did their stuff for the appreciation of good-humored audiences. A pair of Negroes on one stage played a silent, tricky poker game while the audience exploded with laughter. And the manager, standing in back of the darkened house, laid a hand on a man's sleeve. "Success never changed her; you know that. When she was here she was always the same. She never wanted any special favor, any star's dressing room even after she began to make a hit. She might have been one of the chorus if you saw her backstage. You know that. She never owned an automobile for all the money she made. She would take her nickel and walk to the subway. She didn't ride in taxicabs. And she was a fine woman.

"She and her husband were a happy couple. They went everywhere together. One thing about Florence Mills, she al-

ways did her best. When she was in the Harlem theaters she always did her best. She was a hard worker, no gay parties, never spoiled, and she was good to her mother." The manager paused; he was deeply moved. "You know that," he said. "Well, you want to see the show."

It is midnight when Harlem begins to gather at the night clubs. Harlem and its visitors from the rest of New York. Here was a club that has been going only a month and it was filling with people at midnight. They were gay people; they sat briefly at the tables and then took to the floor. Or they hung in seated groups and talked. On the walls, blue against yellow, were the decorations of Aaron Douglas, primitive figures in praise or passion. A wild angular savage poised a bulbous stick above a tomtom, another looked to heaven, another leaned against a jungle tree. The walls were covered with them. Everyone knew Florence Mills here. Not two weeks ago she was here with her husband.

"No, I haven't been to see her," said one man in a quiet voice. "I wanted to remember her as I saw her here. She was so bright that night; I want to remember her that way. There will never be another Florence Mills. There was something about her you can't find again." He waited a moment. "She was a great woman," he said. Jazz welled up from the orchestra.

A girl was going from table to table, singing to each group. The song ran low, then rose in a high crescendo and diminished again. The girl was singing:

Sometimes I'm happy  
Sometimes I'm blue.  
My disposition  
Depends on you.

She smiled as she sang; she made it sound very personal to the people of each table. And then at about two o'clock in the

morning the orchestra began a dance tune that was different from the rest. Swaying couples moved slowly on the floor in the press. Smoke from hundreds of cigarettes spired upward from the tables. The dance music was slow; it was the long deliberate beat of the tomtom; it was measured and savage and processional. The couples, pressed close together, danced to its deliberate beat. It was a dirge!

On Sunday morning groups gathered in homes in Harlem. They were her friends; they talked about her. There was an editorial in the *World* when she died which contained a line about her having just begun her career. Absurd, an idle opinion might have said. She had been starred in Europe and America. She had come up from the night clubs, the obscure theaters, to a place where everyone in the world knew her. But Harlem liked the line in that editorial. The American public, said a man in one group, had never had an opportunity to hear Florence Mills since she had had the benefit of voice teaching in Europe. She had been good before, what would she have been in the future? She was to have sung next February with Symphony Orchestra in concert in Boston. She was to have gone with Ziegfeld's Follies. It was true, she had just begun.

They talked about her in this house in Harlem and no tears came—but almost. These were people who knew her well. "I went to the hospital to see her," said one man. "That's what's worrying me now. I wish I could remember her as she was that night at the club." He spoke of his friend, her husband. "He doesn't show much; he is not a man who shows what he feels. But twice he swayed and made a sound yesterday. All he said was, 'What a tough break. . . . If this isn't the toughest break . . .'" They had made each other, Florence Mills and her husband. They were always together.

She came home to New York from Europe only a little more than a month ago. She had been ill, but was better. She looked better than for years. She came off the ship with a

great bouquet of American Beauty roses. But her old mother met her and took her in her arms. "Baby, you've come home to die." And when she was dead and they came to tell her mother, she was already crying. "You don't need to tell me," she said. "One of my children is dead." She was ill herself and had not been told of Florence's illness, but she knew that one child had gone, although she was not sure which one. She had only thought that she would die before any of her children.\*

The crowd gathered again on Sunday morning at the chapel to wait for the procession to the church. The funeral was set for one o'clock, but the crowd was there at half-past ten. It lined the sidewalks waiting. At the church it thickened and became impenetrable. Thousand upon thousand it grew. People leaned out the windows as far as the eye could see. They gathered on fire escapes and on roof tops. The morning service of the church was not out until noon and those who were inside didn't want to leave. Downstairs the floor was reserved for those who had cards of admission, of which nine thousand had been issued. The capacity of the church is twenty-three hundred and fifty. Outside people were trying to get in; inside people were reluctant to leave. There was noise in the church, the noise of a great crowd talking, sometimes laughing a little in groups. Where so much stress existed it was a relief to find a seat at last and people reacted normally to it. At one o'clock the assistant pastor spoke in a loud voice with dignity. "You must remember two things," he said. "That you are in the House of God and, second, the purpose for which you are assembled." For a moment it was quiet again.

Melville Charlton, the distinguished Negro organist, was at the organ. Out of it came a soft thread of sound. Then at two o'clock, faint in the distance, "The Rock of Ages" found

*\* Reports in newspapers often differ in detail. Thus Mr. Macdonald's does not agree entirely with my introduction, based on other stories.—Editor.*

its way into the crowded church. It stopped and the Chopin march rose and swelled and diminished and grew again. Slowly, oh so slowly, down the aisle with the music came forty girls, bareheaded and wearing their outdoor coats, and their arms were burdened with the white and crimson of flowers; they bore lilies and roses and ferns and oak leaves that rustled in stillness that for an instant was utter except for this and the sob of the music. And behind them, higher than their heads came a great bank of roses that covered the copper coffin of Florence Mills. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, walked with it, reading aloud, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A sound like wind and storm on sea was the crowd outside.

The girls who bore the flowers stood in rank. They were pretty. They were friends of Florence Mills. Some of them stifled sounds as they took their breath. Through the church ran a quiver of crying. Perfume of flowers came up the aisle. The vested choir led the hymn, "Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove." In the choir loft a woman in the front row pressed her white sleeve over her face, then grasped for the back of her neck with one hand and threw the other hand straight above her head as she fell backward. Arms were waiting to catch her. The choir went on. Women wearing red crosses on their white veils moved about the congregation.

The minister was reading: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I will not leave you comfortless. . . ." Then the Twenty-third Psalm, while the organ wove an ethereal woof of tone for background of the words. "We thank Thee that Thou art not far but near . . . Do Thou speak and touch and ease these wounded hearts, mother, husband, relatives and friends."

Choir and congregation sang "Time and Eternity," the voices a great swell. "I would not live away."

Eight girls in gray who had come coatless from the chill



afternoon were stars of the Negro theater, friends of Florence Mills. Ethel Waters, Cora Green, Edith Wilson, Gertrude Saunders, Maude Russell, Ada Ward, Lena Wilson and Evelyn Preer, they listened while the story they knew so well was read to the congregation, the story of the life of Miss Mills, the dates of her birth and death, the names of the shows she had worked in. She was born in Washington thirty-two years ago, she had been with "Shuffle Along," with the Plantation Club, to England with Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," and the rest of it. She had come home the picture of health. On Monday her husband gave his blood to save her.

The Carolina choir from one of the theaters sang "Deep River." The burden of the music was carried by a tall young woman whose deep contralto rose from the humming underbeat of the choir. She held her hands clasped before her breast, a motionless figure singing clearly the moving music. A tall young man, the leader, conducted with long hands outspread towards his choir. Tense and tall, he pulled the music toward him, the undertone of many voices, the clear voice of the contralto who stood with tight clasped hands.

The gust of noise through the doors was the storm of the crowd outside. A hundred thousand, a hundred and fifty thousand people were there in a colored sea five blocks long. Once a gust of laughter came from the sea. The pastor spoke of the loss to the race, an actress gifted by nature, a personality striking and charming, a woman whose success had never spoiled her poise and dignity, a daughter who never forgot her mother. "A promise is made unto all such sons and daughters." Our actors, said the pastor, better the relations between the races, they interpret our spirit to others. Very beautifully he read "Crossing the Bar" and the spirit of twilight and evening bell descended upon that congregation.

There were telegrams from distinguished persons, cablegrams, too. In the balcony there was a face that sickened, a head that drooped on the nearest shoulder. Mrs. Louise How-

ard sang "Face to Face" and a baritone, A. A. Haston, "Flee as a Bird," Julius Bledsoe's tenor went on in "Lead Kindly Light." Jessie Zackery sang "Come Unto Me." And Juanita Stinnette of the stage team of Chappelle and Stinnette stood forth to begin a song that her partner had written for this funeral. The singer wavered and regained control. Louder and louder she went on. She was leaning toward the bank of flowers that hid the casket. She was addressing the little dancer who lay therein. High and loud rang the last note. Down in a heap went the singer, screaming. The white glove of an usher covered her mouth as they bore her out. A quiver sighed through the church. From outdoors came the noise of the crowd.

There was more music; solos and the Carolina choir singing, "I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow. . . . I heard of a city called Heaven. I started to make it my home." The tall contralto clasped her hands and sang, the tall young conductor pulled the sound toward him. The congregation rose as the pastor read the service. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. People struggled with their coats. The bearers lifted the great copper coffin. High above the heads of people the bank of roses moved slowly down the aisle. The people pushed out into the greater crowd outside. Block after block it jostled for position. Along 137th street to the corner of Seventh avenue moved the procession and past the corner where all traffic was stalled on the avenue. As it passed through that crowding sea the hats of Harlem came off. You could see it as a great movement along the avenue. An airplane roared overhead. The police whistles shrilled, sharp, imperative. Automobiles moved noisily at the sound.

Florence Mills to whom the little chorus girl, leaning over the casket, had said "Bye, bye, Honey" rode up Seventh avenue.

# THE BALTIMORE NONPAREIL

EVERY YEAR or so, in the pages of their professional journals where shop is talked, editors engage in debate on the merits of factual versus interpretative reporting, to use two of the terms which loosely describe a difference not easy to define. Most editors find in favor of factual writing. Likewise critics of the press, pontificating from a comfortable perch in the trees, invariably deplore the "colored" or "slanted" story. Only the disinterested reader dissents; he frequently skips the news account to see how the sob sister handled it.

No doubt the editors and their critics are right; a newspaper's first duty is to print the stony truth, assuming this rare commodity is detectible. But occasionally there breaks a story where factual reporting can no more convey a truthful picture than a box score can adequately depict a baseball game.

Such a story, crying for colorful writing, was the battle between Georgia's two Governors in the Winter of 1946-47. Yet nowhere, either in the friendly or the derisive press, did I watch old Gene Talmadge dying in bed with his hat on or smell the corn whiskey on the breaths of the bullyboys bursting into Ellis Arnall's office. Back in 1925, when another Southern state withstood the gibes of the world, this was not so. The Scopes "monkey" trial called out the greatest colorists of the day, including one nonpareil.

John Thomas Scopes was a biology teacher in a high school at Dayton, Tennessee. An act prohibiting the teaching of the theory of evolution in any institution receiving state funds was passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor. Scopes agreed to be a guinea pig in a court case to test the law. But actually Scopes was not on trial; this conflict in the backlands of America arrayed once more two ancient and implacable adversaries.

The times were ripe for renewal of the combat. People were not only guzzling bootleg gin to get drunk, they were rebelling against morality by force. And they were not thirsty for liquor alone; they sought escape through knowledge. That man H. G. Wells had written a book tracing our whole history to the fishes. Other authors discovered for the public psychoanalysis and various sciences. The old-time religion tottered. So the faithful, who had tasted victor's meat when they dried up the country, sounded the tocsin and mobilized to march once more. Even the church split. Nobody cared whether you were a Baptist or an Episcopalian. Were you a Modernist or a Fundamentalist?

In almost half the states anti-evolution bills appeared. A group of Northern progressives shivered. Their right to drink had been crippled; was their right to think now threatened? They decided to do battle in one of three states where the dreadful legislation had become law. Mr. Scopes then read from a book and was duly charged. At once, from the pleasant sands of Florida, the Great Commoner lifted his mane and roared; William Jennings Bryan would assist the prosecution of Scopes. Immediately Clarence Darrow from Chicago and Dudley Field Malone from New York offered their services free to the defense and Arthur Garfield Hays soon followed. The little town of Dayton reeled. What in hell's name was happening? Simply this—a chat over drug store sodas between Scopes and another restless fellow had developed into the biggest brawl on earth. And Dayton was the ring.

On Dayton, then, on a redhot July morning, descended the hordes of the press, among them a man from Baltimore of whose coverage of the trial it was truly said, "He might have been born for that purpose alone."

H. L. Mencken was then approaching forty-five, at the crest of his remarkable powers. He and George Jean Nathan, after years

of newspaper work culminating in a partnership as editors of the *Smart Set*, had started a new venture backed by the book publisher, Alfred Knopf. The *American Mercury* was little more than a year old at the time of the Scopes trial but it was the indispensable magazine to anyone in fact or in pretense literate. In Dayton the yokels gaped at Bryan, defender of the Word, and Darrow, the devil's advocate; the press corps revered one god, Mencken.

Mencken is noted for his editorial kindness, though consideration is perhaps the better word. He has encouraged young writers and championed old ones. "To welcome sound and honest work" was his sufficient creed. Having been among its beneficiaries, I was dismayed when he refused at first to permit republication of a selection from his Dayton dispatches to the *Baltimore Sunpapers*. They were, he deprecated, newspaper stuff, churned in haste and heat, not worth preserving. I argued and he yielded, rather reluctantly.

His report is partisan and you will not find in it the record of the Scopes trial, not even his conviction. For that you must read another part of the paper. But there you will not find what Mencken gives you here.

He left Dayton before the trial ended. He was not there when Bryan died soon afterward. Bryan's obituary, which he wrote in Baltimore, nevertheless seems appropriate to conclude the chapter.

By H. L. MENCKEN

Dayton, Tenn., July 9—On the eve of the great contest Dayton is full of sickening surges and tremors of doubt. Five or six weeks ago, when the infidel Scopes was first laid by the heels, there was no uncertainty in all this smiling valley. The town boomers leaped to the assault as one man. Here was an

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unexampled, almost a miraculous chance to get Dayton upon the front pages, to make it talked about, to put it upon the map. But how now?

Today, with the curtain barely rung up and the worst buffooneries to come, it is obvious to even town boomers that getting upon the map, like patriotism, is not enough. The getting there must be managed discreetly, adroitly, with careful regard to psychological niceties. The boomers of Dayton, alas, had no skill at such things, and the experts they called in were all quacks. The result now turns the communal liver to water. Two months ago the town was obscure and happy. Today it is a universal joke.

I have been attending the permanent town meeting that goes on in Robinson's drug store, trying to find out what the town optimists have saved from the wreck. All I can find is a sort of mystical confidence that God will somehow come to the rescue to reward His old and faithful partisans as they deserve—that good will flow eventually out of what now seems to be heavily evil. More specifically, it is believed that settlers will be attracted to the town as to some refuge from the atheism of the great urban Sodoms and Gomorahs.

But will these refugees bring any money with them? Will they buy lots and build houses? Will they light the fires of the cold and silent blast furnace down the railroad tracks? On these points, I regret to report, optimism has to call in theology to aid it. Prayer can accomplish a lot. It can cure diabetes, find lost pocketbooks and restrain husbands from beating their wives. But is prayer made any more efficacious by giving a circus first? Coming to this thought, Dayton begins to sweat.

The town, I confess, greatly surprised me. I expected to find a squalid Southern village, with darkies snoozing on the horseblocks, pigs rooting under the houses and the inhabitants full of hookworm and malaria. What I found was a

country town full of charm and even beauty—a somewhat smallish but nevertheless very attractive Westminster or Belair.

The houses are surrounded by pretty gardens, with cool green lawns and stately trees. The two chief streets are paved from curb to curb. The stores carry good stocks and have a metropolitan air, especially the drug, book, magazine, sporting goods and soda-water emporium of the estimable Robinson. A few of the town ancients still affect galluses and string ties, but the younger bucks are very nattily turned out. Scopes himself, even in his shirt sleeves, would fit into any college campus in America save that of Harvard alone.

Nor is there any evidence in the town of that poisonous spirit which usually shows itself when Christian men gather to defend the great doctrine of their faith. I have heard absolutely no whisper that Scopes is in the pay of the Jesuits, or that the whiskey trust is backing him, or that he is egged on by the Jews who manufacture lascivious moving pictures. On the contrary, the Evolutionists and the Anti-Evolutionists seem to be on the best of terms, and it is hard in a group to distinguish one from the other.

The basic issues of the case, indeed, seem to be very little discussed at Dayton. What interests everyone is its mere strategy. By what device, precisely, will Bryan trim old Clarence Darrow? Will he do it gently and with every delicacy of forensics, or will he wade in on high gear and make a swift butchery of it? For no one here seems to doubt that Bryan will win—that is, if the bout goes to a finish. What worries the town is the fear that some diabolical higher power will intervene on Darrow's side—that is, before Bryan heaves him through the ropes.

The lack of Christian heat that I have mentioned is probably due in part to the fact that the fundamentalists are in overwhelming majority as far as the eye can reach—according to most local statisticians, in a majority of at least nine-

tenths. There are, in fact, only two downright infidels in all Rhea county, and one of them is charitably assumed to be a bit balmy. The other, a yokel roosting far back in the hills, is probably simply a poet got into the wrong pew. The town account of him is to the effect that he professes to regard death as a beautiful adventure.

When the local ecclesiastics begin alarming the peasantry with word pictures of the last sad scene, and sulphurous fumes begin to choke even Unitarians, this skeptical rustic comes forward with his argument that it is foolish to be afraid of what one knows so little about—that, after all, there is no more genuine evidence that anyone will ever go to hell than there is that the Volstead act will ever be enforced.

Such blasphemous ideas naturally cause talk in a Baptist community, but both of the infidels are unmolested. Rhea county, in fact, is proud of its tolerance, and apparently with good reason. The klan has never got a foothold here, though it rages everywhere else in Tennessee. When the first kleagles came in they got the cold shoulder, and pretty soon they gave up the county as hopeless. It is run today not by anonymous daredevils in white nightshirts, but by well-heeled Freemasons in decorous white aprons. In Dayton alone there are sixty thirty-second-degree Masons—an immense quota for so small a town. They believe in keeping the peace, and so even the stray Catholics of the town are treated politely, though everyone naturally regrets they are required to report to the Pope once a week.

It is probably this unusual tolerance, and not any extraordinary passion for the integrity of Genesis, that has made Dayton the scene of a celebrated case, and got its name upon the front pages, and caused its forward-looking men to begin to wonder uneasily if all advertising is really good advertising. The trial of Scopes is possible here simply because it can be carried on here without heat—because no one will lose any sleep even if the devil comes to the aid of Darrow and



Malone, and Bryan gets a mauling. The local intelligentsia venerate Bryan as a Christian, but it was not as a Christian that they called him in, but as one adept at attracting the newspaper boys—in brief, as a showman. As I have said, they now begin to mistrust the show, but they still believe that he will make a good one, win or lose.

Elsewhere, North or South, the combat would become bitter. Here it retains the lofty qualities of the *duello*. I gather the notion, indeed, that the gentlemen who are most active in promoting it are precisely the most lacking in hot conviction—that it is, in its local aspects, rather a joust between neutrals than a battle between passionate believers. Is it a mere coincidence that the town clergy have been very carefully kept out of it? There are several Baptist brothers here of such powerful gifts that when they begin belaboring sinners the very rats of the alleys flee to the hills. They preach dreadfully. But they are not heard from today. By some process to me unknown they have been induced to shut up—a far harder business, I venture, than knocking out a lion with a sandbag. But the sixty thirty-second degree Masons of Dayton have somehow achieved it.

Thus the battle joins and the good red sun shines down. Dayton lies in a fat and luxuriant valley. The bottoms are green with corn, pumpkins and young orchards and the hills are full of reliable moonshiners, all save one of them Christian men. We are not in the South here, but hanging on to the North. Very little cotton is grown in the valley. The people in politics are Republicans and put Coolidge next to Lincoln and John Wesley. The fences are in good repair. The roads are smooth and hard. The scene is set for a high-toned and even somewhat swagger combat. When it is over all the participants save Bryan will shake hands.

Dayton, Tenn., July 13.—There is a Unitarian clergyman here from New York, trying desperately to horn into the trial

and execution of the infidel Scopes. He will fail. If Darrow ventured to put him on the stand the whole audience, led by the jury, would leap out the courthouse windows, and take to the hills. Darrow himself, indeed, is as much as they can bear. The whisper that he is an atheist has been stilled by the bucolic make-up and by the public report that he has the gift of prophecy and can reconcile Genesis and evolution. Even so, there is ample space about him when he navigates the streets. The other day a newspaper woman was warned by her landlady to keep out of the courtroom when he was on his legs. All the local sorcerers predict that a bolt from heaven will fetch him in the end. The night he arrived there was a violent storm, the town water turned brown, and horned cattle in the lowlands were afloat for hours. A woman back in the mountains gave birth to a child with hair four inches long, curiously bobbed in scallops.

The Book of Revelation has all the authority, in these theological uplands, of military orders in time of war. The people turn to it for light upon all their problems, spiritual and secular. If a text were found in it denouncing the Anti-Evolution law, then the Anti-Evolution law would become infamous overnight. But so far the exegetes who roar and snuffle in the town have found no such text. Instead they have found only blazing ratifications and reinforcements of Genesis. Darwin is the devil with seven tails and nine horns. Scopes, though he is disguised by flannel pantaloons and a Beta Theta Pi haircut, is the harlot of Babylon. Darrow is Beelzebub in person and Malone is the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm.

I have hitherto hinted an Episcopalian down here in the coca-cola belt is regarded as an atheist. It sounds like one of the lies that journalists tell, but it is really an understatement of the facts. Even a Methodist, by Rhea county standards, is one a bit debauched by pride of intellect. It is the four Methodists on the jury who are expected to hold out for giving Scopes Christian burial after he is hanged. They all made it

plain, when they were examined, that they were free-thinking and independent men, and not to be run amuck by the superstitions of the lowly. One actually confessed that he seldom read the Bible, though he hastened to add that he was familiar with its principles. The fellow had on a boiled shirt and a polka dot necktie. He sits somewhat apart. When Darrow withers to a cinder under the celestial blowpipe, this dubious Wesleyan, too, will lose a few hairs.

Even the Baptists no longer brew a medicine that is strong enough for the mountaineers. The sacrament of baptism by total immersion is over too quickly for them, and what follows offers nothing that they can get their teeth into. What they crave is a continuous experience of the divine power, an endless series of evidence that the true believer is a marked man, ever under the eye of God. It is not enough to go to a revival once a year or twice a year; there must be a revival every night. And it is not enough to accept the truth as a mere statement of indisputable and awful fact; it must be embraced ecstatically and orgiastically, to the accompaniment of loud shouts, dreadful heavings and gurglings, and dancing with arms and legs.

This craving is satisfied brilliantly by the gaudy practices of the Holy Rollers, and so the mountaineers are gradually gravitating toward the Holy Roller communion, or, as they prefer to call it, the Church of God. Gradually, perhaps, is not the word. They are actually going in by whole villages and townships. At the last count of noses there were 20,000 Holy Rollers in these hills. The next census, I have no doubt, will show many more. The cities of the lowlands, of course, still resist, and so do most of the county towns, including even Dayton, but once one steps off the State roads the howl of holiness is heard in the woods, and the yokels carry on an almost continuous orgy.

A foreigner in store clothes going out from Dayton must approach the sacred grove somewhat discreetly. It is not that

the Holy Rollers, discovering him, would harm him; it is simply that they would shut down their boiling of the devil and flee into the forests. We left Dayton an hour after nightfall and parked our car in a wood a mile or so beyond the little hill village of Morgantown. Far off in a glade a flickering light was visible and out of the silence came a faint rumble of exhortation. We could scarcely distinguish the figure of the preacher; it was like looking down the tube of a dark field microscope. We got out of the car and sneaked along the edge of a mountain cornfield.

Presently we were near enough to see what was going on. From the great limb of a mighty oak hung a couple of crude torches of the sort that car inspectors thrust under Pullman cars when a train pulls in at night. In their light was a preacher, and for a while we could see no one else. He was an immensely tall and thin mountaineer in blue jeans, his collarless shirt open at the neck and his hair a tousled mop. As he preached he paced up and down under the smoking flambeaux and at each turn he thrust his arms into the air and yelled "Glory to God!" We crept nearer in the shadow of the cornfield and began to hear more of his discourse. He was preaching on the day of judgment. The high kings of the earth, he roared, would all fall down and die; only the sanctified would stand up to receive the Lord God of Hosts. One of these kings he mentioned by name—the king of what he called Greece-y. The King of Greece-y, he said, was doomed to hell.

We went forward a few more yards and began to see the audience. It was seated on benches ranged around the preacher in a circle. Behind him sat a row of elders, men and women. In front were the younger folk. We kept on cautiously, and individuals rose out of the ghostly gloom. A young mother sat suckling her baby, rocking as the preacher paced up and down. Two scared little girls hugged each other, their pigtails down their backs. An immensely huge

mountain woman, in a gingham dress cut in one piece, rolled on her heels at every "Glory to God." To one side, but half visible, was what appeared to be a bed. We found out afterward that two babies were asleep upon it.

The preacher stopped at last and there arose out of the darkness a woman with her hair pulled back into a little tight knot. She began so quietly that we couldn't hear what she said, but soon her voice rose resonantly and we could follow her. She was denouncing the reading of books. Some wandering book agent, it appeared, had come to her cabin and tried to sell her a specimen of his wares. She refused to touch it. Why, indeed, read a book? If what was in it was true then everything in it was already in the Bible. If it was false then reading it would imperil the soul. Her syllogism complete, she sat down.

There followed a hymn, led by a somewhat fat brother wearing silver-rimmed country spectacles. It droned on for half a dozen stanzas, and then the first speaker resumed the floor. He argued that the gift of tongues was real and that education was a snare. Once his children could read the Bible, he said, they had enough. Beyond lay only infidelity and damnation. Sin stalked the cities. Dayton itself was a Sodom. Even Morgantown had begun to forget God. He sat down, and the female aurochs in gingham got up.

She began quietly, but was soon leaping and roaring, and it was hard to follow her. Under cover of the turmoil we sneaked a bit closer. A couple of other discourses followed, and there were two or three hymns. Suddenly a change of mood began to make itself felt. The last hymn ran longer than the others and dropped gradually into a monotonous, unintelligible chant. The leader beat time with his book. The faithful broke out with exultations. When the singing ended there was a brief palaver that we could not hear and two of the men moved a bench into the circle of light directly under the flambeaux. Then a half-grown girl emerged from the

darkness and threw herself upon it. We noticed with astonishment that she had bobbed hair. "This sister," said the leader, "has asked for prayers." We moved a bit closer. We could now see faces plainly and hear every word.

What followed quickly reached such heights of barbaric grotesquerie that it was hard to believe it real. At a signal all the faithful crowded up to the bench and began to pray—not in unison but each for himself. At another they all fell on their knees, their arms over the penitent. The leader kneeled, facing us, his head alternately thrown back dramatically or buried in his hands. Words spouted from his lips like bullets from a machine gun—appeals to God to pull the penitent back out of hell, defiances of the powers and principalities of the air, a vast impassioned jargon of apocalyptic texts. Suddenly he rose to his feet, threw back his head and began to speak in tongues—blub-blub-blub, gurgle-gurgle-gurgle. His voice rose to a higher register. The climax was a shrill, inarticulate squawk, like that of a man throttled. He fell headlong across the pyramid of supplicants.

A comic scene? Somehow, no. The poor half-wits were too horribly in earnest. It was like peeping through a knothole at the writhings of a people in pain. From the squirming and jabbering mass a young woman gradually detached herself—a woman not uncomely, with a pathetic home-made cap on her head. Her head jerked back, the veins of her neck swelled, and her fists went to her throat as if she were fighting for breath. She bent backward until she was like half of a hoop. Then she suddenly snapped forward. We caught a flash of the whites of her eyes. Presently her whole body began to be convulsed—great convulsions that began at the shoulders and ended at the hips. She would leap to her feet, thrust her arms in air and then hurl herself upon the heap. Her praying flattened out into a mere delirious caterwauling, like that of a tomcat on a petting party.

I describe the thing as a strict behaviorist. The lady's sub-

jective sensations I leave to infidel pathologists. Whatever they were they were obviously contagious, for soon another damsel joined her, and then another and then a fourth. The last one had an extraordinary bad attack. She began with mild enough jerks of the head, but in a moment she was bounding all over the place, exactly like a chicken with its head cut off. Every time her head came up a stream of yells and barkings would issue out of it. Once she collided with a dark, undersized brother, hitherto silent and stolid. Contact with her set him off as if he had been kicked by a mule. He leaped into the air, threw back his head and began to gargle as if with a mouthful of BB shot. Then he loosened one tremendous stentorian sentence in the tongues and collapsed.

By this time the performers were quite oblivious to the profane universe. We left our hiding and came up to the little circle of light. We slipped into the vacant seats on one of the rickety benches. The heap of mourners was directly before us. They bounced into us as they cavorted. The smell that they radiated, sweating there in that obscene heap, half suffocated us. Not all of them, of course, did the thing in the grand manner. Some merely moaned and rolled their eyes. The female ox in gingham flung her great bulk on the ground and jabbered an unintelligible prayer. One of the men, in the intervals between fits, put on his spectacles and read his Bible.

Beside me on the bench sat the young mother and her baby. She suckled it through the whole orgy, obviously fascinated by what was going on, but never venturing to take any hand in it. On the bed just outside the light two other babies slept peacefully. In the shadows, suddenly appearing and as suddenly going away, were vague figures, whether believers or of scoffers I do not know. They seemed to come and go in couples. Now and then a couple at the ringside would step back and then vanish into the black night. After a while some came back. There was whispering outside the circle of

vision. A couple of Fords lurched up in the wood road, cutting holes in the darkness with their lights. Once some one out of sight loosed a bray of laughter.

All this went on for an hour or so. The original penitent, by this time, was buried three deep beneath the heap. One caught a glimpse, now and then, of her yellow bobbed hair, but then she would vanish again. How she breathed down there I don't know; it was hard enough ten feet away, with a strong five-cent cigar to help. When the praying brothers would rise up for a bout with the tongues their faces were streaming with perspiration. The fat harridan in gingham sweated like a longshoreman. Her hair got loose and fell down over her face. She fanned herself with her skirt. A powerful old gal she was, equal in her day to obstetrics and a week's washing on the same morning, but this was worse than a week's washing. Finally, she fell into a heap, breathing in great, convulsive gasps.

We tired of it after a while and groped our way back to our automobile. When we got to Dayton, after 11 o'clock—an immensely late hour in these parts—the whole town was still gathered on the courthouse lawn, hanging upon the disputes of the theologians. The Bible champion of the world had a crowd. The Seventh Day Adventist missionaries had a crowd. A volunteer from faraway Portland, Ore., made up exactly like Andy Gump, had another and larger crowd. Dayton was enjoying itself. All the usual rules were suspended and the curfew bell was locked up. The prophet Bryan, exhausted by his day's work for Revelation, was snoring in his bed up the road, but enough volunteers were still on watch to keep the battlements manned.

Such is human existence among the fundamentalists, where children are brought up on Genesis and sin is unknown. If I have made the tale too long, then blame the spirit of garrulity that is in the local air. Even newspaper reporters, down here, get some echo of the call. Divine inspiration is as



common as the hookworm. I have done my best to show you what the great heritage of mankind comes to in regions where the Bible is the beginning and end of wisdom, and the mountebank Bryan, parading the streets in his seersucker coat, is pointed out to sucklings as the greatest man since Abraham.

Dayton, Tenn., July 14.—The net effect of Clarence Darrow's great speech yesterday seems to be precisely the same as if he had bawled it up in a rainspout in the interior of Afghanistan. That is, locally, upon the process against the infidel Scopes, upon the so-called minds of these fundamentalists of upland Tennessee. You have but a dim notion of it who have only read it. It was not designed for reading, but for hearing. The clangtint of it was as important as the logic. It rose like a wind and ended like a flourish of bugles. The very judge on the bench, toward the end of it, began to look uneasy. But the morons in the audience, when it was over, simply hissed it.

During the whole time of its delivery the old mountebank, Bryan, sat tight-lipped and unmoved. There is, of course, no reason why it should have shaken him. He has these hill bil-lies locked up in his pen and he knows it. His brand is on them. He is at home among them. Since his earliest days, indeed, his chief strength has been among the folk of remote hills and forlorn and lonely farms. Now with his political aspirations all gone to pot, he turns to them for religious consolations. They understand his peculiar imbecilities. His nonsense is their ideal of sense. When he deluges them with his theological bilge they rejoice like pilgrims disporting in the river Jordan.

The town whisper is that the local attorney-general, Stewart, is not a fundamentalist, and hence has no stomach for his job. It seems not improbable. He is a man of evident education, and his argument yesterday was confined very strictly to the constitutional points—the argument of a competent

and conscientious lawyer, and to me, at least very persuasive.

But Stewart, after all, is a foreigner here, almost as much so as Darrow or Hays or Malone. He is doing his job and that is all. The real animus of the prosecution centers in Bryan. He is the plaintiff and the prosecutor. The local lawyers are simply bottle-holders for him. He will win the case, not by academic appeals to law and precedent, but by direct and powerful appeals to immemorial fears and superstitions of man. It is no wonder that he is hot against Scopes. Five years of Scopes and even these mountaineers would begin to laugh at Bryan. Ten years and they would ride him out of town on a rail, with one Baptist parson in front of him and another behind.

But there will be no ten years of Scopes, nor five years, nor even one year.

Such brash young fellows, debauched by the enlightenment, must be disposed of before they become dangerous, and Bryan is here, with his tight lips and hard eyes, to see that this one is disposed of. The talk of the lawyers, even the magnificent talk of Darrow, is so much idle wind music. The case will not be decided by logic, nor even by eloquence. It will be decided by counting noses—and for every nose in these hills that has ever thrust itself into any book save the Bible there are a hundred adorned with the brass ring of Bryan. These are his people. They understand him when he speaks in tongues. The same dark face that is in his own eyes is in theirs, too. They feel with him, and they relish him.

I sincerely hope that the nobility and gentry of the lowlands will not make the colossal mistake of viewing this trial of Scopes as a trivial farce. Full of rustic japes and in bad taste, it is, to be sure, somewhat comic on the surface. One laughs to see lawyers sweat. The jury, marched down Broadway, would set New York by the ears. But all that is only skin deep.

Deeper down there are the beginnings of a struggle that

may go on to melodrama of the first caliber, and when the curtain falls at least all the laughter may be coming from the yokels. You probably laughed at the prohibitionists, say, back in 1914. Well, don't make the same error twice.

As I have said, Bryan understands these peasants, and they understand him. He is a bit mangey and flea-bitten, but by no means ready for his harp. He may last five years, ten years or even longer. What he may accomplish in that time, seen here at close range, looms up immensely larger than it appears to a city man five hundred miles away. The fellow is full of such bitter, implacable hatreds that they radiate from him like heat from a stove. He hates the learning that he cannot grasp. He hates those who sneer at him. He hates, in general, all who stand apart from his own pathetic commonness. And the yokels hate with him, some of them almost as bitterly as he does himself. They are willing and eager to follow him—and he has already given them a taste of blood.

Darrow's peroration yesterday was interrupted by Judge Raulston, but the force of it got into the air nevertheless. This year it is a misdemeanor for a country school teacher to flout the archaic nonsense of Genesis. Next year it will be a felony. The year after the net will be spread wider. Pedagogues, after all, are small game; there are larger birds to snare—larger and juicier. Bryan has his fishy eye on them. He will fetch them if his mind lasts, and the lamp holds out to burn. No man with a mouth like that ever lets go. Nor ever lacks followers.

Tennessee is bearing the brunt of the first attack simply because the civilized minority, down here, is extraordinarily pusillanimous.

I have met no educated man who is not ashamed of the ridicule that has fallen upon the State, and I have met none, save only Judge Neal, who had the courage to speak out while it was yet time. No Tennessee counsel of any importance came into the case until yesterday and then they came

in stepping very softly as if taking a brief for sense were a dangerous matter. When Bryan did his first rampaging here all these men were silent.

They had known for years what was going on in the hills. They knew what the country preachers were preaching—what degraded nonsense was being rammed and hammered into yokel skulls. But they were afraid to go out against the imposture while it was in the making, and when any outsider denounced it they fell upon him violently as an enemy of Tennessee.

Now Tennessee is paying for that poltroonery. The State is smiling and beautiful, and of late it has begun to be rich. I know of no American city that is set in more lovely scenery than Chattanooga, or that has more charming homes. The civilized minority is as large here, I believe, as anywhere else.

It has made a city of splendid material comforts and kept it in order. But it has neglected in the past the unpleasant business of following what was going on in the cross roads Little Bethels.

The Baptist preachers ranted unchallenged.

Their buffooneries were mistaken for humor. Now the clowns turn out to be armed, and have begun to shoot.

In his argument yesterday Judge Neal had to admit pathetically that it was hopeless to fight for a repeal of the anti-evolution law. The Legislature of Tennessee, like the Legislature of every other American State, is made up of cheap job-seekers and ignoramuses.

The Governor of the State is a politician ten times cheaper and trashier. It is vain to look for relief from such men. If the State is to be saved at all, it must be saved by the courts. For one, I have little hope of relief in that direction, despite Hays' logic and Darrow's eloquence. Constitutions, in America, no longer mean what they say. To mention the Bill of Rights is to be damned as a Red.

The rabble is in the saddle, and down here it makes its

first campaign under a general beside whom Wat Tyler seems like a wart beside the Matterhorn.

Dayton, Tenn., July 17.—Though the court decided against him this morning, and the testimony of the experts summoned for the defense will be barred out of the trial of the infidel Scopes, it was Dudley Field Malone who won yesterday's great battle of rhetoricians. When he got upon his legs it was the universal assumption in the courtroom that Judge Raulston's mind was already made up, and that nothing that any lawyer for the defense could say would shake him. But Malone unquestionably shook him. He was, at the end, in plain doubt, and he showed it by his questions. It took a night's repose to restore him to normalcy. The prosecution won, but it came within an inch of losing.

Malone was put up to follow and dispose of Bryan, and he achieved the business magnificently. I doubt that any louder speech has ever been heard in a court of law since the days of Gog and Magog. It roared out of the open windows like the sound of artillery practice, and alarmed the moonshiners and catamounts on distant peaks. Trains thundering by on the nearby railroad sounded faint and far away and when, toward the end, a table covered with standing and gaping journalists gave way with a crash, the noise seemed, by contrast, to be no more than a pizzicato chord upon a viola da gamba. The yokels outside stuffed their Bibles into the loud-speaker horns and yielded themselves joyously to the impact of the original. In brief, Malone was in good voice. It was a great day for Ireland. And for the defense. For Malone not only out-yelled Bryan, he also plainly out-generaled and out-argued him. His speech, indeed, was one of the best presentations of the case against the fundamentalist rubbish that I have ever heard.

It was simple in structure, it was clear in reasoning, and at its high points it was overwhelmingly eloquent. It was not

long, but it covered the whole ground and it let off many a gaudy skyrocket, and so it conquered even the fundamentalists. At its end they gave it a tremendous cheer—a cheer at least four times as hearty as that given to Bryan. For these rustics delight in speechifying, and know when it is good. The devil's logic cannot fetch them, but they are not above taking a voluptuous pleasure in his lascivious phrases.

The whole speech was addressed to Bryan, and he sat through it in his usual posture, with his palm-leaf fan flapping energetically and his hard, cruel mouth shut tight. The old boy grows more and more pathetic. He has aged greatly during the past few years and begins to look elderly and enfeebled. All that remains of his old fire is now in his black eyes. They glitter like dark gems, and in their glitter there is immense and yet futile malignancy. That is all that is left of the Peerless Leader of thirty years ago. Once he had one leg in the White House and the nation trembled under his roars. Now he is a tinpot pope in the coca-cola belt and a brother to the forlorn pastors who belabor half-wits in galvanized iron tabernacles behind the railroad yards. His own speech was a grotesque performance and downright touching in its imbecility. Its climax came when he launched into a furious denunciation of the doctrine that man is a mammal. It seemed a sheer impossibility that any literate man should stand up in public and discharge any such nonsense. Yet the poor old fellow did it. Darrow stared incredulous. Malone sat with his mouth wide open. Hays indulged himself one of his sardonic chuckles. Stewart and Bryan *filis* looked extremely uneasy, but the old mountebank ranted on. To call a man mammal, it appeared, was to flout the revelation of God. The certain effect of the doctrine would be to destroy morality and promote infidelity. The defense let it pass. The lily needed no gilding.

There followed some ranting about the Leopold-Loeb case, culminating in the argument that learning was corrupt-

ing—that the colleges by setting science above Genesis were turning their students into murderers. Bryan alleged that Darrow had admitted the fact in his closing speech at the Leopold-Loeb trial, and stopped to search for the passage in a printed copy of the speech. Darrow denied making any such statement, and presently began reading what he actually had said on the subject. Bryan then proceeded to denounce Nietzsche, whom he described as an admirer and follower of Darwin. Darrow challenged the fact and offered to expound what Nietzsche really taught. Bryan waved him off.

The effect of the whole harangue was extremely depressing. It quickly ceased to be an argument addressed to the court—Bryan, in fact, constantly said “My friends” instead of “Your Honor”—and became a sermon at the campmeeting. All the familiar contentions of the Dayton divines appeared in it—that learning is dangerous, that nothing is true that is not in the Bible, that a yokel who goes to church regularly knows more than any scientist ever heard of. The thing went to fantastic lengths. It became a farrago of puerilities without coherence or sense. I don’t think the old man did himself justice. He was in poor voice and his mind seemed to wander. There was far too much hatred in him for him to be persuasive.

The crowd, of course, was with him. It has been fed upon just such balderdash for years. Its pastors assault it twice a week with precisely the same nonsense. It is chronically in the position of a populace protected by an espionage act in time of war. That is to say, it is forbidden to laugh at the arguments of one side and forbidden to hear the case of the other side. Bryan has been roving around in the tall grass for years and he knows the bucolic mind. He knows how to reach and inflame its basic delusions and superstitions. He has taken them into his own stock and adorned them with fresh absurdities. Today he may well stand as the archetype

of the American rustic. His theology is simply the elemental magic that is preached in a hundred thousand rural churches fifty-two times a year.

These Tennessee mountaineers are not more stupid than the city proletariat; they are only less informed. If Darrow, Malone and Hays could make a month's stumping tour in Rhea county I believe that fully a fourth of the population would repudiate fundamentalism, and that not a few of the clergy now in practice would be restored to their old jobs on the railroad. Malone's speech yesterday probably shook a great many true believers; another like it would fetch more than one of them. But the chances are heavily against them ever hearing a second. Once this trial is over, the darkness will close in again, and it will take long years of diligent and thankless effort to dispel it—if, indeed, it is ever dispelled at all.

With a few brilliant exceptions—Dr. Neal is an example—the more civilized Tennesseans show few signs of being equal to the job. I suspect that politics is what keeps them silent and makes their State ridiculous. Most of them seem to be candidates for office, and a candidate for office, if he would get the votes of fundamentalists, must bawl for Genesis before he begins to bawl for anything else. A typical Tennessee politician is the Governor, Austin Peay. He signed the anti-evolution bill with loud hosannas, and he is now making every effort to turn the excitement of the Scopes trial to his private political uses. The local papers print a telegram that he has sent to Attorney-General A. T. Stewart whooping for prayer. In the North a Governor who indulged in such monkey shines would be rebuked for trying to influence the conduct of a case in court. And he would be derided as a cheap mountebank. But not here.

I described Stewart the other day as a man of apparent education and sense and palpably superior to the village lawyers who sit with him at the trial table. I still believe that



I described him accurately. Yet even Stewart toward the close of yesterday's session gave an exhibition that would be almost unimaginable in the North. He began his reply to Malone with an intelligent and forceful legal argument, with plenty of evidence of hard study in it. But presently he slid into a violent theological harangue, full of extravagant nonsense. He described the case as a combat between light and darkness and almost descended to the depths of Bryan. Hays challenged him with a question. Didn't he admit, after all, that the defense had a tolerable case; that it ought to be given a chance to present its evidence? I transcribe his reply literally:

"That which strikes at the very foundations of Christianity is not entitled to a chance."

Hays, plainly astounded by this bald statement of the fundamentalist view of due process, pressed the point. Assuming that the defense would present, not opinion but only unadorned fact, would Stewart still object to its admission? He replied:

"Personally, yes."

"But as a lawyer and Attorney-General?" insisted Hays.

"As a lawyer and Attorney-General," said Stewart, "I am the same man."

Such is justice where Genesis is the first and greatest of law books and heresy is still a crime.

Dayton, Tenn., July 18.—All that remains of the great cause of the State of Tennessee against the infidel Scopes is the formal business of bumping off the defendant. There may be some legal jousting on Monday and some gaudy oratory on Tuesday, but the main battle is over, with Genesis completely triumphant. Judge Raulston finished the benign business yesterday morning by leaping with soft judicial hosannas into the arms of the prosecution. The sole commentary of the sardonic Darrow consisted of bringing down a metaphorical custard pie upon the occiput of the learned jurist.

"I hope," said the latter nervously, "that counsel intends no reflection upon this court."

Darrow hunched his shoulders and looked out of the window dreamily.

"Your honor," he said, "is, of course, entitled to hope."

No doubt the case will be long and fondly remembered by connoisseurs of judicial delicatessen—that is, as the performances of Weber and Fields are remembered by students of dramatic science. In immediate retrospect, it grows more fantastic and exhilarating. Scopes has had precisely the same fair trial that the Hon. John Philip Hill, accused of bootlegging on the oath of Howard A. Kelly, would have before the Rev. Dr. George W. Crabbe. He is a fellow not without humor; I find him full of smiles today. On some near tomorrow the Sheriff will collect a month's wages from him, but he has certainly had a lot of fun.

More interesting than the hollow buffoonery that remains will be the effect upon the people of Tennessee, the actual prisoners at the bar. That the more civilized of them are in a highly feverish condition of mind must be patent to every visitor. The guffaws that roll in from all sides give them great pain. They are full of bitter protests and valiant projects. They prepare, it appears, to organize, hoist the black flag and offer the fundamentalists of the dung-hills a battle to the death. They will not cease until the last Baptist preacher is in flight over the mountains, and the ordinary intellectual decencies of Christendom are triumphantly restored.

With the best will in the world I find it impossible to accept this tall talk with anything resembling confidence. The intelligentsia of Tennessee had their chance and let it get away from them. When the old mountebank, Bryan, first invaded the State with his balderdash they were unanimously silent. When he began to round up converts in the back country they offered him no challenge. When the Legislature passed the anti-evolution bill and the Governor signed it, they contented themselves with murmuring pianissimo. And

when the battle was joined at last and the time came for rough stuff only one Tennessean of any consequence volunteered.

That lone volunteer was Dr. John Neal, now of counsel for the defense, a good lawyer and an honest man. His services to Darrow, Malone and Hays have been very valuable and they come out of the case with high respect for him. But how does Tennessee regard him? My impression is that Tennessee vastly underestimates him. I hear trivial and absurd criticism of him on all sides and scarcely a word of praise for his courage and public spirit. The test of the State is to be found in its attitude toward such men. It will come out of the night of fundamentalism when they are properly appreciated and honored, and not before. When that time comes I'll begin to believe that the educated minority here is genuinely ashamed of the Bryan obscenity, and that it is prepared to combat other such disgraces hereafter resolutely in the open and regardless of the bellowing of the mob.

The Scopes trial, from the start, has been carried on in a manner exactly fitted to the anti-evolution law and the simian imbecility under it. There hasn't been the slightest pretense to decorum. The rustic judge, a candidate for re-election, has postured before the yokels like a clown in a ten-cent side show, and almost every word he has uttered has been an undisguised appeal to their prejudices and superstitions. The chief prosecuting attorney, beginning like a competent lawyer and a man of self-respect, ended like a convert at a Billy Sunday revival. It fell to him, finally, to make a clear and astounding statement of theory of justice prevailing under fundamentalism. What he said, in brief, was that a man accused of infidelity had no rights whatever under Tennessee law.

This is probably not true yet, but it will become true inevitably if the Bryan murrain is not arrested. The Bryan of today is not to be mistaken for the political rabble rouser of

two decades ago. That earlier Bryan may have been grossly in error, but he at least kept his errors within the bounds of reason; it was still possible to follow him without yielding up all intelligence. The Bryan of today, old, disappointed and embittered, is a far different bird. He realizes at last that the glories of this world are not for him, and he takes refuge, peasant-like, in religious hallucinations. They depart from sense altogether. They are not merely silly; they are downright idiotic. And, being idiotic, they appeal with irresistible force to the poor half-wits upon whom the old charlatan now preys.

When I heard him, in open court, denounce the notion that man is a mammal I was genuinely staggered and so was every other stranger in the courtroom. People looked at one another in blank amazement. But the native fundamentalists, it quickly appeared, saw nothing absurd in his words. The attorneys for the prosecution smiled approval, the crowd applauded, the very judge on the bench beamed his acquiescence. And the same thing happened when he denounced all education as corrupting and began arguing incredibly that a farmer who read the Bible knew more than any scientist in the world. Such dreadful bilge, heard of far away, may seem only ridiculous. But it takes on a different smack, I assure you, when one hears it discharged formally in a court of law and sees it accepted as wisdom by judge and jury.

Darrow has lost this case. It was lost long before he came to Dayton. But it seems to me that he has nevertheless performed a great public service by fighting it to a finish and in a perfectly serious way. Let no one mistake it for comedy, farcical though it may be in all its details. It serves notice on the country that Neanderthal man is organizing in these forlorn backwaters of the land, led by a fanatic, rid of sense and devoid of conscience. Tennessee, challenging him too timorously and too late, now sees its courts converted into camp-meetings and its Bill of Rights made a mock of by its sworn

officers of the law. There are other States that had better look to their arsenals before the Hun is at their gates.

### BRYAN\*

It was plain to everyone, when Bryan came to Dayton, that his great days were behind him—that he was now definitely an old man, and headed at last for silence. There was a vague, unpleasant manginess about his appearance; he somehow seemed dirty, though a close glance showed him carefully shaved, and clad in immaculate linen. All the hair was gone from the dome of his head, and it had begun to fall out, too, behind his ears, like that of the late Samuel Gompers. The old resonance had departed from his voice; what was once a bugle blast had become reedy and quavering. Who knows that, like Demosthenes, he had a lisp? In his prime, under the magic of his eloquence, no one noticed it. But when he spoke at Dayton it was always audible.

When I first encountered him, on the sidewalk in front of the Hicks brothers' law office, the trial was yet to begin, and so he was still expansive and amiable. I had printed in the *Nation*, a week or so before, an article arguing that the anti-evolution law, whatever its unwisdom, was at least constitutional—that policing school teachers was certainly not putting down free speech. The old boy professed to be delighted with the argument, and gave the gaping bystanders to understand that I was a talented publicist. In turn I admired the curious shirt that he wore—sleeveless and with the neck cut very low. We parted in the manner of two Spanish ambassadors.

But that was the last touch of affability that I was destined to see in Bryan. The next day the battle joined and his face became hard. By the end of the first week he was simply a walking malignancy. Hour by hour he grew more bitter.

*\* This is Mencken's obituary of Bryan, written after Mencken's return to Baltimore.*

What the Christian Scientists call malicious animal magnetism seemed to radiate from him like heat from a stove. From my place in the courtroom, standing upon a table, I looked directly down upon him, sweating horribly and pumping his palm-leaf fan. His eyes fascinated me; I watched them all day long. They were blazing points of hatred. They glittered like occult and sinister gems. Now and then they wandered to me, and I got my share. It was like coming under fire.

What was behind that consuming hatred? At first I thought that it was mere evangelical passion. Evangelical Christianity, as everyone knows, is founded upon hate, as the Christianity of Christ was founded upon love. But even evangelical Christians occasionally loose their belts and belch amicably; I have known some who, off duty, were very benignant. In that very courtroom, indeed, were some of them—for example, old Ben McKenzie, nestor of the Dayton bar, who sat beside Bryan. Ben was full of good humor. He made jokes with Darrow. But Bryan only glared.

One day it dawned on me that Bryan, after all, was an evangelical Christian only by a sort of afterthought—that his career in this world, and the glories thereof, had actually come to an end before ever he began whooping for Genesis. So I came to this conclusion: that what really moved him was a lust for revenge. The men of the cities had destroyed him and made a mock of him; now he would lead the yokels against them. Various facts clicked into the theory, and I hold it still. The hatred in the old man's eyes was not for the enemies of God; it was for the enemies of Bryan.

Thus he fought his last fight, eager only for blood. It quickly became frenzied and preposterous, and after that pathetic. All sense departed from him. He bit right and left, like a dog with rabies. He descended to demagoguery so dreadful that his very associates blushed. His one yearning was to keep his yokels heated up—to lead his forlorn mob against the foe. That foe, alas, refused to be alarmed. It insisted upon

seeing the battle as a comedy. Even Darrow, who knew better, occasionally yielded to the prevailing spirit. Finally, he lured poor Bryan into a folly almost incredible.

I allude to his astounding argument against the notion that man is a mammal. I am glad I heard it, for otherwise I'd never believe in it. There stood the man who had been thrice a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic—and once, I believe, elected—there he stood in the glare of the world, uttering stuff that a boy of eight would laugh at! The artful Darrow led him on: he repeated it, ranted for it, bellowed it in his cracked voice. A tragedy, indeed! He came into life a hero, a Galahad, in bright and shining armor. Now he was passing out a pathetic figure.

Worse, I believe that he somehow sensed the fact—that he realized his personal failure, whatever the success of the grotesque cause he spoke for. I had left Dayton before Darrow's cross-examination brought him to his final absurdity, but I heard his long speech against the admission of expert testimony, and I saw how it fell flat and how Bryan himself was conscious of the fact. When he sat down he was done for, and he knew it. The old magic had failed to work; there was applause but there were no exultant shouts. When, half an hour later, Dudley Field Malone delivered his terrific philippic, the very yokels gave him five times the clapper-clawing that they had given to Bryan.

This combat was the old leader's last, and it symbolized in more than one way his passing. Two women sat through it, the one old and crippled, the other young and in the full flush of beauty. The first was Mrs. Bryan; the second was Mrs. Malone. When Malone finished his speech the crowd stormed his wife with felicitations, and she glowed as only a woman can who has seen her man fight a hard fight and win gloriously. But no one congratulated Mrs. Bryan.

It is the national custom to sentimentalize the dead, as it is to sentimentalize men about to be hanged. Perhaps I fall into

that weakness here. The Bryan I shall remember is the Bryan of his last weeks on this earth—broken, furious, and infinitely pathetic. It was impossible to meet his hatred with hatred to match it. He was winning a battle that would make him forever infamous, wherever enlightened men remembered it and him. Even his old enemy, Darrow, was gentle with him at the end. That cross-examination might have been ten times as devastating. It was plain to everyone that the old Berserker Bryan was gone—that all that remained of him was a pair of burning eyes.

But what of his life? Did he accomplish any useful thing? Was he, in his day, of any dignity as a man, and of any value to his fellow-men? I doubt it. Bryan, at his best was simply a magnificent job-seeker. The issues that he bawled about usually meant nothing to him. He was ready to abandon them whenever he could make votes by doing so, and to take up new ones at a moment's notice. For years he evaded Prohibition as dangerous; then he embraced it as profitable. At the Democratic National Convention last year he was on both sides, and distrusted by both. In his last great battle there was only a baleful and ridiculous malignancy. If he was pathetic, he was also disgusting.

Bryan's career brought him into contact with the first men of his time; he preferred the company of rustic ignoramus. It was hard to believe, watching him at Dayton, that he had traveled, that he had been received in civilized societies, that he had been a high officer of state. He seemed only a poor clod like those around him, deluded by a childish theology, full of an almost pathological hatred of all learning, all human dignity, all beauty, all fine and noble things.

The job before democracy is to get rid of such figures. If it fails, they will devour it.



## TWO MEN IN A CAVE

ON THE next to the last day of January in the winter of 1925, a native of the sink-hole country of Kentucky, crawling along a black tunnel near his father's farm, wriggled and kicked a little too carelessly. Sand crumbled, a boulder fell, pinning his left foot. He tried vainly to free it; later he began to cry out. For he was entombed sixty feet below the earth's surface and more than a hundred from the slit of daylight he had left in the hope of finding another cavern as enticing to tourists as Mammoth Cave five miles away.

Thus began, as grubbily as a kid's backyard adventure, the saga of Floyd Collins. It was to end eighteen days later with a city of a hundred tents pitched above him, ten thousand sightseers piling in on Sundays, state troops keeping order at the bayonet's point, geologists and engineers directing the digging for the lone doomed and a hundred correspondents wiring hourly bulletins to every paper in the United States. One of these, the conservative *New York Times*, used eight columns of type to announce, finally, the death of this unimportant mite among a hundred millions. Presidents have passed with less clamor.

How in the name of "news" could it be? Pointing out that within a month a Southern mine disaster took fifty lives "with no great notice," experts more learned than I have tried to explain the mass emotions of the Collins case. I shall not attempt it to a generation that did not count the dead at Hiroshima. But the

newspaper story behind the Collins story, some of it never told before, may carry considerable illumination.

The one-man sensation did not "break" all at once, like a murder or a great disaster. Floyd entered Sand Cave at six o'clock on a Friday morning. The boulder fell at ten. He lay a prisoner for nearly a day before Jewel Estes, a neighbor's boy, knowing where Floyd was on the prowl, went to investigate and discovered his fix. Another two days were to go by before the nation discovered it.

In Louisville, late Saturday afternoon, two newspapers got telephone calls from their country correspondents. I had expected, in pursuing this phase of the Collins history, to turn up some deskman astute enough to spot in a tip from the backwoods "the story of the century." But that was not the exact sequence. The cave region had always been a profitable source of feature stuff for Louisville papers and there was no lack of interest on the part of all their editors in this yarn of an explorer, however unknown, being buried alive. The *Post* came out in its early Sunday "bulldog" with a streamer "Collins, Freed, Says Never Again." The *Courier-Journal* had the story but seemed to have been scooped; Collins was still trapped, said the *Courier-Journal*. City Editor Neil Dalton swore and put in a call for his local man at Cave City. It was two o'clock Sunday morning when he got him. "But it isn't so!" pleaded the correspondent. "I've just come from there! He's not free!"

Dalton went to bed. But either then or in the flush of waking he begat a brilliant idea.

Working in Louisville at the time was a young reporter called "Skeets" Miller who had started on the *Post* at nothing a week plus an expense account, risen to ten at the end of three years and gone over to the *Courier-Journal* only two months before for the sumptuous sum of twenty-five. The salaries were not unusual for newspapermen in those days and William Burke Miller, in the sense that he would dare anything for a story, was not an unusual newspaperman. Besides this quality, which publishers expected from reporters on the payroll, he was redheaded, twenty-one years old, five feet two inches tall and weighed a hundred and twenty pounds.

Dalton began thinking of Skeets Miller. Skeets was great pals with the police and fire departments. Pride of Louisville was the fire department's new "rescue squad." Why not send the rescue squad to rescue Collins? Do it under the *Courier-Journal's* auspices! A swell promotion scheme: Skeets could turn the trick.

So Miller, roused from sleep, reached his man in the chilly Sunday sunrise fighting a fire. This was the captain of the rescue squad. Sure, he said, he would go, but first he must clear it with the Chief. A good deal of dicker and bicker followed, ending with a firm "no." The taxpayers of Louisville were not paying taxes to save lives in Cave City.

Miller conveyed the decision to a disgusted Dalton. The hell with the idea and the hell with the story! If Collins got out or stayed put, the local correspondent could cover it.

Then Miller began to beg. He had been reading the latest reports trickling in from Cave City; maybe something could be done; maybe he, Miller, could do it; anyway, couldn't he go?

Dalton looked down at his pestiferous pigmy, sighed and went in to the managing editor for the fourth time.

When he came out, "All right," he said, "there's a train around seven o'clock tonight. But you have the assignment on one condition—no monkey business. We're not paying you twenty-five bucks a week to risk your neck. Don't go in that cave!"

"Why did you disobey him?" I asked Miller twenty years later. I was remembering another kid reporter who had promised not to fly at some 1917 Army maneuvers and, asked by the pilot of a shaky crate that had just ejected O. B. Keeler, "Want to go up?" promptly did.

Miller blinked at my question. He considered. "I guess I was ashamed not to. Homer Collins, Floyd's brother, had come out of the cave a few minutes before I got there. I'd been riding all night, first by train to Glasgow Junction and then by hired car. It was hardly sunup, cold and hazy, with patches of snow on the ground. At the mouth of the cave a small fire burned and several men stood around it, watching a five-gallon pot of coffee. One of them was Homer Collins, wet and slimy from his crawl. He looked me over—the city newspaperman—and said not unkindly but rather casually, 'Why don't you go down and see for yourself? You're

about the size to make it.' And so, as I say, I guess I was ashamed not to go."

But Miller went not once but five times, headlong into the pitch dark, naked save for a pair of overalls, and the second and third and fourth and fifth times he went not in foolhardy eagerness, he went in fear, knowing the tortuous length of the tunnel, the rocks that bruised, the loneliness of the silent dark, the chance of another cave-in, the ooze that slid him like a sack on a chute into the lumpy mass at the end of the track, a man who still lived. He may have gone first to get a story and "because he was ashamed not to." But he kept on going for other reasons.

His stories may not have been the best to come out of Kentucky after the stars of fifty papers arrived on the scene, but they were the first—they roused the country—and each was written or telephoned at the finish of those grueling sandhole squirms before a hot bath or a drink could diminish or quicken their quality. I have selected his first two and his last.

### By WILLIAM BURKE MILLER

Cave City, Ky., Feb. 2—Floyd Collins is suffering torture almost beyond description, but he is still hopeful he will be taken out alive, he told me at 6:20 o'clock tonight on my last visit to him.

Until I went inside myself I could not understand exactly what the situation was. I wondered why someone couldn't do something quick, but I found out why.

I was lowered by my heels into the entrance of Sand Cave. The passageway is about five feet in diameter. After reaching the end of an eight-foot drop I reached fairly level ground for a moment.

From here on I had to squirm like a snake. Water covers almost every inch of the ground, and after the first few feet

I was wet through and through. Every moment it got colder. It seemed that I would crawl forever, but after going about ninety feet I reached a small compartment, slightly larger than the remainder of the channel.

This afforded a breathing spell before I started on again toward the prisoner. The dirty water splashed in my face and numbed my body, but I couldn't stop.

Finally I slid down an eight-foot drop and, a moment later, saw Collins and called to him. He mumbled an answer.

My flashlight revealed a face on which is written suffering of many long hours, because Collins has been in agony every conscious moment since he was trapped at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

I saw the purple of his lips, the pallor on his face, and realized that something must be done before long if this man is to live.

Before I could see his face, however, I was forced to raise a small piece of oil cloth covering it.

"Put it back," he said. "Put it back—the water!"

Then I noticed a small drip-drip-drip from above. Each drop struck Collins' face. The first few hours he didn't mind, but the constant dripping almost drove him insane. His brother had taken the oil cloth to him earlier in the day.

This reminded me of the old water torture used in ages past. I shuddered.

Here I was at the end of the journey, and I saw quickly why it was that workmen who had penetrated as far as I had accomplished but little. I was exhausted, as they had been. I was numb from head to foot. Chills raced through my body. I missed the fresh air. I came to know in this brief time what Collins had suffered, but I could not comprehend fully. I felt certain I would get out. Collins has hopes, nothing more. I was in no physical pain. Collins' foot, held by a six-ton rock in a natural crevice, is never without pain.

I tried to squirm over Collins' body to reach the rock, but

his body takes up nearly all the space. I squeezed in, hunting for some way to help him, until he begged me to get off.

"It hurts—hurts awful," he said.

Collins is lying on his back, resting more on the left side, so that his left cheek rests on the ground. His two arms are held fast in the crevice beside his body, so that he really is in a natural straight-jacket.

I was followed by Homer Collins, brother of the victim, and Guy Turner. Homer Collins had brought with him some body harness to place around his brother, and we finally succeeded in putting it on him.

The prisoner helped as best he could by squirming and turning as much as possible, and finally we were ready to haul away on the rope attached to Collins. We pulled as much as we could and it seemed as though we made headway. It was estimated we moved the prisoner five inches.

Perhaps we did, but I can hardly realize it. All of us were on the point of collapse and after a short time our strength failed. We couldn't do any more.

We saw that the blankets and covering which Collins' brother had brought to him were in place and that he was resting as comfortably as we could make him.

Then we left near his head a lantern well filled with oil. It isn't much, but the tiny light it throws means much in that relentless trap and it may bring some bit of consolation to a daring underground explorer whose chance for life is small.

We said farewell and the last man started backward. I found soon that the trip out is worse than the one in. I encountered difficulty in crawling backward for a time, but practice soon enabled me to make progress.

Every foot it seemed the dirty water would splash in my face. I didn't mind it on my body any more, because I was numb to it. Frequently I had to back up an incline, and the water would flow down to my neck, but, as I said, I already was as cold as I could get.

It was with utmost relief that I came to the small compartment about midway from the entrance which affords to the rescuer his only resting place. I found that by working my head down to my feet and by easing my feet backward, that I could face about.

This aided a great deal and within twenty minutes I came in sight of lights at the entrance. But, before reaching it, I discovered that two members of our party were unable to proceed farther and I spent what little strength remained in me to get them out.

Sand Cave, Cave City, Ky., Feb. 3—Death holds no terror for Floyd Collins, he told me when I fed him tonight, more than 115 hours after he was trapped in Sand Cave, but he does not expect to die in the immediate future.

"I believe I would go to Heaven," Collins said as I placed a bottle of milk to his lips, "but I can feel that I am to be taken out alive and—with both of my feet."

I have been in the cave three times since 5:30 o'clock this afternoon at the head of as many rescue parties. I am very small and able to get back to the prisoner with the least possible difficulty. I am confident we are working now on a plan that will save Collins' life, and Collins shares my views.

Our plan is simple. I lead the way into the small, narrow and extremely cold passageway and squirm back more than 100 feet.

Thirteen other men crawl in behind me and pass a small chip hammer along to me. With this I work as best I can enlarging the cave and, as soon as I have succeeded in getting loose a large piece, I pass it back to the men behind me and, in this way, it is relayed out to the entrance.

It is terrible inside. The cold, dirty water numbs us as soon as we start in. We have come to dread it, but each of us tell ourselves that our suffering is as nothing compared to Collins'.

His patience during long hours of agony, his constant hope when life seemed nearing an end, is enough to strengthen the heart of any one.

Collins doesn't know it, but he is playing a very, very big part in his own rescue.

Late this afternoon it was decided that Collins might possibly be rescued by drilling through the side of a hill and tunneling through behind him. The work was started by seven drillers of the Kentucky Rock Asphalt Company, but it was halted after a short time. It was feared the vibration would dislodge huge rocks above Collins and crush him to death.

It was then decided to send rescuers in to him. I went first, starting at 5:30 o'clock. In the next hour we made more progress than had been made in any single attempt before, and our waning confidence came back.

Time after time large and small rocks were passed along the human chain and out of the cave, which trapped Collins at 10 o'clock Friday morning after the first attempt to explore it.

A minute seems an hour in there, and the water-sharpened rocks cut like a knife. But the numbness has its compensations. It keeps one from feeling the cuts and bruises.

All of us were exhausted, finally, and the word was passed back to crawl out. The air outside revived us quickly and, after a cup of coffee and a sandwich I crawled back in for the second time.

On this trip I took with me a pint bottle of milk and a small quantity of whiskey, which Collins had requested when I last saw him.

"I'm cold all over," he told me. "I believe a drink of liquor would help."

He drank the whiskey first while I held the container to his lips, and then asked for the milk. It required some time for him to consume it all, as he is not able to eat or drink fast.



He is very weak after his more than 115-hour imprisonment, and shows plainly the suffering from his left foot, which is held in a small crevice by a huge rock.

The whiskey and milk seemed to help him a great deal, because he volunteered to talk.

"I'm not afraid to die," he said, "I've no reason to be. I believe I would go to Heaven. But I don't believe I'm going to die. I feel I'm going to be taken out alive and that I'll not lose my foot."

The talking seemed to weary Collins, so I started out. I was forced to rest after crawling about fifty feet. This breathing spell enabled me to reach a small compartment, about midway from the entrance to the prisoner, in fairly quick time. Here I stopped again for several minutes before resuming the most grueling part of the trip. I was mighty glad to be hauled out of the entrance.

It was dark when I felt the fresh air again, and, although others said it was cold, it seemed unusually warm to me after nearly an hour in the cavern.

As quickly as I could I took off the water-soaked overalls I was wearing and drank another cup of coffee. It warmed me immediately, enabling me to enjoy a rest.

I was sufficiently refreshed in a short time to start in on the third trip. This time it was to be work, and each of us took a deep breath as we were lowered into the tunnel.

A few minutes after the last man was lowered I started back to him the first big rock taken out this trip.

Meanwhile, workmen outside are preparing a jack, which will be passed back to me and which, I believe, will enable us to free Collins.

In talking to Collins today, I told him it might be possible to save him by using a small automobile jack and using it to raise, a few inches, the stone which is holding his foot. He took to it at once. Unfortunately, there was no jack small

enough, but a regular jack is being cut down small enough to be used.

It is only one more plan, but I believe it will work. We are to try it, anyway, as soon as I can get it in place under the rock.

Sand Cave, Cave City, Ky., Feb. 17—In death, as in the last week or more of his life, Floyd Collins must remain entrapped in Sand Cave until some force, stronger than any human agency, sees fit to set him free. The tomb is sealing itself in collapse.

It is far too dangerous now to get back through the new opening and attempt to recover the cave explorer's body. It seems that earth, using the corpse as bait, is waiting to crush any one daring enough to venture in. Each minute the hazard increases, and in the opinion of experts, a person going in stands but a small chance to return. Collins' body is in sight, but is farther out of reach than ever.

"We, the jury, having viewed the body of Floyd Collins and each of us being personally acquainted with him and having heard the evidence in the case, find that Floyd Collins is now dead and that he came to his death from exposure caused by being accidentally trapped in what is commonly called Sand Cave."

This was the verdict of a Coroner's jury impaneled in the Police Court by Magistrate Clay Turner this afternoon.

The notes of the inquest will be included in the report of the Military Court of Inquiry which will make the decision public in a week or ten days through the office of the Adjutant General at Frankfort.

From the minute that workmen saw the body yesterday, H. T. Carmichael, in charge of the work, schemed and planned for some way to bring it to the surface. He saw in the situation another challenge, as big as the one to get to Collins

alive, and he accepted it. All night he sought for a way, but morning found the riddle still unsolved.

Finally it became a question of placing in jeopardy the lives of his men to recover the body, and he refused. The family realized it.

Floyd Collins, therefore, remained in the trap underground while funeral services were held on the hillside above him.

Volunteer rescue workers were leaving Sand Cave tonight after heroic efforts to win an uphill fight. They are leaving Floyd Collins alone in his underground tomb to sleep forever on the scene of his last exploration. Most of them know that Collins would have chosen such a spot for his final resting place, and they know too, that death was the only relief for him.

Everett Maddox, of Central City, one of the outstanding heroes in the attempts to rescue Collins, volunteered today to go back into the dangerous tunnel and bathe the victim's face. Maddox went in at 9:45 o'clock this morning with towel and water. Slowly he crept past the jagged rocks and boulders, well knowing that by touching one, he more than likely would be crushed to death.

Silently he turned the face of the prisoner as he bathed it. He brushed back the hair from the sunken eyes. He noticed again as he was performing the last task for Floyd Collins, the gold tooth by which he was able to make positive the identification, aside from the testimony of relatives.

As he worked there in the cold, clammy chamber, Maddox read on the face a story of agony and suffering and despair. As clearly as print he could read the anguish of this man who had been buried alive, who had seen cause to rejoice over what he believed was a soon-to-be freedom only to be shut off in a twinkling from his friends, his relatives, and finally, life itself.

Maddox finally came to the surface of the shaft and re-

turned with Johnnie Gerald, another man who insisted on risking his life time after time to help his friend in the trap. Gerald had been back to Floyd Collins when the dangerous passage through the only entrance was the only way. He had consoled Collins, had worked with him, had fed him, had shown the strength of two strong men, and he grieved when he failed.

Gerald today went through a more dangerous passage to look for the last time on the face of his friend. He found it changed. No smile now, no word of cheer. No joke or jest. Death had ended that and left, imprinted deeply, the clear marks of suffering.

Others went down. Physicians officially announced that life was extinct. The coroner's jury saw at first hand the situation in full.

No one doubted that, to remove the body, it would be necessary to confront death and even then more than likely meet failure. At 12:15 o'clock this afternoon M. K. Ford, a surveyor, and Rogers, a cave explorer and volunteer rescue worker, went into the shaft to gather up all tools. They came up at 12:30 o'clock, the last who will ever go down in the present shaft.

Collins' head and shoulders were visible when the last person went in to him today. No attempt was made to remove dirt or rocks further down. To one going down, it seems that the body is encased in a solid rock. Men last night could not remove the earth or rocks even with their hands, so tightly has the loose material packed in.

To reach the body it is necessary to descend the shaft, cross back through the natural tunnel, which heads directly toward the old cave entrance, and squirm to the original passage.

From then on it is necessary to go down the eight-foot drop, at the base of which is the body. But, while doing this the rocks must not be disturbed. The walls, sides and roof

are composed of boulders of all sizes imbedded in ooze. If one is jarred it will crash down. It is like stacking eggs on end. If the bottom one is moved all the others will fall.

The timbering, which, with solid ground would hold secure, is sinking into the soft mud. The bottom of the shaft is creeping. The tunnel slowly is closing. At any time the entire set of timbers in the shaft may sink through the bottom into a deep void.

Slowly the earth is closing the fresh wound made for Floyd Collins. Surely the grave is being filled, and soon Floyd Collins will be lost forever in a cave he died to explore.

## REMEMBER THE PIG WOMAN?

THE REALLY unforgettable character connected with the Hall-Mills murder case was neither a victim nor a suspect, but a witness.

Usually it is the murderers we remember—Leopold and Loeb, though the name of the boy they killed eludes us—or the murdered—Nancy Titterton, dead in her tub, when we cannot recall the fellow who confessed the crime. Two people died in the Hall-Mills case and four were indicted for their deaths. Can you name them all? Probably not. But I doubt that you can ask anyone of reading age in 1926, “Who was Jane Gibson?” without being told.

She came riding out of nowhere on her jenny mule to the front pages of the nation; she rode back in an ambulance, after one day of dramatic testimony from her cot in the courtroom, to oblivion. But while she held the spotlight she was the whole show, partly because among all these rich and righteous she was the lowly “pig woman.”

Reverend Edward W. Hall and his choir-singer, Mrs. Eleanor Mills, were found under a crab-apple tree in the countryside near New Brunswick, New Jersey, on an Autumn morning in 1922 with their love-letters scattered between their cold bodies. He was

shot once through the head. She was shot thrice, and her throat cut "from ear to ear."

If you wish to know who he was or who she was and why the violent end to this passion in the parish kept the public excited for more than four years, I refer you to several exhaustive studies of the Hall-Mills tragedy in books about unsolved murders, or to the newspaper files, for example the *New York Times*, which used four stenographers to give its readers the verbatim record of the trial. I offer you here only that day in November, 1926, when Mrs. Gibson was borne to court.

Mrs. Frances Noel Stevens Hall, wife of the slain rector and seven years older than he, and her two brothers, Henry Stevens and Willie Stevens, are on trial for the murder of Mrs. Mills. A cousin of Mrs. Hall, Henry de la Bruyere Carpenter, is in jail, awaiting trial, the state having obtained a severance. But he is never to be tried for Mrs. Mills's murder and no one is ever to be tried for the murder of Mr. Hall, for the widow and her two brothers are to be acquitted on the one charge, and all other counts in the indictment are to be nolle prossed. Mrs. Hall and her brothers later are to sue and collect a settlement from the *New York Daily Mirror*, the paper whose managing editor, Philip A. Payne, conducted so vigorous a campaign that this trio now sit at the bar of justice under the shadow of a crime they surely wish forgotten and likewise many a citizen and officer of the state that prosecutes them.

It is in the light of those subsequent events—complete legal exoneration—that Mrs. Gibson's story must be viewed. Let us treat it with skepticism, for those whom it accuses cannot speak. Mrs. Hall and Willie Stevens and Henry Stevens and Henry Carpenter are dead. So is Mrs. Gibson. And Phil Payne, who brought them to this spot, died the next year, trying to fly to Rome in the airship, *Old Glory*.

The state calls Jane Gibson.

Who is this woman for whom the crowd within and the thousands without wait like a circus audience for the high-diver? Her name is not even Gibson. Once, in fact, she was in a circus, running away from home to join it when she was a child. Then Jane Eisleitner married William Easton and a long time later moved

from Bayonne to the country and bought a farm. She raised Poland China pigs and sold pigs and garden truck to the neighbors. They had always called that farm "the old Gibson place," so it was natural that they grew to call her, who was forbidding rather than friendly, "Mrs. Gibson" or, in simple folk fashion, "the pig woman."

The crowd knows little more about her than this, but they know she is the state's star witness; they know through papers and gossip what her story is; discredited or not, the story will fall from her own lips, the lips, they say, of a dying woman. Not the chief accused, Mrs. Hall, nor the dimwit Willie, who was expected to "crack" and didn't, commanded this rapt attention.

At the press-table Dudley Nichols yawns to hide a nervous flutter. He is the star man of the *World* and for days his byline stories have been acclaimed the best of the trial. The other top men of the New York press are here, on their mettle, and the side-glances of some of the youngsters say with awe, "Will Nichols beat them on this one?" He must be feeling pretty good this day of days for a Wapakoneta, Ohio, boy who started out to be an engineer at Ann Arbor and fell into the newspaper business by chance when Carr Van Anda spotted a well-written yarn from the North Sea Patrol. That went back nearly ten years to World War One, when Nichols served aboard a minesweeper. Going forward another ten years, one wonders whether Dudley Nichols, the great producer-director of Hollywood, will get any keener satisfaction if he wins the Academy Award than he did with his reporter's job on Jane Gibson.

But suppose we let Mr. Nichols, with his story in the *World* next morning, take it from here.



## By DUDLEY NICHOLS

COUNTY COURT HOUSE, SOMERVILLE, N. J., Nov. 18.—Like something brought in from the graveyard, Mrs. Jane Gibson, the "pig woman," lay flat on an iron hospital bed, between a doctor and a nurse, in court here to-day and croaked out how she had shuffled down De Russey's Lane one night more than four years ago when "the moon was shinin' bright and pretty" and run smack into the middle of New Jersey's most sensational murder, the Hall-Mills case.

With her face as white as death she told of her braying mule, the rickety wagon she followed, of the shadowy figures prowling, of a flashlight and a glittering thing, and then four shots in the dark.

And she pointed out Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall and her brothers, Henry and Willie Stevens, as the guilty people.

At the termination of her three hours' grind, in an overcrowded court room that looked like the Mayo Clinic, she topped off her big act with a climax that would do behind footlights.

Timing herself to the moment, when her mattress was lifted to a stretcher and four huskies took hold to remove her to the waiting ambulance, the "pig woman" rolled up her left elbow, turned a wild face at the three astonished defendants, and uttered loudly as she shook her right finger vindictively:

"I've told the truth, so help me God; and you know it; and you know it."

She fell back, perspiration standing out on her broad, aggressive face. The woman seemed made strong again by anger. She was transformed from the pale, dead looking creature brought in three hours before. Her paper-white face had

colored, as if with fever, and her lips, which had been bloodless, were almost carmine.

The jury had gone out when this occurred. Neither Mrs. Hall nor Henry Stevens changed countenance.

Perhaps the widow's face lengthened a little, more sadly. Stevens had been inscrutable throughout her recital, calm behind his glasses.

Willie Stevens regarded the pig woman anxiously and seemed mournfully surprised, as if somebody had pulled his chair from behind when he wasn't looking.

Henry Carpender had been brought in from jail for the first time and had been also pointed out by Mrs. Gibson. He now watched reflectively that unpredictable head projecting from the bedclothes. The ineffectual James Mills chewed gum and looked opaque. And the pig woman's mother, Mrs. Salome Cerenner, sat unblinking, like something carved in ancient wood, her eyes old and sorrowful.

Never has a more theatrical day in court been staged. For an hour and a quarter the pokey courtroom—built for three hundred but crammed with five—had been on pins and needles. Bulletins came by word of mouth and each mile of the ambulance's approach toward Somerville was ticked off.

Then came the nervous "She's here!" and the court atmosphere turned creepy as the aisles were cleared and four men came slowly, like pallbearers, with a stretcher on which something of flesh and blood lay hidden by sheets.

All the bailiffs in the country couldn't have kept that court room sitting then. All were standing, craning. There simply was something clammy about the whole thing, something begotten of nerves and the smell of iodoform and formaldehyde and excitement long pent and murder and impending death.

"Oh," said a woman weakly, "I do feel I'm going to faint." And another woman near on the left was trembling.

They shifted the weight from the stretcher to the iron bed which had been brought in over night and exposed a face the color of cottage cheese, with a relentless chin, a broad mouth like a fissure crosswise, a straight, somewhat blobby-ended nose and aggressive eyes, under pale, nearly bald brows.

Instantly Prosecutor Alexander Simpson and Dr. Charles Snyder showed themselves on bad terms. The bed was rolled before the Judges and the "pig woman" lay with her head to the spectators. She could roll her head to the left and see the defendants, she could roll it to the right and see the twelve elderly round-eyed jurymen.

Under Simpson's questioning she told her story. Her voice was papery and throaty at first, like the thin croaking of a frog in early spring. There was no noise but the rushing of pencils over paper as she croaked on in her queer way:

"My farm's on Hamilton Road near New Brunswick. That Thursday night between 8 and 9 I was sitting outside listening. I tied the dog out to a tree and sat right there ev'ry night. . . . Somebody went and stole twenty rows of corn off my field. . . . The dog stopped barkin' and I set on the swing and listened. . . .

"Jist then a wagon come, a rickety old wagon that rattled and rattled and rattled. . . . I put the saddle on Jenny and started out the road. . . . That wagon rattled down De Russey's Lane and I followed. When I got down the lane my mule brayed. I was afeard and stayed about fifty feet behind. . . .

"The wagon rattled right through the lane onto Easton Avenue and jist as I turned round an automobile turned in with a white woman an' a colored man. An' she didn't have no hat on."

"Have you learned who she was?" asked Simpson, standing close by the bed.

"Yes. Mrs. Hall!"

"And the man?"

"Willie Stevens!"

Mrs. Hall regarded the sick woman gravely, and her face seemed to droop sadly. The beaming Willie, who up to now had kept his eyes cast away as if he considered it improper to look at a lady in bed, appeared astonished beyond all measure. The pig woman croaked on:

"I went far back and tied Jenny to two little cedar trees in the field of the lane. \* \* \* When I got as fur as a big cedar tree I heered mumbling voices—men's voices and women's voices. \* \* \* They was comin' closer, and I stood still. They was comin' from De Russey's lane. \* \* \*

"Well, the men were talking, and a woman said, very quick: 'Explain these letters!' (For the first time the witness raised her voice abruptly from an almost inaudible pitch; she seemed to screech the 'letters').

"The men was saying, 'G. d. it,' and everything like that—all that kind of stuff, swearin' and carryin' on.

"Somebody was hittin', hittin', hittin'. I could hear somebody's wind goin' out, and somebody said, 'ugh!' then somebody said, 'G. d. it, let go!' a man hollered—he hollered, 'God damn it, let go!' . . .

"Then somebody threw a flash toward where they was hollering. A flashlight. Yes, an' I see something glitter an' I see a man, and I see another man like they were wrastlin' together, and wrastlin' together. One man was Henry Stevens. \* \* \*

"Then the light went out and I heerd a shot. Then I hear like somethin' fall heavy. Then I run for my mule. \* \* \*

"I heard a woman's voice say, after the shot, 'Oh, Henry!'—easy, very easy. An' the other woman began to scream, scream, scream, oh, so loud: 'Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my'—so terrible loud." (The witness's voice had grown strong and suddenly harsh.)

"Yes, I run for the mule after that first shot, but that woman was screaming, screaming, screaming, try-to run

away or somethin'—screaming, screaming, screaming, an' I jist about got my foot in the stirrup when bang, bang, bang—three quick shots. \* \* \*

"Then I stumbled over a stump an' run home, that is, the mule run home. I got off my mule an' put the mule in the barn, an' I got my foot wet; that's the first I missed my moccasin.

"An' I went in the house and sat roun' a-while an' I got thinkin' over the corn an' about other things, an' about the moccasin . . . and I was that nervous I started back. I found the moon was out. . . .

"I got back and tied the mule up again, and I looked round because I was sure my moccasin was there, it was bright moonlight but I couldn't see it, because it was close to the brush and maybe in the brush, that is, the underbrush. So I felt around. I held the mule by the bridle and I felt around, all around the stump, all around the place, and I heard what I thought was the screeching of an owl, an' I didn't think much of it at the time, but then I heard it agin.

"I listened.

"Well, when I heard that screechin', why then I stopped and listened agin, and I heard it agin, an' I said, 'Something is the matter out there.'

"An' then I listened, and then I heered the voice of a man. It seemed kinda like a woman hollered along there or someone. An' then I heered the voice of a man, and the moon was shinin' down very bright, an' so I heered it agin, an' I looked right at the cedar, an' I crossed over the lane right at the cedar, an' I seen a big white-haired woman doin' something with her hands, crying or something.

"She was bendin' down, facin' something. She was kneelin' down, fixin' something, an' it was the woman I seen in the lane earlier in the evening—Mrs. Hall."

Except for one or two minor points the woman's recital for which the Hall-Mills trial had waited into its third week, was

over. It had taken just twenty minutes. If the jury were going to swallow her story then it would be these croaking words that would convict the three members of the proud, substantial Stevens family of the murders of the Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hall and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills on the night of Sept. 14, 1922.

During the time Mrs. Gibson did not roll her head to look at them, excited, her face worked more and more, the mouth twitching, eyes blinking, eyebrows jerking upward. Her head, with its short hair sticking out on the pillow, at intervals would start wagging violently from side to side, like a mechanical toy wound up too tight. So cadaverous was her face, so hollow her voice, the illusion persisted that here was something come back from the burial ground to tell its story. Was this white marble building a mausoleum?

But maybe it was only that air of mortality that lurks about hospitals. Certainly this sloping courtroom seemed more like the amphitheatre of a medical college than a place of law and justice. The "pig woman" seemed the subject of a surgeons' clinic. She lay supine and covered to the throat with white linen and her eyes looked straight at the sword and scales of emblematic justice above the Judges' bench. Under that sword and scales hung an American flag and this star witness was reminded of her State by the many stars of its blue field.

In a way this was a surgical clinic, with prosecutor and defense lawyers performing a delicate psychological operation on the woman's brain, their scalpels fashioned into question marks. They had no trouble drawing out and amputating this strange narrative from the coils of her brain. There remained further work of analysis to determine the nature of the growth, whether it were true or hallucinatory, or as the cancer specialists say, to find out whether it were "malignant."

The pig woman's seventy-six-year-old mother could not see

the witness from where she sat, the level of the bed being in the pit or well where the lawyers sit, and Mrs. Cerenner being back several rows, between constables. The moment the old woman came in and was planted there by a defense detective, Simpson's astute eye caught her, and he despatched the constables to take seats on either side and drag her out if she sought to make a scene.

The old lady was far from making scenes, though. Now she sat like sunken stone, regarding space vacantly, seeming half as old as time. A shrunken old creature in a little round black hat, her black coat buttoned up close under her nutcracker chin. In her yellowed, seamy face were set two sad ancient eyes that drooped to deep tear-pits on either side the nose.

Simpson himself was in his element. He was like Belasco at his own first night. And certainly no directorial skill could have outdone his efforts on this day. Airplanes were thumming overhead, probably taking news photos of the Court House from the air. The light against the high side windows was bleak and wintry. The ascetic old court crier had switched on an arc of electric bulbs above the Judges' heads so that a sallow mass of light fell upon the protagonists in the pit of the court room and illuminated the face of the pig woman.

A pretty, very professional nurse busied herself with temperature charts and thermos bottles and waited with a thermometer patiently. On the other side stood Dr. Charles Snyder, his glances sweet and sour by turns as first he inspected his patient and then turned toward the fire-eating little Prosecutor.

Just at noon Simpson wound up his quizzing of his star witness with a lively touch. She was raised up by the nurse and asked if she saw the people of her strange recital anywhere in the room.

The "pig woman" pulled her large, stub-fingered hands from under the covers and pointed at Mrs. Hall:

"That looks like the lady."

Mrs. Hall gave back the gaze steadily, with that remarkable aplomb which has characterized her deportment in court every day. There was some doubt of the identification. Defense lawyers jumped about. The feeling in the room was taut. Simpson piped up politely:

"Will the lady remove her hat?"

With a grave smile that vanished instantly the defendant removed her large black hat and showed for the first time her fine head of thick, graying hair.

"And how about the men?" Mrs. Gibson's stubby white hand pointed again.

"There is Willie Stevens, there on the end, with the glasses." \* \* \*

Every one registered dubiety. Henry and Willie Stevens sat on either side of their sister, so their row had two ends. Each wore glasses. And each had a mustache.

"That man looking at me," insisted the croaking voice.

Both were looking at her.

"That man with the brown tie"—again. But both had brown ties. Finally it was straightened out and the "pig woman" fell back and wiped the sweat from her forehead. The nurse dabbed at her lips with a piece of cotton. The doctor walked over to Simpson coldly and observed:

"I think she needs a rest."

In the interim the court stenographer read in that loud, monotonous voice of all court stenographers the question and answer testimony of Mrs. Gibson on direct examination. The Court directed this because the jurors had been unable to hear her weak-voiced early statements.

It was 12.15 P. M. when State Senator Case opened the cross-examination for the defense. Again the nurse and doctor interrupted. A thermometer was thrust into the "pig woman's" mouth and the mass of people in the room hung fascinated at so queer but simple a picture as a grim-jawed



woman in bed with a glass tube protruding from her straight, fissured mouth.

During her direct examination Mrs. Gibson had sounded like nothing so much as the old woman who sits with a pipe in her mouth telling scare stories to children. Her recital had that heightened dramatic quality found in art rather than life. For instance, her hearing the body fall after the first shot, her habit of gaining emphasis and vividity by repetition of suggestive words. The wagon rattled and rattled and rattled; she kept "peeking and peeking and peeking" into the darkness; she heard somebody scream, scream, scream—"Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my." As a story teller she was extremely effective. Whether her story had as much credence as color is, of course, for the jury to decide. In any case she unquestionably made a far better witness sick than she would have made well.

On cross-examination she seemed to recover strength and color came into her unblooded cheeks. It was as if some kind of resurrection had been staged. For on her first appearance she had really seemed at the point of death and spectators had the feeling that if Simpson didn't hurry there would never be any cross-examination.

Now her voice gained in power and an antagonism came to life there under the sheets and blankets. Her voice acquired a provoked, rustling quality and she answered Case's questions shortly. The defense lawyer was slow and suave, almost gentle, in his dealing. He brought out that Jane Gibson's name was really Mary Easton. She said she had married William Easton in 1919. Later she corrected herself and made it 1900.

"Where?"

"Somewheres in church."

"Where?"

"I don't remember that."

"You remember the city or town?" asked Case insistently.

"No."

"You remember the State?"

"Jersey."

"Under what name?"

But whether Jane Gibson or Mary Easton, the woman had a mind of her own and she decided this had gone far enough. She simply refused to answer.

The defense brought in a multitude of other names, of men as well as women, but the witness denied everything. Case checked her up with what were evidently earlier records of her story, but she denied everything that did not go with her tale in court. The cross-examination dragged on slowly.

Juror No. 5 dropped off to sleep, head on chest. No. 9 jogged him heavily from in back. No. 5 opened his eyes and looked around and immediately closed them again.

Case brings out that she really did not hear a screech owl, but she thought "Mrs. Hall's" voice was a screech owl. What had she thought when she went back that time?

"I seen a woman kneeling down. I thought it was a white woman assaulted by a Negro. I says, 'It serves you right, lady, it serves you right.'"

"Why didn't you go to her aid?"

"Why, I thought it served her right. That's what I says."

The defense established the point that the "pig woman" "thought it was a white woman being assaulted," although only an hour or so earlier she had seen the group struggle, heard the oaths and shots and screams. Also the witness testified she had not found out about the murders for two weeks afterward. At this point the doctor leaned over to ask how she felt.

"For the Lord's sake"—her voice was querulous—"it's nothin' but chatter, chatter, chatter and talk, talk, talk."

Nurse and doctor took her temperature. Snyder walked

over to Simpson and said something sharply and the Prosecutor snapped back. It looked for a moment as if they might come to blows.

"See here"; old Justice Parker leaned over and rapped his gavel quickly. "If you're going to have any controversy with Mr. Simpson you'll have to have it outside."

The young doctor backed off to the bed, apologizing to the Court and the nurse busied herself giving Mrs. Gibson nourishment from the thermos bottles. It was 2.30 P. M. when Case said for the defense, "That's all." And Simpson called out, "No redirect."

And after the jury had passed out wearily and Dr. Snyder and Senator Simpson seemed on the verge of mixing it again, the stretcher-bearers got busy, and Jane Gibson rose up to make her final theatrical exclamation. Justice Parker called an hour's recess and all trooped out of the heated room for the rest.

# SIX FROM THE SPORTS PAGE, AND ONE FOR LUCK

ON THE sports page—the rumpus room of the newspaper—has developed, by custom more than plan, a liberty in opinion and manner of expression that you will not find even in the editor's chair. A sports writer may call a pugilist names a drama critic would hesitate to brand the dreariest actor. He may review a baseball game in language denied the crustiest book critic. Yet he is rarely sued, a fact which may or may not be due to the sagacity of sports writers. At any rate, amid the box scores and the racing results shines real freedom of the press—and some of its best and worst writing.

In the 1900's, when sports escaped the rule book governing the rest of the paper and pioneered the *New Yorker's* Infatuation-with-the-Sound-of-One's-Own-Words Department, it was not uncommon for a would-be Kipling to inform the fans: "Muggs the Magnificent tapped the platter with his mace, cut the ether twice, accepted a trio of wide ones and then poked the pellet into the sunfield for a brace of bags." Which was to say that Muggs, after two strikes and three balls, doubled to right.

Then Lardner came along to satirize the word-coiners and con-

fuse the sentimentalists. Ring's stuff was fresh air in a murk of rhetoric. One managing editor, who had bought Lardner's Busher letters from a syndicate, decided the releases in the paper were much duller than the salesman's samples. He discovered why when he consulted the assistant sports editor, a young man recently out of Senior English. "This Lardner's a bad writer," explained the perfectionist. "I have a terrible time correcting his grammar."

Some sports writing could still profit by that young man's pencil. But by and large the lack of pedantry makes the sports page the day's liveliest reading.

The golden age of sports writing fell in the golden age of sports, the 1920's—or so it seems to me. What other decade produced a Grange, a Dempsey, a Tilden, a Jones, a Ruth, a Man O' War? Or paraded them past a press-box adorned by Lardner, McGeehan, Rice, Runyon, Broun, Pegler, Kieran and their peers?

From that period come most of the sports stories printed here. I must confess that reasons other than sheer excellence influenced the editor. He wanted a variety of subjects; hence there is but one baseball story where many fine accounts of the national game might have made a book in themselves. There is nothing from the ringside; for this, see Brisbane's report of the Sullivan-Mitchell go in an earlier chapter. And there seemed little point in repeating Lardner's "best" or stories available in other anthologies.

In several instances the editor was fortunate to get the writer's own choice. Grantland Rice recalled, among millions of colorful words turned out in nearly fifty years of sports reporting, his story of Walter Johnson's stand against the Giants as a job he was not unproud of. Westbrook Pegler, another modest man, did not think much of his Battling Siki yarn, which more newspapermen suggested to me than any other story. But I badgered him and then it turned out that Julie Pegler had kept a copy for years—no mean tribute from a wife—and Peg allowed that maybe it wasn't too bad. "A funny thing—fellow who didn't like me killed it. If his boss hadn't picked it up by accident and put it on the wire, the thing never would have seen print."

The incident had its complement at Lake Placid when Eddie Neil, awed by a smashup on the bobsled run he had completed

safely only a few minutes before, wrote his impressions and then crumpled the pages on the floor of the telegraph office because "emotion has no place in a wire-service report." Quentin Reynolds, strolling in, took a curiosity peek and, without Neil's knowledge, filed the discarded copy to the Associated Press.

My authority is not Reynolds but Mrs. Helen Nolan Neil, then a reporter for the *New York American*. On that day she had covered a trial, thinking through tedious hours in the courtroom of Eddie's phone call the night before—"If I get the chance tomorrow, I'm going down the slide with the boys." And that message still haunted her as she walked through the February dusk to the headlines on the newsstands—"Four Badly Hurt in Bobsled Plunge." The minutes were very long until she got the AP on the phone and learned that Eddie, who was to die as a war correspondent in Spain six years later, was not among the hurt.

Damon Runyon, in his last gallant days, was another who helped me with remembrance. He would stroll in smiling, though the soft collar could not hide the burns the cancer treatments had left, and scratch on a pad the terse, shrewd notes that were his only voice. Generally they underlined the good work of other men, and often youngsters, for he was a great one to spot and boost the comers. But when I said, "Of your own stuff, what was best?" he kindly jotted down four suggestions. One was the story of a polo game, unique because the extraordinary Runyon wrote as an ordinary guy, to make a rich man's sport the ordinary guy's, too.

Runyon, Broun, Pegler, Neil—they and others who began on the sports page ended as top correspondents, columnists, critics, commentators. Perhaps it isn't fair, remembering Runyon at Franklin Roosevelt's funeral or Pegler's one-man war against union racketeers or Broun, the fighting liberal, to single out for this record some simple assignment that was all in a sport day's work. But they loved sports and sports made them and—I don't know—perhaps most readers, looking back, respond to reputation as did one who was very close to Broun. This friend said with a loving chuckle, "D'you know what I always remember when I think of Heywood? It was a little football story he did about a fellow named Into. Gee, I'd like to read that again!"

# RICE AT THERMOPYLAE

WALTER JOHNSON threw the fastest baseball ever thrown. He broke most American League pitching records; he once fanned four men in one inning and actually struck out Sam Crawford with only two strikes. On a dark day Johnson pretended to throw the ball, the catcher smacked his mitt and both Crawford and the umpire assumed the invisible "third" was one of Walter's faster ones. He was the Big Train. But not until 1924, when he was thirty-seven years old and had been pitching for Washington for seventeen years, did he get into a World Series.

And then he lost in two starts against the Giants. It looked as though the Big Train was at the end of his run. But Washington tied the series three games to three and tied the score of the seventh game three and three in the eighth inning. Johnson went in to hold the fort.

In the pressbox at Griffith Park sat a man as beloved by his brother writers as Johnson was by baseball players. Grantland Rice was forty-four, seven years senior to the fellow down there on the mound whom he could affectionately refer to as "Old Barney." Fortunately, newspapermen are not "old" at the age athletes become senile. Rice was famous, in verse and prose, for his chivalric view of sports. A goal-line stand was a Thermopylae and a winning stroke Excalibur's. Never, in the history of sports and writers, was the moment more exquisite for the man.

Herewith Rice's story in the *New York Tribune* next day.

## By GRANTLAND RICE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Destiny, waiting for the final curtain, stepped from the wings to-day and handed the king his crown.

In the most dramatic moment of baseball's sixty years of history the wall-eyed goddess known as Fate, after waiting eighteen years, led Walter Johnson to the pot of shining gold that waits at the rainbow's end.

For it was Johnson, the old Johnson, brought back from other years with his blazing fast ball singing across the plate for the last four rounds, that stopped the Giant attack, from the ninth inning through the twelfth and gave Washington's fighting ball club its world series victory by the score of 4 to 3, in the seventh game of a memorable struggle.

Washington won just at the edge of darkness, and it was Johnson's great right arm that turned the trick. As Earl McNeely singled and Muddy Ruel galloped over the plate with the winning run in the last of the twelfth, 38,000 people rushed on the field with a roar of triumph never heard before, and for more than thirty minutes, packed in one vast, serried mass around the bench, they paid Johnson and his mates a tribute that no one present will ever forget. It was something beyond all belief, beyond all imagining. Its crashing echoes are still singing out across the stands, across the city, on into the gathering twilight of early autumn shadows. There was never a ball game like this before, never a game with as many thrills and heart throbs strung together in the making of drama that came near tearing away the soul, to leave it limp and sagging, drawn and twisted out of shape.

Washington, facing the last of the eighth inning, was a beaten team, with the dream about closed out. And then like a heavy blast from hidden explosives, a rally started that



tied the score, the two most important tallies of baseball lore sweeping over the plate as Bucky Harris's infield blow skirted the ground and suddenly leaped upward over Lindstrom's glove.

It was this single from the great young leader that gave Johnson his third and final chance. For, as the Giants came to bat in the ninth, with the score knotted at 3 and 3, there came once more the old familiar figure, slouching across the infield sod to his ancient home in the box. Here once more was the mighty moment, and as 38,000 stood and cheered, roared and raved, Johnson began to set the old-time fast one singing on its way. With only one out in the ninth inning, Frank Frisch struck a triple to deep center, but in the face of this emergency "Old Barney" turned back to something lost from his vanished youth, and as Kelly tried in vain to bring Frisch home, the tall Giant suddenly found himself facing the Johnson of a decade ago—blinding, baffling speed that struck him out and closed down on the rally with the snap of death.

Johnson was on his way, and neither Destiny nor the Giants could head him off. He had suffered two annihilations, but his mighty moment had come and he was calling back stuff from a dozen years ago. To show that he was headed for another triumph and that young blood was coursing through his veins again, he came to the eleventh and struck out Frisch and Kelly. It was the first time in four years of world series play that any pitcher had struck out the keen-eyed Frisch. But the Fordham Flash to-day was facing the Johnson that used to be, the Johnson that nailed them all, the high and low alike, with a fast ball that few could see and fewer still could hit.

All this while the drama of the day was gathering intensity from round to round. Washington missed a great chance in the eleventh after Goslin had doubled, but the end was now near at hand. The human heart couldn't hold out many

moments longer. The strain was too great for any team or any crowd to stand. Thirty-eight thousand pulses were jumping in a dozen different directions at the same moment as nervous systems were going to certain destruction.

For four innings now Johnson had faced Nehf, Bentley and McQuillan and two of these had been his conquerors. He was on the verge of getting his complete revenge in one sudden swirl of action. Still cool, serene and steady with the old right arm coming through with its easy and endless rhythm, Johnson again rolled back the Giant charge in the twelfth. In these four innings he had fanned five men, and most of them were struck down when a hit meant sudden death.

The long, gray afternoon shadows had now crept almost across the field. There was grave doubt that even another inning could have been played when fate in the shape of a catcher's mask intervened. With one man out and Bentley pitching Ruel lifted a high foul back of the plate. Hank Gowdy, one of the most reliable of all who play, started for the ball, but in dancing beneath it his feet became entangled in the mask and before he could regain his balance the ball dropped safely to earth through his hands.

This was the spot which destiny picked as the place to hand "Old Barney" the long delayed crown, for Ruel on the next swing doubled to left. Johnson was safe on Jackson's error at short, and with only one out McNeely decided to follow the Harris attack. He slashed one along the ground to third, and as Lindstrom came in for the ball for the second time in the game the ball suddenly bounded high over his head as Ruel crossed with the run that brought world series glory to Washington's game and crippled club.

The hit that tied it up and the hit that won were almost identical, perfect duplicates, as each reared itself from the lowly sod as if lifted by a watchful and guiding fate that had decided in advance that Washington must win. In the

wake of this hit the ravings and the roarings again came near dislodging the giant rafters of the big stands. For this was the hit that meant Johnson's triumph, the hit that meant Washington's victory.

No club from the sixty years of play ever came from behind as often to break down the ramparts and get to the top. But Washington had the habit, and even when crippled and almost beaten Harris and his mates refused to waver for a moment as they formed again with what remnants were left to lead another counter charge. It was a home run by Harris that gave Washington its first score, and it was the manager's single that gave Johnson his closing chance to follow the old dream to the end of the route.

While Barnes held the winners to one hit for six innings, he weakened at last and McGraw threw in Nehf, McQuillan and Bentley in a vain effort to save a waning cause. Washington, needing two games to win on Wednesday night, had won them both by one of the gamest exhibitions in the long span of all competitive sport.

Another perfect day with another spread of blue sky and yellow sun, the seventh in succession, helped to bring about the second \$1,000,000 world series, the first being last year. This made the fourth \$1,000,000 program in American sport, Dempsey-Carpentier, Dempsey-Firpo and two world series with the former fight on top by nearly a million iron men.

The gathering around the Presidential box just before the first salvo was fired indicated the day's first excitement. When the cameramen reached the scene in the scurrying groups they discovered the President and Mrs. Coolidge, Secretary Slep, Judge Landis, John J. McGraw, Bucky Harris and Clark Griffith all set for the last official pose of the long war's final day. With the ball park packed to the ultimate elbow, the crowd outside was even larger, as endless lines extended back around corners and alongside streets

almost blocking traffic. Inside it was a quieter and more tense gathering than the day before, with a part of the pre-game chatter stilled.

It was not until Warren Harvey Ogden, "The Sheik of Swarthmore," struck out Fred Lindstrom to start the game that rolling waves of sound indicated the amount of suppressed excitement.

After Ogden had walked Frisch he gave way to Mogridge with a string of left-handed hitters up, including Terry. The idea was to have Terry announced with a right-hander pitching so that if once removed with a left-hander in he was out of the series.

Great plays began to sparkle early like diamonds shining in the sun. In the second inning Hack Wilson slapped one along the ground at a whistling clip almost over second base. Here was a budding hit, if we ever saw one. But Bluege, who is remarkably fast, cut over and by an almost impossible effort knocked the ball down with his glove, scooped it up with the right and nailed his man at first from short center by a cannon ball throw.

In the third inning Joe Judge started one toward right center with a rising inflection. It was on its way to gold and glory when Frank Frisch broke the high jump record and cut off a budding triple. After three innings and a half of brilliant pitching the first big crash came in the fourth. Here, with one out, came Bucky Harris reaching for another laurel sprig. His line drive over Hack Wilson carried into the stands, although Hack almost broke his massive spine in trying to pull down the drive. His impact with the low, green barricade sounded like a barrel of crockery being pushed down the cellar stairs.

Just a moment later the same Hack, having recovered his breath, came racing in for a low, rakish hit by Rice. He dived for the ball and dug it up six inches from the turf, skating

along for many feet upon his broad and powerful system, stomach down. Here was another hit totally ruined by fancy fielding.

The sixth was replete with loud noises and much strategy. It was here that the stout Washington defense cracked wide open. Mogridge started the trouble by passing Pep Young. Kelly laced a long single to center, sending Young scurrying around to third. Here McGraw sent in Meusel to hit for Terry and Harris countered by removing Mogridge, the southpaw, and sending Marberry to the rifle pit. Meusel lifted a long sacrifice fly to Sam Rice, scoring Young. Wilson followed with a lusty hit, sending Kelly to third. Here the run getting should have ended.

Jackson tapped one sharply to Judge at first, and Judge, attempting to hurry the play for the plate, first fumbled the ball and lost his bearings completely as Young scored, Jackson reached first and Wilson moved to second on a simple chance. Gowdy tapped one along the ground toward Bluege, and this brilliant infielder let the ball trickle between his feet to left field as Wilson came over with the third run. It was a pitiful infield collapse after a day of superb support up to this moth-eaten spot. The infield cave-in gave the Giants two extra runs and a tidy lead.

The eighth was the most dramatic spot of the entire series. It was full of throbs, thrills and noises. With one out, Nemo Leibold, batting for Taylor, doubled down the left field line. This started the racket with a howl and a roar. Ruel then drew his first hit of the series, an infield blow that Kelly knocked down but couldn't field. With the clamor increasing at every moment, Tate, batting for Marberry, walked, filling the bases, with only one out. There was a brief lull as McNeely flied out. The vocal spasm broke loose with renewed fury when Harris rapped one sharply toward Lindstrom, and the ball, after skirting the ground, suddenly bounded high over Lindstrom's head for the single that

scored Leibold and Ruel and tied it up. Harris had driven in all three runs and the gathering paid its noisiest acclaim.

It was Art Nehf who checked the Washington's assault and it was Walter Johnson who hurried in to face the Giants in the ninth with his third shot at destiny.

For a moment in the ninth he rocked and reeled on the edge of the precipice. With one out Frisch tripled to deep center. But after Johnson had purposely passed Pep Young he struck out Kelly and then led Meusel to an infield out that left Frisch stranded far from home.

Washington came within a span of winning in the ninth. With one gone Joe Judge laced a single to center. Bluege tapped to Kelly at first and Kelly whipped the ball at high speed to Jackson, the ball bounding away from Jackson's glove as Judge raced to third. A man on third and first and only one out—what a chance. But Miller rammed one sharply to Jackson at short and a crushing double play wiped out Washington's chance with Judge almost home.

Groh, batting for McQuillan, opened the ninth with a clean hit. He limped to first and gave way to Southworth. Lindstrom sacrificed, but Johnson, calling on all he had, struck out Frisch and Kelly in a row, Frisch fanning for the first time in four years of world series play.

It was Johnson's day at last.

# BROUN ON THE CAMPUS

BROUN OF Harvard took a day off from covering theatricals for the *New York Tribune* and went down to Princeton to see the Nassaus play the Yales. No doubt he felt a little jocose about this contest between two minor clubs of the Ivy League and wrote it that way when the Tiger won 20 to 0, worst drubbing he ever gave the Bulldog, said the headlines. Broun was jocose in many ways in that bright dawn of the 1920's. His novels and columns were all ahead of him, the *World*, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the *World-Telegram*, the Newspaper Guild, his conversion to the Catholic Church, his death at fifty-one that grieved so many, some who scarcely knew him. "It is a great pity," he could write, "that all the circumstances of a big game compel young college players to take everything so seriously." Heywood, as you will see, did not: this is that Into story his friend remembered. Into played left tackle for Yale.

By HEYWOOD BROUN

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 13.—Princeton, hitherto believed to be this side of paradise, sent a line smash through

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the pearly gates this afternoon and defeated Yale by 20 to 0. The score would have been larger but for the brilliant work of Into. He was a tough proposition. It might even be said that he was a tough preposition. He was stalwart on defense, good on attack, but a bad man to end a sentence with.

This, however, is supposed to be a skipping story of the game and ought to start at the beginning. We trust that the reader will take it for granted that the Palmer Stadium was full, the hotels crowded, the town gay with bunting and pretty girls. This year they are wearing woolen stockings.

Just before the whistle blew Captains Tim Callahan of Yale and Mike Callahan, of Princeton, walked out into the middle of the gridiron. The referee said: "I guess I don't have to introduce you boys," and he was quite right, because the Callahans are brothers.

Mrs. Callahan believes in scattering her sons. She follows the old adage of "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." There is still another Callahan who is preparing for Ursinus. Mrs. Callahan believes that by trying all the colleges at least one of her sons is going to get an education.

Tim asked, "What's the news from home?" And Mike said, "Well, I had a letter last week," but before he could read it the referee interrupted by tossing a coin, and, as Tim is the elder, Mike let him win and choose his own goal. It was the only thing Yale won during the afternoon.

The two captains then returned to the side lines and gathered their respective teams around them for a few last words. Tim said "Fight hard, men!" and Mike said "Smash 'em, boys!" These are brave words, but it's in the breed.

Then, the game began, and we noticed as it went along that, though the passes tossed by the Murphys, the Gilroys and the Garritys did not always go to the designated receiver, there was generally some Irishman there to catch them.

Franklin Pierce Adams, who sat in the next seat, promised



to give us first chance on anything he might say during the game, but after two periods the best he could do was to remark that there were three great plunging backs on the grid-iron, "And the greatest of these is Garrity." Then he left to go to another place in the stand where he had some friends who hadn't heard it.

Princeton began as if to sweep Yale right off the field. After Yale had punted, following the kick-off, Lourie went around right end for thirty-five yards. Whenever a Yale man approached Lourie stuck out his thumb, like little Jack Horner, and proceeded about his business. It was most enjoyable.

Damon Runyon immediately declared that he was going to send his son to Princeton and Frank O'Malley said his was also going there. That will be mighty convenient in the big game of 1936, because whenever Harvard needs five or six yards for a first down the quarterback will give the ball to H. Brown 3d, and say, "Smash Runyon!" And if a scoring play is needed he can be sent around O'Malley.

However, although Princeton gained a lot of ground nothing came of it in the first period and Runyon began to weaken a little on his decision and said he heard Penn State well spoken of.

Just after the second period began Murrey sent a beautiful drop-kick over from the 35-yard line at a hard angle. Your correspondent thinks it safe to assume that the readers of the Tribune will realize that much cheering from the Princeton stands followed and all that will be omitted.

With the half almost ended, Princeton had the ball on Yale's forty-yard line and big Keck dropped back for what seemed to be a try for a placement goal. Many in the stands and some on the field were suspicious, but Princeton carried out the deception admirably. The ball was passed to Lourie, who lay prone, and he made a motion as if to place it on the ground. Then he jumped up and began to run.

Keck was ahead of him, and it was hard to see Lourie from in front. He ran toward the sideline before turning toward the Yale goal. One man in Blue was chasing him and seemed to be near enough almost all the way to stretch out his hand and say "Tag." He failed to think of this, and in the race for the goal Lourie was first, with the Yale man a good second.

Musing between the halves as Yale and Princeton sang about God and country, and Yale and Old Nassau and Princeton's honor, and the rest of the sentiments which go to make up an afternoon, we began to reflect that numbering the players didn't help as much as we thought it would. After all it would be almost as satisfactory to know that a touchdown had been scored on a pass from one Princeton man to another as that it had come from 16 or 28 to somebody who looked a little like 39, but might be 7. Of course, it might help a little if they would use nonpareil instead of agate.

Princeton's touchdown in the third quarter was easy, for Murphy muffed a twisting punt from Scheerer and Mike Callahan carried the ball over the line. We noticed when Murphy went out of the game a little later that he buried his head in his hands and seemed terribly broken up about his error.

It is a great pity that all the circumstances of a big game compel young college players to take everything so seriously. Looking at the universe from a cosmic point of view it doesn't make much difference that Murphy dropped the punt, but he could not see it that way.

Princeton scored again when Keck kicked a placement goal from Yale's 36-yard line after a fair catch. Keck has great dramatic ability as well as skill in kicking goals. In the third period they carried him off the gridiron, and a few minutes later he turned up in the line-up and hit the crossbar from the 50-yard line. But for his injury he would undoubtedly have booted the ball over the wall of the stadium. At this point there was not a little sparring back and forth, and

Yale sent in Eddie Eagan, the Olympic light-heavyweight champion.

Bye and bye the whistle blew, and again we think it is safe to assume that the reader knows that all the Princeton men from years and years back came to the field to snake-dance and throw their hats over the goal posts.

Mike went over to Tim and took out the letter to begin where he had been interrupted by the referee.

"Aunt Sally's a little better," he said.

"Damn Aunt Sally!" said Tim.

## PEGLER AMONG THE PLATONIANS

BATTLING SIKI, whose real name was Louis Phal, charmed the boxing public because he laughed and was tough. He was very tough. A Senegalese, he won the Croix de Guerre in World War One and afterward knocked out Georges Carpentier, idol of France. Then Siki became idol of France himself in emerald suits, red fez and a monkey on his shoulder. In the United States, no longer light heavyweight champion of the world, Siki first was a hit and then a bum. Wine-drunkard, brawler, cop-fighter, he was mourned by none the night two bullets in his back laid him dead in a gutter of Hell's Kitchen.

Not for eight more years was Westbrook Pegler to try his wings among those eagles of journalism privileged to write fact and opinion about almost everything—"cosmos stuff," he calls it. He was then Eastern Sports Correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*

and allied papers. But surely, in the piece he did on Siki's passing, he was already whetting the philosopher's stone.

The story in the *New York Daily News*—"Civilization a Joke, Siki Found"—attracted much attention. The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, preaching the funeral sermon later that day, took as his text, "Civilization is more to blame than he was."

### By WESTBROOK PEGLER

Battling Siki, who tried hard to understand civilization but never quite got the idea, will be trundled out over the roads to Long Island today and buried in the civilized way without a single thump of the tom-tom. A negro minister will commend him to the mercy of the Christian God and negroes will shoulder the casket from the tail-board of the motor hearse at the brink of the hole, but even so there will be nobody there who really understood Siki because the difference was no mere matter of complexion.

In fact, the one person who knew Battling Siki best and loved him as a man loves a friendly but mischievous pet, was a white man, Bob Levy, his fight manager. Siki called him Papa Bob and often assaulted him with moist kisses in the same conciliatory way that a chicken-killing airedale with feathers in its whiskers might slap its master on the cheek with eight inches of sopping tongue.

Siki had heard a lot about the virtues of civilization in a dozen years of exposure to its decorous influence, but in the last minute of his life, when he fell in a dirty gutter in Hell's Kitchen, where the lights of Broadway throw deep shadows and churches face speakeasies across the street, civilization must have been a puzzle and a josh to him.

As Siki stumbled over the curb and his dented plug hat bounced away he may have giggled at the irony of the matter, for he had come all the way from the jungle to the haunts of civilization and chivalry to be shot in the back. He couldn't have received a worse deal back home, where they make no great boast of their civilization.

Siki was one who could giggle with his last gasp, too. He laughed right in Paul Berlenbach's face throughout their fight in the old Garden and the harder Paul slugged him the more he seemed to enjoy the joke. It wasn't that laborious, sneering laugh that a suffering fighter uses to pretend that he can't be hurt.

When Siki laughed it wasn't a mere matter of puckering his face. His mouth would gape open till it looked like a satchel with a red lining and you'd find yourself laughing with him.

*As Siki got the idea, civilization was something that was supposed to make men do things they didn't want to do and tried to curtail their natural enjoyment of life. Civilization was a good thing in theory, but it didn't work and Siki saw proof that it didn't work.*

For one thing, under civilization, if a man stole your woman, or your ox, or your land you were not allowed to go over to that man's house and razor his head off in person. You were supposed to call a cop and maybe, after a long time, the man would be locked up in a cage for a term of months or years. However, it was against the rules of civilization to kill people.

And then civilization fell out with itself and Siki was given a gun with a knife on the end of it and invited to kill every one he saw wearing a certain kind of uniform.

Under civilization a man was allowed just one wife at a time and by the strict rule he was supposed to be true to her.

But Siki rattled around Paris enough to learn that civilization was, in civilized language, the bunk in this respect.

Siki came to the United States and they told him civilization had made a law whereby it was wrong to drink liquor. Siki had heard that civilization laid considerable store by its laws. By orderly obedience to the law did the civilized man show his superiority over the wild man.

And then Siki toured half of the United States and found civilized men everywhere, both white and black, who would sell him liquor and get him stewed contrary to the statutes. He was more often drunk than sober in a civilized land where the law plainly said there shouldn't be any liquor.

Siki went to night clubs and to the weird squealing of the woodwinds and the muffled thump of tom-toms, the music of civilization, he saw half-naked black-and-tans wiggling and squirming in the dances of an enlightened tribe.

He fought in the ring and when blood showed the civilized crowds came up from their chairs roaring.

So from what he saw of it, Siki frankly didn't get the plot of this business called civilization. The whole thing was too much for the simple mind of a primitive African, who got a late start at the racket.

## RUNYON AMONG THE RICH

DAMON RUNYON started life as a newspaper reporter at sixteen and ended it at sixty-two, still in the saddle. Between those years he became famous as an author of fiction and a writer-

producer of successful movies. Yet never when the chips piled highest and other fields shone greenest did he leave, even briefly, newspaper work. When his pals follow him to the last adventure, they will surely find Runyon in a section labeled "Active Press."

His troubles, before he died of cancer in December, 1946, had brought him to the breaking point. Illness depleted all his resources and he stood very much alone. In the dark hours he turned to his work as other men do to religion. And many readers told his editors, who got copy from Runyon until his fingers could not move to the typewriter, that it was the best of his career.

Runyon covered Franklin D. Roosevelt's funeral with a trained nurse at his side and tried to reach Jimmy Walker's from a hospital bed. In brighter days his erect saunter and tasty style—he was something of a dude about his clothes—marked him among those present at most of the wars, trials, executions, conventions, parades and major sports contests of his time.

On such a day, when the September sun caressed the society mob at Old Westbury, Runyon crossed his neat ankles above the turf of millionaires and described what he was pleased to term "shinny on horseback."

This was the first game of the 1930 international polo matches.

### By DAMON RUNYON

WESTBURY, N. Y., Sept. 6.—That squatty old silver mug that wouldn't hock for much in any pawn broker's in the world, but which is emblematic of international supremacy on the polo field, and has cost millions of dollars one way and another, doesn't seem likely to be tagged for shipment overseas this year.

The brisk cavalry charge of the American polo four at Meadow Brook this afternoon swept the British challengers

from the turfed field in the first game of the 1930 series for the Westchester Cup, and the 10 to 5 victory was easy.

Practically from the time the little white ball first bounded along the green, the American horsemen, Pedley, Hopping, Hitchcock and Guest, were masters of the situation.

I have said it was an easy victory for the Americans and yet the first six chukkers or periods were desperately fought. There was rodeo riding on both sides and in the tangles of men and horses luck often helped the Stars and Stripes. But even so, the Americans demonstrated a certain definite superiority in the minds of the polo experts, than whom there are none experter.

Eric Pedley, the California man, who played at No. 1 on the American team, and Earle A. S. Hopping, who was at No. 2, were the glittering stars of the American side. Pedley knocked off five of the American goals and Hopping three. Tommy Hitchcock, captain of the team, got the other two.

A fellow was whispering to your correspondent after the game a tale of Hopping that may or may not be true. 'Tis said Hopping's father was once a candidate for an American team in a big series like this, but that vague social barriers were raised against him because he had once been a horse dealer, or something else deemed socially unworthy of polo.

His son today gallantly avenged any polo slight against his sire. He got away to rather an indifferent start, but presently he was fairly setting the grass afire. He was kicking around in every play. Pedley was magnificent. Tommy Hitchcock, the dashing young fellow who is accounted the greatest living polo player couldn't outshine the Californian today, though Hitchcock is always a great man when he is astraddle a polo pony with a mallet in his fist. Pedley is the first man from west of the Mississippi to play on an International four, and he won enough glory today to give each State beyond the big water a fair share.

Of the representatives of Great Britain, Lewis Lacey,



born in Canada, but really out of the Argentine, was best. There are few better polo players in the world than Lacey. He scored three of the five goals scored by the British. Captain Roark, an Irishman, played well until he hurt one of his hands.

There were 40,000 people in the stands cheering the Americans on, but by the time the game was over few had any doubt of the result of the second game Wednesday.

This scene was laid in the heart of that vast tree-swathed stretch of Long Island flatness that is known as Salisbury Plains. The nearest town is Westbury. Around Westbury are the wide estates of some of our richest citizens. The great hangars of Mitchel Field adjoin the polo field. Throughout the warm, lazy afternoon airplanes were drifting down onto Mitchel Field like huge birds.

The sun shone with great heat. Many women in the stands raised brightly colored parasols before the game. A light breeze occasionally rippled the American and British flags that dotted the top rail of the stands and stirred the leaves of the trees that show above the long, low, bright blue pavilions.

There is another field adjoining nature's billiard table on which the internationalists played today. It is used mainly for practice games. In this part of Long Island ground sells by the pound, so they've got a fortune tied up in these two fields.

Though the game didn't start until 4 o'clock, the Long Island roads leading to Meadow Brook were clogged with traffic from early afternoon. Thousands of motorists used the famous motor parkway, which you can travel at the cost of a dollar, and go as fast as you please.

Special trains on the Long Island Railroad unloaded packed cars at the gates of the polo field, where the mob of ticket hustlers and souvenir venders, that follow every big Eastern sports event, were kicking up the dust. Literally acres

of automobiles were packed around the field, some as far removed from the scene as a mile.

The game was set for a late hour in the afternoon to give the roaring mob at Belmont Park time to get to Meadow Brook after the running of the Lawrence Realization.

As early as 1 o'clock there were little picnic parties spread out on the grass behind the stands, munching hard boiled eggs and ham sandwiches and what-not. Chiefly what-not. At first glance, it looked as if the most aristocratic event in American sport might be going democratic, but closer scrutiny of what the picnickers were eating disclosed them as real blue bloods. They had no salami in their baskets.

Mr. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, the famous author, once a member of the proletariat, but now of the keener social set of East Hampton, was an early arrival and sat down on the grass with a number of sports writers, explaining he wished to see how the other half lives. However, when the representatives of the smarter families of the Hamptons hove in sight, Mr. Cobb would hastily rise to his feet so the society folks would get the impression he merely had paused to drop a kindly word or two to his grooms.

Mr. Cobb recalled that your correspondent made a polo expert of him some fifteen years ago, and he also finally admitted he does not know any more about polo now than he did then except that it is something everybody attends.

That is to say, everybody that is anybody.

They staged a grand entrance before the game, just like a circus. The ponies were led past the stands, all saddled and bridled, and with their legs swathed in bandages. A groom led each pony.

The British were first, with a trumpeter in the uniform of a British soldier marching at the head of the column and tooting a fanfare. Behind him, flanked by other soldiers, came a soldier carrying the British flag. The crowd stood with bared heads in salute as the colors passed.

Then came the American ponies, headed by the American colors in charge of a guard of three soldiers. A soldier trumpeter preceded them, letting fly frequent blasts on a long bugle. He wore white leggings, a white Sam Browne belt and a white overseas cap, and looked very proud and nifty.

The American horses were a racy looking lot. No. 1, a prancing gray, was pointed out by many fingers as Tommy Hitchcock's famous mount, Estrella. Nowadays polo ponies are not really ponies, as we understand the term pony. They look more like quarter horses. Also, they cost plenty.

By the time the grand entry was over the stands were pretty well filled, and among the inmates of the blue pavilions were representatives of all the socially prominent families in the land of the free and the home of the brave, besides many big-wigs from England. You could file a copy of the social register with the mere introduction "among those present were," and not be far wrong.

It cost each occupant of a reserved seat \$13.75 to be present, but there were general admissions at \$2 and \$3. Thus polo was put in reach of all—or almost.

The Panama hat and white flannel trousers survived among many of the males, although it is September, and a lot of the gals also clung to their sports clothes. However, my operative in ladies' wear, who made a hasty inspection of the mob, brought back a report that the feminine color scheme was mainly brown, and that the spiffiest dressers in the crowd were in tweeds. Imagine!

There was much visiting back and forth, and around and about, among the occupants of the west stand, where society sat, and your correspondent learned that the proper salutation among the higher classes is "how-jee-do," all run together like one syllable.

Thinking no doubt of the rains of yesteryears, many of the spectators brought wraps. You identified all Britishers by their "gamps," or umbrellas.

The gentlemen of the press were posted on the topmost rows of the west stand, mid the waving flags. One of these flags was a nice light blue, with "M. B. C." on it, which waved over a small insert in the west pavilion and was dedicated to members of the very exclusive Meadow Brook Club.

At one end of the field, with a low-lying green stable in the background, the ponies were led about swathed in white blankets, while grooms, in tight riding breeches and tighter leather leggings, rushed around among the steeds. From the tops of big vans, motion picture operators ground away busily with their cameras.

The first American player to show up on the field with a nag under him was Tommy Hitchcock, and he got a big hand as he galloped past the east stand. The American players wore short sleeved white jerseys and white helmets. The British players wore dark blue jerseys.

It was after 4 o'clock when they lined up in the center of the field, a careening group of men and horses, with the referee, Louis E. Stoddard, among them, mounted on a bay pony and wearing brown riding togs. A moment later the game was under way.

Within five minutes, Roark, of the British team, had belted the little white ball between the American goal posts for the first score, and the crowd chirped shrilly. Before the chirps had died away, Pedley, the Californian, had tied the score, but presently Lacey, of the British team, again rapped the ball through the American posts.

This ball is made of willow wood and is about the size of a baseball, only much lighter. The balls used today were made in England. It bounds and rolls far under the impact of the long-handled, wooden-headed mallets used by the players.

A technical description of a polo game would be tedious to any but the most ardent follower of the game. However, it is simple enough once it is understood. Polo is shinny on horseback. No matter how they disguise and dress it up, it re-

mains shinny. Just as hockey is shinny under another name. The principle is the same.

One side is trying to knock the ball through the other side's goal. The science of polo is mainly in the riding. It takes quite a horseman to wheel and turn one of those polo ponies around the field in pursuit of a skipping ball.

Before the end of the first period, Tommy Hitchcock, the American captain, dismounted briefly for some purpose not altogether clear.

Early in the second period Pedley again tied the score for the Americans with a nifty, long-range rap. This Pedley is quite a polo player. He rode a brisk nag called Son of the Hills in the early part of the game.

The ponies are quite as important as the players. They have to have plenty of "savvy" about the game. The steeds on the field today are the pick of the world, and some of them seemed to be getting as much of a bang out of the play as the riders or spectators.

Late in the second period, from a very difficult angle off to one side and about twenty-five yards away, Pedley gave the white pill a smash that sent it skipping across the green grass as straight and true between the English posts as if it were rolling in a groove. The crowd, which had been warming up rather gradually, let go a full-lunged yell. It was a corking shot.

A moment later Gerald Balding, of the British team, got loose from the pack just in front of his own goal and started dribbling the ball the length of the field, with Winston Guest galloping furiously in pursuit. The crowd saw a great race. It looked as if Balding might score, but on a shot that might have carried the tally with it he knocked the ball out of bounds.

The second period ended with the score 3 to 2, in favor of the Americans.

Immediately on the opening of the third period, Balding,

of the British, picked up the ball after Lacey had started it on its way and banged it between the American posts to tie the count once more. Time was called as Balding dismounted for a moment.

When play was resumed Roark took command of the ball and swept it along half the length of the field only to miss the important shot.

Captain Roark, of the British, broke off his mallet head and tried to smack the ball with the other end. He also hurt his hand a bit, but not enough to prevent his using a new mallet with considerable skill.

Earle Hopping, No. 2 man on the American team, pushed into the limelight just before the period ended. He got the ball in about midfield and pursued it toward the British goal, but finally made a shot that seemed sure to roll out of bounds. Hopping gave his pony an extra nudge, caught up with the rolling ball and, by a curious twisting rap from a tough angle, scored a goal.

At the close of each period a mob of laborers would rush out on the field and tamp out the hoof holes in the turf with strange looking wooden instruments.

In the fourth period Tommy Hitchcock started the Americans to their fifth goal by a remarkable drive from midfield that was picked up by Guest and then by Pedley, the latter completing the goal with an easy back-hand crack. Hitchcock's driving had been terrific throughout. He makes that little white ball fairly chatter.

The end of the fourth period also was the end of the half, and the crowd took a good stretch. During the recess, your correspondent learned some interesting things about international polo.

It seems there is only one Englishman on the British team. Roark, the captain, is an Irishman. So is Guinness. Lacey was born in Canada and raised in the Argentine. Balding is English, but has been in this country for some years.

Hitchcock and Hopping are Americans, but Guest is an Englishman naturalized in this country. Pedley's father was English, though the son was born in California. And there you are.

In the early minutes of the fifth period there was some red hot riding up and down the field and some great mallet work, with misses at goal closer than the next second.

Finally Hopping pegged a seventy-yard drive through the British posts for America's sixth marker. Out of a fast scrimmage immediately afterwards Lacey "gooled" one, as the proletariat would put it, for dear old England, and the game began to take on the aspect of a closer contest.

Seldom a closer or faster stretch of polo playing ever has been seen than that which covered the next five minutes of play, with Tommy Hitchcock coming out of the tangle with his first goal—a beautiful drive through a welter of horses' legs.

But immediately thereafter Lacey pulled the British up by taking the ball half the length of the field to Britain's fifth goal.

The sixth was the hottest chukker of the day. It was loaded with sensational riding on both sides. It set the mob on edge.

In the seventh chukker Hitchcock passed the ball to Pedley, who stopped it, and then Hopping took hold of it and belted it on through the British posts for the easiest goal of the day.

Tommy Hitchcock came out for the last chukker, mounted on the gray Katrina, and an expert muttered:

"He's taking no chances."

Some of the crowd commenced to leave. With one chukker to go and the British three goals behind, they were conceded little chance. In fact, the betting against them at this time was any price. Speaking of betting the American started 7 to 5 favorites.

Hitchcock, on his gray pony made a very easy goal right at the start of the period.

Roark was struck by a driven ball and there was a slight delay while his left hand was bandaged. The crowd applauded when he mounted again.

A foul was called against Hopping and the ball taken back to the American goal and driven out. Another foul was called immediately afterwards and the umpires seemed to disagree, as there was a halt while they trotted their horses to the side line for a conference with the referee, Louis E. Stoddard.

No penalty was imposed, and when play was resumed, Pedley took charge of a long pass from Hopping and knocked off another goal for America. England now had a hopeless task.

## A RIDE WITH THE RED DEVILS

THE ANCIENT Greeks fared better with the Olympic Games than the heirs of the ages who revived them in 1896.

The Greeks started the games as an implement for peace to unite hostile tribes. They did. For more than one thousand years these contests flourished without interruption. The modern games lost out to war twice in less than fifty years. One war took the life of a great Olympic reporter.



Edward J. Neil went up to Lake Placid for the Associated Press in February, 1932. The United States had not had the games since 1904. Winter sports had been added to the events only eight years before; bobsledding at the last previous Olympiad in Amsterdam. Great crowds turned out to watch the skaters and the skiers at Placid but the big thrill was the daredevils on the long slide. How Eddie Neil rode with them and wrote a yarn, only to kill it, has been told in the introduction to this chapter. Here is the story that won a Pulitzer citation.

By EDWARD J. NEIL

They took me down the most dangerous mile and a half in the entire sports world today, gave me thrills enough to last a lifetime, and then before my eyes laid the picture of sudden death and destruction.

Seven o'clock in the morning, deadly cold on top of Mount Van Hoevenberg, and the bobsledders of eight nations, men who can't have nerves, laughed and chatted. At their feet lay the Frankenstein contraptions known as bobsleds, 500 pounds of steel and oak.

We were at the start of the Olympic bob-slide, mile and a half of ice twisting through twenty-five awesome bends and hairpin curves down the mountain, the racing strip that in two days has sent eight Germans to the hospital. Today it all but killed two.

The starter gets word from a telephone strung along the side that all is clear.

"Get ready," he yells. "To the mark. Harry Homberger's Red Devils."

"You asked for it, let's go," Harry shouts.

He's a pleasant kid of 26, a civil engineer from Saranac

Lake, who built the slide. He is a pilot, four lives and a steering wheel in his grasp.

They say he's the greatest bobsled driver ever—the Albie Booth of bobsleds; 158 pounds, but his shoulders widest in the crew. His world record is 1:52 for one and a half miles.

We pull on brilliant red jackets, leather helmets that cover the face entirely, leaving slits for eyes and mouth. We settle on the sled, bracing feet, gripping straps with hands shielded in padded gloves. I was No. 3, between huge Percy Bryant and the brakeman, Ed Horton, who yanks the steel jaws that clutch at the ice when we need to slow down.

Solemnly men of other nations shake our hands. They do that before each run; act as though they never expected to see you again. Particularly does Fritz Grau, German captain, slap our backs. So did Albert Brehme, Hellmuth Hoppman and Rudolph Krotkin. An hour later they were all in a hospital. Grau and Brehme may die. "It's not so fast today," Homberger says, "but I'll do my best to give you a thrill."

One heave and we're off. The foreigners dash for the telephone; each station calls off our progress. I've watched them stand there tense, silent, seeming to be praying there'll be no shout, "They've jumped a bank."

We pick up speed on the first drop. The steel runners sing; the wind tears at your hunched head—40. . . . 50. . . . 60 miles an hour. "Lean," screamed Horton.

Up came a dazzling wall of ice. I leaned hard. We sweep to the top. The runners slide, catch. That was the turn called The Eyrie.

It's 60 again, and going up. One after another come the blinding banks, 10, 20, 30 feet high. Desperately I leaned this way, that way, gasping for breath, helpless, straining. Tears stream from your eyes. You think you can't hold on another second. You fight, surge and then you're out of the curve and flying on a straightway, 70 miles an hour; you get a breath.

The curves are getting steeper. You're taking them eagerly. Exultation sweeps from your toes, reaches your throat. Back goes your head and you howl with the joy of it.

You're ready for par. "White-face," a vertical semicircle of ice 35 feet thick, at 70 miles an hour. "Shady corner," again at 70. You fly into the wall, smash off again, and just when you think you're gone, another straightway.

The final test, a surge of every drop of blood through your veins, the apex of sporting thrills and the end of many a bobsled career—"zig-zag"—a whip to the left, a leap of 5 feet, all four runners off the ground, to straighten out, a whip to the right, one last burst and you are at the finish line, limp, exhausted.

A minute later we were drinking coffee and my nerves shimmered the liquid in the cup.

"Slow," said Hank; "about two minutes."

We started back. Almost to Shady we heard another bob screaming down the course at 70 miles an hour. It swerved; runners shrieked; the sled swept up the incline, smashed through the top, four bodies hurled through the air into a deep ravine below. It was our friends, the Germans.

We raced up the slide, helped carry the battered, blood-soaked, unconscious forms to the ambulance.

"That's the way it goes," Homberger sighed.

Twenty minutes later they're racing down again.\*

\* *The four Germans did not die in the hospital. They recovered and went back to Germany and for all I know lived to kill a lot of good Americans in World War Two. Eddie Neil's own luck ran out six years later. The man who took the bobsled ride that day became a war correspondent. In Ethiopia he flew in a bomber, crashed and all but lost a leg. In Palestine, on a raid with Arabs, he was almost captured by the British. He went to Spain in 1937 and at Bilbao heard the bullets chunk into sandbags above his head from the enemy lines forty yards away. He had to be up there, he had to see and feel for himself. And so, between the lines at Teruel, he got most of the shell that hit the car in which he was riding with three other newspapermen. They tried blood transfusions to save him, one on the battlefield from a priest. But he had thirty-four wounds. He died on January 2, 1938, at the age of thirty-eight.—Editor.*

# CORUM IN OLD KENTUCKY

NOT THE oldest, not the richest nor the showiest, the Kentucky Derby is yet the classic of American horse races. Something about the old English name, something about Kentucky and the bluegrass and the song, make Derby Day at Churchill Downs more than just another gamble for the millions. Of the cavalcade of three-year-olds that have followed Aristides to the crown since 1875, Spokane and Whirlaway were the fastest and Assault the greatest money horse for any single season. But Twenty Grand was good.

On the May Saturday in 1931, when Twenty Grand ran from the rear at the clubhouse turn to beat them all, no writer in the stands ran with him so madly in spirit as Bill Corum, who loved racing best of all sports, the Derby best of all races, and, besides, had a bet of several bucks on Charley Kurtsinger's mount.

Martene Windsor Corum not many years before had been a kid himself across the big river in Missouri. He had left high school in Booneville to enlist with Funston's sortie into Mexico, fought through France and Germany as the youngest combat major in the A.E.F., returned to study journalism at Columbia, had gone from the *New York Times* to the *Journal* at Arthur Brisbane's behest and was now high among New York sports editors.

Corum has covered many Derbies. Perhaps he has written better stories, and perhaps other Derby writers have written better than Corum in his "follow-up" to the 1931 race. That, rather than his first day's account of Twenty Grand's victory, I chose for its full focus on a great traditional picture.

## By BILL CORUM

Looking backward at the Kentucky Derby. . . . Rambling old Churchill Downs, with its spire like a church, close packed with 50,000 sportsmen and sportswomen from South and East and West and 5,000 gatecrashers from over the fence. . . . Flowers in bloom and Kentucky girls in party dress, for, as Irvin Cobb says, the Derby is their coming-out party. . . .

The sun so bright that old-timers viewed it with suspicious eyes and wondered if it really could be a Derby Day with the sun shining. . . . Long lines at the mutuel windows, so, contrary to reports, somebody must have money still. . . . Derby breakfasts, and what once were called mint juleps in frosted cut-glass bowls. . . . Old Colonel "Stonewall" Jackson, the authorized and protected tout, bowing and scraping inside the main gate and handing out his infallible tips. Infallible, that is, until after the race.

A Vice President, Governors, Senators and Mayors and George (*Bringing Up Father*) McManus being knighted a Kentucky Colonel with the assistance of Russ Westover, "Bugs" Baer and Milt Gross, so that he could join 10,000 other Kentucky Colonels on the front lawn. . . . Fried chicken and old hickory ham in baskets on the backstretch. . . . Colored horse swipes in stable colors, crooning to their darlings as they walked them round and round. . . . A little darky gal darting through the ten-deep crowd along the rails, saying: "Where is the hosses? I done been here fo' hours, and I ain't seen no hosses yit." Flags flying and canned music and a small time, strictly private fight or two. . . . And then the race of races.

It was exactly 5 o'clock by your watch, if you still had it, when the bugle called them to the post. (*Blow softly bugle o'er the Downs this day, for there are not enough bright Kentucky Derbies in the life of any one man.*) There was that hush that comes with tenseness and expectancy, and then out of the little shoot that leads under the stands came the lead pony with his hunter-coated rider. This is the one your girl friend, seeing her first race, frequently wants to bet on, because he looks so cute.

Then as the Knebelkamp and Morris colt, Spanish Play, poked his nose through the crowd packed around the gate the first bars of *My Old Kentucky Home*, played in slow time over the giant amplifiers.

*The sun shines bright in my . . .*

Charles Fisher's Dixiana Farm Sweep All, with the string-bean Italian booter, Frankie Coltiletti, in the solferino, buff blouse and scarlet cap, came next. He looked a good colt and he was to run like one.

*. . . in my old Kentucky home.*

Then the first of the three Greentrees, Anchors Aweigh, the devil horse. A spitting, biting, tearing son of Man o' War, who hasn't found out that the war is over. Already he had lathered himself with sweat just thinking up mean things to do at the barrier until his normally brown coat was black as ebony.

*'Tis summer, the darkies are gay.*

The Mongol came next, a son of Sir Martin, under the famous cherry and white hoops of the late John E. Madden. Not much colt, The Mongol, but it brought back memories

to see those colors again: Mr. Madden, at near 70, practising sprinting starts between his barns at Saratoga, Mr. Madden matching pennies with a newsboy, Mr. Madden sending those great fat turkeys from Hamburg Place to his friends at Christmas time.

*The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom.*

The Kentuckians were singing it now, their voices more than a little husky, what with the corn liquor and the feeling they always put into the song. And Walter J. Salmon's Ladder, the flashiest looking animal in the field, was curveting by, his head pulled sideways and his bright chestnut coat a-gleam.

*And the birds make music all the day.*

"Ah." A ripple of applause not much louder than a sigh ran along the rails and up into the stands. A great bay colt had come bounding onto the track and danced his way into a slow gallop, the little boy on his back pulled stiff-armed to keep him from breaking into a full run. Your Derby crowd does not have to be told when it sees a race horse and it was seeing one. "Here I am," he seemed to say. "Look me over, Big Red from Red Bank (N.J.), and right ready to run."

*So weep no more, My Lady, weep no more today*

How Twenty Grand, the long-legged son of St. Germans-Bonus, did run to win the fifty-seventh Derby and break Old Rosebud's record is yesterday's story now. He came from last at the clubhouse turn to mow them down by ones and twos and threes at will and to win galloping, with little Charley Kurtsinger laughing back at the field.

He likes to laugh, this tow-headed German lad, with the steady eyes and wide grin, who was born just back of the hill from the Downs and who sneaked under the fence to watch the filly Regret win her Derby. Little did he dream that Spring day as he glued himself to the infield fence that one day he would ride a direct descendant of Regret's, through the mare Remembrance, down that shrieking lane of humanity, his red cap bobbing like a small buoy over the shoulders of one of the greatest race horses the Kentucky Derby ever has known.

That elderly gentleman who came chasing through the infield to the finish line, tossing his hat in the air as he came, was "The Flying Dutchman's" daddy, and he kept right on chasing him through the clubhouse and the jockey room while the cops tagged along in vain pursuit. There was no catching the Kurtsingers Saturday. And his daddy was once a race rider, too. That is to say, he rode two races, lost them both, and quit the turf when he got beaten a head in the second one.

Charley's mother was there, too, and a brother and three sisters and Lord knows how many uncles and aunts and cousins.

"Why," said Charley, "they would have a big crowd at this Derby if just my folks were here."

*We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home . . .*

And then, if maybe you were wondering why there were tears in the eyes of young Jimmy Rowe, as he went out to meet what may prove to be the best horse we have seen since Man o' War, I think I can tell you.

Fifty years before to the day, Jimmy Rowe's father had stood in the same circle to greet his first Derby winner, a little horse called Hindoo. And young Jimmy Rowe loved



and admired his father, who was perhaps America's premier horseman. So there are heartbreaks as well as hoofbeats in a Derby. I guess that's why it is the greatest race of all.

*For the old Kentucky home far away.*

## ONE MORE FOR LADY LUCK

. . . AND SO we conclude our six from the sports page. But there are so many other sports! Tennis, basketball, bowling, swimming, hockey, chess; even roque is a good game where those Florida cowboys swing their deadly mallets. And so many champions—Tilden, Tunney, Louis, "Little Poker-Face," Thorpe—and such minstrels who sang their feats. Let us cast into the pot for one more—

A young reporter, interviewing John Philip Sousa in his halcyon days, asked him his favorite sport. "Trapshooting," replied the dignified bandmaster. Our boy had never sighted a clay-pigeon and touched scarcely a weapon save a Daisy air rifle. But he was not untutored in worldly ways. Neither he nor his city editor nor copy-butchers, all men of certain accomplishments, can much be blamed when Mr. Sousa appeared in print as a devotee of crapshooting.

After all, among American sports, what is more universal and gripping? Nor let it be said that strength and endurance do not count. He who has risen from his knees, every muscle aching, after

a night's tussle with Nona and Little Joe, knows whereof I speak. Pulling a trigger is child's play beside it, Mr. Sousa. So why not sing the crap game?

The subject has been neglected by the literary great. But one, John Steinbeck, made it live. The time was World War Two. Mr. Steinbeck was a war correspondent. This day, however, in a telephoned dispatch from London to the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers, he did not write of sanguinary battles.

### By JOHN STEINBECK

LONDON—This is one of Mulligan's lies and it concerns a personality named Eddie. Mulligan has soldiered with Eddie and knows him well. Gradually it becomes apparent that Mulligan has soldiered with nearly every one of importance.

At any rate this Eddie was a crap shooter, but of such a saintly character that his integrity in the use of the dice was never questioned. Eddie was just lucky, so lucky that he could flop the dice against the wall and bounce them halfway across the barracks floor on a Sunday and still make a natural.

From performances like this the suspicion grew that Eddie had the ear of some force a little more than human. Eddie, over a period of a year or two, became a rich and happy man, not so lucky in love, but you can't have everything. It was Eddie's contention that the dice could get him a woman any time, but he never saw a woman who could make him roll naturals. Sour grapes through this may have been, Eddie abode by it.

Came the time finally when Eddie and his regiment were put on board a ship and started off for X. It wasn't a very

large ship, and it was very crowded. Decks and staterooms and alleys, all crowded. And it just happened that the ship sailed within reasonable time of pay day.

That first day there were at least 200 crap games on the deck, and while Eddie got into one, he did it listlessly, just to keep his hand in, and not to tire himself, because he knew that the important stuff was coming later. Between the chicken games Eddie moped about and did a good deed or two to get himself into a state of grace he knew was necessary later. He helped to carry a "B" bag for a slightly tipsy G. I. and reluctantly accepted a pint of bourbon, which canceled out the good deed to Eddie's way of thinking. He wrote a letter to his wife, whom he hadn't seen for twelve years, and would have posted it if he could ever have found a stamp.

Occasionally he drifted back to the deck and got into a small game to keep his wrist limber and his head clear, but he didn't have to. Eddie had a roll. He didn't have to build up a bank in the preliminaries. He steered clear of spectacular play for two reasons. First, it was a waste of time. It was just as well to let the money get into a few hands before he exerted himself, and second, Eddie, at a time like this, preferred a kind of obscurity and anonymity. There was another reason too. The ship sailed on Tuesday and Eddie was waiting for Sunday, because he was particularly hot on Sundays, a fact he attributed to a clean and disinterested way of life. Once on a Sunday, and, understand, this is Mulligan's story, Eddie had won a small steam roller from a road gang in New Mexico, and on another Sunday Eddie had cleaned out a whole camp meeting, and in humility had devoted 10 per cent of his winnings to charity.

As the week went on the games began to fade out. There were fewer games and the stakes were larger. On Saturday there were only four good ones going, and at this time Eddie began to take interest. He played listlessly Saturday morn-

ing, but in the afternoon became more active and wiped out two of the games because his time was getting short and he didn't want too many games going the next day.

At 10 o'clock the next day Eddie appeared on the deck clean and combed and modest and bulging at the pockets of his field jacket. The game was going, but there were only three players in it. Eddie said innocently, "Mind if I get in for a pass or two?" The three players scrutinized him cynically. A Pole with one blue eye and one brown eye spoke roughly to him, "Froggy skins it takes, soldier," he said, "not is playing peanuts."

Eddie delicately exposed the butt end of a bank that looked like a rolled roast for a large supper. The Pole sighed with happiness, and the other two, who were remarkable and successful for no other reason than that they could disappear in a crowd, rubbed their hands involuntarily, as though to keep their fingers warm. Eddie concealed his poke as modestly as a young woman adjusts the straps of an evening gown that has no straps. He kneeled down beside the blanket and said, "What about is the tariff?" A wall of spectators closed behind him.

Eddie faded thirty of a hundred. The Pole rolled and won and let it lie, and Eddie took a hundred of the two hundred and the Pole shot a six and made it. Behind the dense circle of spectators running feet could be heard. This was to be a game. The ship took a slight list as G. I.'s ran from all over just to be near a game like this, even if they couldn't see it.

The four hundred lay on the blanket like a large salad. The two disappearing men looked at Eddie, and Eddie went into his roll and undid four hundred in small bills and laid them timidly out. This Pole glared at him with his brown eye, and smiled at him with his blue eye, a trick which served him very well in poker, but had little effect on a crap game. He breathed on the dice and didn't speak to them. He rolled an

eight and smiled with both his eyes. Again he breathed on the dice and cast them back-handed to show how easy that point was, and a four and a three looked up at him.

Eddie, breathing easily, relaxed and sure, pulled the big green salad gently to his side of the blanket. He unrolled two hundred more from his roll like toilet tissue, and laid them down. "One grand," he said, "all or part."

The Pole took half and the two anonymous men split up the rest, and Eddie rolled a rocking chair natural, a six and a five. "Leaving it lay," he said softly.

Only the Pole listened to him. He picked up the dice and looked them over carefully to be sure they were the ones he had put in himself. And then scowling with both eyes, he covered Eddie. The pile of money was ten inches high now, and spilling down like a loose haycock.

Eddie hummed a little to himself as he rolled and a seven settled firmly. The Pole snorted. Eddie said, "And leaving that lay, all or part, anybody." Breathing had stopped on the ship, only the engines went on. Mouths were open. Figures frozen in the dense crowd about the blanket. Only once in a while word was passed back about what was happening.

Scowling at Eddie, the Pole scraped bottom. A whole week of very tiring play for the Pole lay on the blanket, and the pot was set. Eddie was magnificent. He moved easily. He did not shake or rattle the dice or speak to them or beseech them. He simply rolled them out with child-like faith. For a long moment he stared uncomprehendingly at the snake eyes that stared back at him. And then his expression changed to one of horror. "No," he said, "somepins wrong. I win on Sunday, always win on Sunday."

A sergeant shuffled his feet uneasily. "Mister," he said, Mister, you see, it ain't Sunday. We've went and crossed the date line. We lost Sunday."

Anyway, it's one of Mulligan's lies.

# A WOMAN BURNS

DAMON RUNYON called it "the dumbbell murder" and it was certainly that. Never did two conspirators slay their victim with less cunning than Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray on the night they fell upon Albert Snyder in his sleep and hammered him to death with a window-weight.

The crime was clumsy and atrocious, the principals were commonplace; perhaps it was the emergence of the monstrous from the everyday that made the Snyder-Gray case a sensation; perhaps it was the chilling recognition by many newspaper readers of their own likeness to those ordinary three.

Ruth Snyder was a housewife in Queens, tired of a middle-aged husband who worked hard, bowled once a week and enjoyed a few beers with the boys. Judd Gray had a wife, a kid and a home in East Orange; he sold corsets and didn't mind a road trip and a pickup. Ruth and Judd met in a New York speakeasy—this was 1925—and each step toward doom thereafter, the luncheons, the drinks, the dates and the mutual seduction, were such as are so-so to most men and not a few women.

How, then, did this pallid pair, with nothing more than "a little cheating" on their souls, become two of the nation's most notorious homicides?

You can find the answer in an excellent, detailed study by John Kobler published ten years after their trial, from which I should like to quote a little here.

Let us take the murder night, the crisis of two years of plotting

by Ruth to trick Albert Snyder into buying more insurance than he wanted, to make at least two attempts single-handedly on his life and finally to cajole, excite and threaten Judd Gray, her lover, into helping her. They have discussed and prepared for this moment for months. They have bought the sashweight, the chloroform, the rubber gloves. Gray has cooked up an elaborate alibi. He has hidden in the Snyder home, sucking on a quart of whiskey for courage, when the Snyders—husband, wife and child—return from a neighborhood party. It is two o'clock in the morning. The little girl and finally Snyder fall asleep and Ruth goes to Judd. Mr. Kobler continues:

"She takes him by the hand and leads him to the door of her room. It is slightly ajar. She shoves it wide open, stepping over the threshold. The headboard is a foot from the doorjamb and for the first time Gray sees Albert Snyder. Ruth has told him this is her husband, an enemy to be ruthlessly destroyed. All Gray sees is a shapeless mass under the bedclothes. He raises the sashweight with both hands, swings it down and in this, the climactic gesture of his futile, fumbling existence, he characteristically bungles. The sashweight bridges the bedstead, inflicting a glancing blow."

In short, Judd missed.

Snyder waked, fought Judd (who dropped the sashweight) and damn near won. "His hands find Gray's necktie and he clings to it with all his might, strangling him. And then from Gray's throat bursts the agonized scream that echoes hideously through the years: 'Momie, Momie, for God's sake, help me!' That appeal must tell Snyder everything, the meaning of the stranger's attack, his wife's murderous hatred, her duplicity. Mercifully, he is probably spared the sight of Ruth retrieving the sashweight as she empties her arms and batters his head."

So they killed the man in true stumblebum style. And like stumblebums they went on in a maze of stupidities, from a phony "robbery" frameup, pierced by the first cop on the scene, to Ruth's eleventh-hour grab at life, her "conversion" to Catholicism. Had she held off, the Governor might not have permitted the extreme penalty for a woman. But Alfred E. Smith could not brook a charge—Ruth's last silly hope—that "he wouldn't let another Catholic burn."

The dumbbell murderers were electrocuted in Sing Sing Prison on the night of January 12, 1928. New York newspapermen talked afterward of two things that made the executions more memorable than most. One was the sneak picture of Ruth in the chair, taken with an "ankle camera," which shocked people on the front page of the *New York Daily News* next day; the other was Gene Fowler's story in the *New York American*.

Fowler is a florid writer, fond of the gaudy word and the bizarre metaphor. The most flamboyant reporter of his day, not only on paper but in behavior, set himself with fifteen others to watch the drabest of murderers die.

"What did you do that night, Gene?" I asked him many years later. "I have heard that you drank steadily before and after the knockoff."

"I regret to inform you," replied Barrymore's biographer, "that I behaved in a most prosaic manner, contrary to legend and my own character."

"Do you remember anything else about it, any sidelights?"

He thought a minute. "Only the flowers blooming outside the deathhouse. They were planted, you know, by Charlie Chapin, the *World's* city editor who killed his wife. I'm sorry, but I can't recall anything else. But I'm like most reporters," added the Hollywood Pantagrul, "I never liked seeing persons hanged—since none of the victims ever seemed to be moving-picture producers."

You may find Gene Fowler's story florid and flamboyant, and you may find it more shocking than that picture of Ruth in the chair. If it makes you a little sick, why, that should be good for you. It takes a Fowler, sometimes, to show us Death as it is.

By GENE FOWLER

SING SING PRISON, Jan. 12—They led Ruth Brown Snyder from her steel cage tonight. Then the powerful

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guards thrust her irrevocably into the obscene, sprawling oak arms of the ugly electric chair.

That was only thirty minutes ago. The memory of the crazed woman in her last agony as she struggled against the unholy embrace of the chair is yet too harrowing to permit of calm portrayal of the law's ghastly ritual. Ruth was the first to die.

The formal destruction of the killers of poor, stolid, unemotional Albert Snyder in his rumpled sleep the night of March 20, 1927, was hardly less revolting than the crime itself. Both victims of the chair met their death trembling but bravely.

Each was killed by a sustained, long drawn current that rose and fell at the discretion of the hawk-eyed State executioner, Robert Elliott. In Ruth's case, he administered three distinct increases of current. For Judd, Elliott had two climactic electric increases.

Ruth entered the death chamber at 11:01 o'clock. She was declared dead at 11:07. Less than three minutes after her limp body was freed from the chair, Gray entered—not wearing his glasses and rolling his not unhandsome eyes rapidly from right to left and then upward. The current was applied to Gray at 11:10 o'clock. He was pronounced dead by Dr. C. C. Sweet, chief prison physician, at 11:14.

Brief as was the time for the State to slay Ruth and Judd, it seems in retrospect to have been a long, haunting blur of bulging horror—glazed eyes, saffron faces, fear-blanching, that became twisted masks; purpling underlips and hands as pale as chalk, clenching convulsively in the last paroxysms.

And as these woeful wrecks passed from life the shadows of attendants, greatly magnified, seemed to move in fantastic array along the walls, the silhouettes nodding and prancing in a sepulchral minuet.

The football helmet, containing the upper electrode, was pressed to the skulls of Ruth and Judd, one after the other,

in a manner suggesting a sordid coronation of the King and Queen of Horror. A passing noise emanating from the bodies of the current-paralyzed victims rose like a hideous hymn by a serpent choir. No regal incense for these wretched beings, but from the skull of each in turn there curled upward thin, spiral wisps of pale smoke where their scalps were seared by the killing flame.

As Ruth entered the room she responded to the prayer for the dying given her by the Rev. Father John T. McCaffrey.

Ruth's voice, bereft of the maddening, hysterical scream that sometimes has risen from her throat in the condemned cell, now was high pitched, but soft in texture. It sometimes was the voice of a little girl—such a one as might be seen and heard during the Times Square rush hour when lost from her parents and among big, strange men.

In response to the prayer of the priest who wore his black cassock and stood sadly over her, Ruth muttered parts of the responses, the last one being:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The leather helmet was pressed to her blonde hair, a patch of which had been clipped to make place for the electrode. Two matrons who had walked, one on either side of the woman, departed from the room before Elliott shot the hot blast into her once white, lovely body.

The matrons and Principal Keeper John J. Sheahy, had stood before the pitiful woman to shield as much as possible her helpless form from the gaze of the witnesses. Ruth wore a brown smock of the sort stenographers and women clerks use in their office work. It had white imitation pearl buttons. She had on a short, washable black cotton skirt.

Ruth had black cotton stockings, the right one of which was rolled down to her ankle. On her feet were brown felt slippers. She wore blue bloomers.

"Jesus have mercy!" came the pitiful cry. Ruth's blue eyes were red with much weeping. Her face was strangely old.

The blonde bobbed hair, hanging in stringy bunches over her furrowed brow, seemed almost white with years of toil and suffering as the six dazzling, high-powered lights illuminated every bit of Ruth's agonized lineaments.

Ruth's form seemed more slender than usual as she dragged her feet and groped with her hands.

"Father, forgive—."

The trailing, failing voice was interrupted. The holy litany was snapped short. No priestly ministrations could save her body now. Ruth's felt-slippered feet were at the great abyss, her blanched face, only the lower part of which one could see, was chalky.

She had pleaded earlier in the day for life—just twenty-four hours more of it—seemed to have lived a thousand years and a thousand torments in the hellish prelude. Tightly corseted by the black leather bands, Ruth was flabby and futile as the blast struck her. It swept into her veins with an insidious buzz. Her body went forward as far as the restraining things would permit.

The tired form was taut. The body that once throbbed with the joy of her sordid bacchanals, turned brick red as the current struck. Slowly, after half a minute of the death dealing current, the exposed arms, right leg, throat and jaws bleached out again.

Executioner Elliott, in his alcove, gazed as dourly as a gargoyle at the iron widow, who now had turned to putty. Then he shut off the current. Dr. Sweet stepped forward. He adjusted the stethoscope, exploring for any chance heart beat. Ruth's right hand had been clenched tightly. The left hand, which had clasped the crucifix as she was buckled fast to the chair, was not clenched. The back of that hand rested flush against the chair. The forefinger and thumb were placed together, in the position of one who is holding a pinch of snuff. As the current was opened, the hand slowly turned

over in the wrist strap, the forefinger and thumb, which had been pointing upward, now were turned down.

All this time there had been a fizzing, whirring monotone. That was the only sound in the white-walled death-chamber except the light rattle in the silvered steampipes.

Two attendants hastily donned white internes' coats. A porcelain topped wheel stretcher, virtually a moveable operating table—which hitherto had been behind the chair, was brought to Ruth's feet. And now the small audience was nauseated by the repellant work the chair had done.

One attendant screened Ruth's legs with a towel. Water from the moist electrode was dripping down her right leg. As a guard removed the electrode it proved to have been a ghastly garter, one that scalded, branded and bit deeply.

A greenish purple blister the size of an egg plant had been raised on her well-formed calf. No mawkish sentiment should be expended on lady murderers, we are told, but somehow one did not think of what this woman had done, but of what was being done to her. It was a fiendish spectacle as they lifted her to the white-topped table.

Two men hoisted her. Her arms hung limply. Her head had been burned. Her mouth, the purplish lips now as white as limestone, was agape in an idiotic grin. What a sorry gift the State made to Eternity.

No longer was Ruth trussed in those oily black straps. One of those binders had seemed to press her ample bosom cruelly where once a baby daughter had nestled and found life. Another belt had imprisoned her waist. The humble folds of her cheap girlish smock had retreated vainly and formed puffy plaits under the rude familiarity of the chair's embrace.

Ruth was a broken butterfly in a spider web.

In looking back—back to the death of Ruth—the adjusting of the helmet, imagine a football helmet of regulation

brand on a woman's head as an instrument of death; I say, the adjustment of that dripping helmet was such a striking symbol of Ruth's futile search for worldly joys through sin.

It spelled all that she had dared, suffered and paid in leaving her doll's house in staid, home-loving Queens Village. That helmet was death's sordid millinery. No fluffy ribbons or bows or gaily-hued feathers so dear to the fun-loving Ruth.

Just a snaky wire at the top of this hateful hat, a wire that coiled beside her and was ready to dart into the brain with searing fangs. They wheeled her out to the autopsy room. There were three minutes of mopping up, retesting of the machinery. Warden Lewis E. Lawes stood sadly aside. Father McCaffrey, his head bowed, departed.

The chair Moloch of civilization in this year of enlightenment was yawning for another human sacrifice. Principal Keeper Sheahey left the room to summon the little corset salesman to his doom.

Everyone had expected Judd to die first. But at the final hour Warden Lawes moved Ruth to a last-minute cell only twenty paces from the chair chamber. Judd was shunted to the east wing and had to walk 160 feet.

Judd Gray met his death like a man. It is true he seemed horribly shaken. It is a fact that he was so moved by the enormity of the price he must pay that his voice could not be heard above a guttural, jumbled monotone. His lips framed the words, but the words died in his throat. It was the voice of a man being turned into mummy-like catalepsy.

Judd, his roving eyes apparently seeing naught before him, looked so shabby in the full, white light against the background of severely tailored medical men and uniformed guards. Yet there was in his bearing a sense of dignity incompatible with criminality and disgraceful death. Judd came of good people and his breeding now told.

Yes, his dignity as he tried to repeat after the Protestant

chaplain, the Rev. Anthony Peterson, the phrases from the Sermon on the Mount, was impressive. One forgot his cheap, frowsy gray trousers and the grotesque, flapping right pants leg that had been split at the inner seam to receive the electrode.

He had figured woolen socks of a mauve shade. The right one was rolled down over a brown felt slipper. His knitted long underwear of light buff color had the right leg rolled high above the knee. Gray's leg was well developed and evidenced his athletic days of tennis and quarterback on his school football eleven. Now he too wore a football helmet just the sort he used to sport when directing the attack of his team.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," intoned the chaplain.

Gray's white lips moved. A deaf person would have understood the words by the lip-reading system. But only a cackling scramble of sound got past Gray's rather boyish mouth. It seemed that Gray came into the death house supported by a religious ecstasy. His chaplain was wearing his gown as a doctor of divinity. He is a large, finely set up man with gray hair and a large kindly face.

Gray sought the eyes of his spiritual adviser, both when he walked into the chamber and before his eyes were masked. In walking, Gray moved with leaden feet. At times he seemed to be treading on thorns and the two lines between his eyes and at the top of his nose were black streaks in his ashen face. That face seemed to be fed by lukewarm water instead of blood.

Brisk and facile fingers of veteran guards, whose powerful hands displayed an astounding cunning, worked at Gray's straps. The big hands manipulated the buckles and the spidery accoutrements of death with the ease of a Paderewski ensnaring the notes of a rhapsody.

Gray had entered the death room at 11:08 o'clock. At first he walked stiffly as though his knees were locked together.

His steps sometimes were like those of a person trying to climb a steep hill. His chin, which has a deep cleft in it, was thrust forward and his nostrils were slightly distended.

There was evidence of a terrible inner strain, but there was not one whit of cowardice manifest in the march of the little corset salesman. His jaws were as yellowish white as saffron and his lately-shaved beard still showed enough to lend shadows to his sunken jowls. But there was no saffron and no yellow in his backbone, no matter what his crime was or how brutal he may have been when he held a sashweight over stodgy, middle-aged Albert Snyder.

The doctors, Sweet and John Kearney, watched in a detached way as the well-trained prison attendants proceeded to kill Judd in the name of the State. Elliott sent the short copper lever home. Judd, who had been sort of crumpled beneath his leather manacles, now shot forward and remained erect.

A blue spark flashed at the leg electrode. Soon his sock, not quite clear from the current as the water from the electrode dripped down his calf, was singed. Smoke came from the leg. Next the powerful pressure of the death stream singed his rather wavy dark brown hair. Smoke rose on either side of his head. For a moment he seemed a grotesque buddha with votive incense pouring from his ears.

At the first electric torrent, Judd's throat and jaws were swollen. The cords stood out. The skin was gorged with blood and was the color of a turkey gobbler's wattles. Slowly this crimson tide subsided and left his face paler, but still showing splotches of red, which were mosaics of pain. The electricity was put on just as the chaplain got this far with his comforting words.

"For God so loved the world—."

Judd was not conscious, presumably, to hear the rest of the minister's "that he gave his only begotten Son."

Gray's white shirt was open. When Elliott withdrew the

lever of the switch, Dr. Sweet walked forward to search the chest of the night's second victim for heart action. He found none. He said:

"I pronounce this man dead."

The chair with its now lifeless burden still held the eyes of many with a bewildering fascination. There were not a few, however, who covered their eyes. The men in white coats made their second trip with the wheeled stretcher. Judd did not know that he had been preceded in death by Ruth. They had not seen each other or exchanged notes since they first entered the death house eight months ago. Nor did the former lovers meet tonight in life.

Still, these victims, who were known as No. 79892 (Ruth Snyder) and No. 79891 (Judd Gray) on the prison rolls, are again together in death. For their bodies, shrouded in white sheets, are in the prison morgue, a small room not fifty feet from the chair. This, then, was the end of the road, the close of their two years of stolen love.

Their bodies are cut open as the first hour of the new day comes hazily over town, prison and broad, half frozen river. Their skulls are opened by medical men, as in the stern letter of the law, and their brains are plucked therefrom by rubber gloved hands and are deftly turned this way and that for inspection beneath the bright prison lights.

It was an unhallowed spectacle, this reduction of a full blooded woman of thirty-three years to a limp and blubbery cadaver. It was fearful to see a man cooked in the chair. The twenty-four invited witnesses file out of the death house. Warden Lawes's secretary, Clement J. Ferly, signs the death certificate.

A last-minute move on the part of Ruth's mother, Josephine Brown, and her brother, Andrew, failed to prevent the autopsy that is being performed as this is written. An order was served on Warden Lawes forbidding the prison physician to make a surgical incision in Ruth's body. On advice



of Attorney-General Ottinger, Warden Lawes did not obey the order.

No opiates and no sedatives were administered to either of the pair tonight, Warden Lawes said. They ate somewhat heartily of a last dinner of roast chicken, soup, coffee, celery and mashed potatoes. Gray, in ordering his meal, had underlined his written request for "good coffee."

As he handed it to the guard, Gray said:

"And I mean good coffee."

No typewriters and no telegraph wires were permitted in the penitentiary. Immediately after the reporters left the now empty, grasping, greedy chair—which seemed to clamor for still other human sacrifice—they dashed to waiting automobiles and through the tall iron gates. About a thousand persons were massed as close to the prison as the guards would permit. Through a long gauntlet of watchers, who stood anxiously to hear if Ruth and Judd had gone, roared the press machines.

The stories are now being finished in a cramped and crowded back room of a soft drink establishment, which has an old-time bar running the length of the front room, and where the air is thick with tobacco. Then, as the morning comes on, leaving the night with thinning shadows like ghosts departing, the fading click of typewriters comes with less rattle and the buzz of telegraph instruments, too, is subsiding.

Then the calm realization that the law had been obeyed and society avenged, and that the chair remains to jerk and rip and tear and burn those who slay. Then to bed for nightmares to distort your scrambled dreams.

The bodies of Gray and Mrs. Snyder will be released to relatives at 9 o'clock in the morning. Ruth's body will be claimed by her mother, Mrs. Josephine Brown. Judd's mother, Mrs. Margaret Gray, will claim his.

## THIS WAS DRY AMERICA

THE LONGEST "running story" in United States journalism began in 1919, when they buried John Barleycorn in a very wet national wake; it ended rather tamely thirteen years later as Utah ratified the twenty-first amendment to the Constitution, President Roosevelt issued his proclamation and people who for some time had been used to getting all the liquor they wanted condescended to the novelty of strolling into hotel dining-rooms and openly ordering martinis not as good as those around the corner in Pete's place.

The prohibition story already consumes vast space in histories, encyclopedias, works of fiction, motion pictures, the *Congressional Record* and the anecdotes of relics who look back upon the fantastic era with mingled horror and wistfulness. It seems rash to select from newspapers any single sample to epitomize the story or even to celebrate one of the story's multitudinous angles.

They were so varied. Rum ships plowed our waters, beer trucks burned our roads, the skies absorbed the smoke from remote distilleries and the rivers of big cities their mash. Hijackers raided, agents snooped, gang lords murdered and in turn rode to the grave under blankets of roses in processions miles long. Meantime the public drank, in gilded fortresses, in automobiles from hip-flasks, at football games where the drunks lay in ranks behind the stadia, and mostly over the kitchen table as Mama shook up the juniper with the alcohol Papa's bootlegger warranted would not blind.

Reporters eye-witnessed many of these scenes and wrote about all of them, from post-repeal descriptions of the elaborate cellars at "21" to the brutal St. Valentine's Day murders in Chicago. Thus there is a huge press literature of prohibition, largely violent and gaudy. But was it all like that? Was that dry America?

A New York newspaper, the *Herald Tribune*, received in the spring of 1930, when the noble experiment was ten years going, a letter from Judge James T. Merryman, protesting attacks on the law.

Judge Merryman, for fifty years a resident of Decatur, Indiana, said in effect that the metropolitan press didn't know what it was talking about in calling prohibition a failure.

"You overlook, or do not know the fact, that there are many hundreds of cities, like Decatur, with a population of 5,000 more or less, which, before the Eighteenth Amendment, had fifteen or more licensed saloons; and now there is not one, nor is there a speakeasy. Ninety percent of our people are against any change of the present law that would endanger our freedom from the damned traffic."

The *Herald Tribune's* city editor, Stanley Walker, rose to a challenge and a story. Of the fine staffers who worked for Walker, one of the finest was Alva Johnston, a rangy Californian who had won the Pulitzer Prize for his science reporting for the *New York Times* in 1922 and had come over to the *Herald Trib* in 1928. Later-day readers know him for his superior "profiles" in the magazines. He has been called in print "the best reporter in America."

Walker sent Johnston to Decatur. In one issue, April 9, 1930, the *Herald Tribune* unveiled his observations. They proved the paper right and Judge Merryman wrong.

By ALVA JOHNSTON

DECATUR, Ind., April 8.—Judge Merryman's letter presented strikingly and with a confident dogmatic ring the frequent assertion that New Yorkers and other big city people live in a sort of fourth dimension and are abysmally ignorant of the sentiments, point of view and conditions of the rest of the country. As a result of the letter this correspondent was sent to Decatur on a mission of self-education. The purpose was to make a study in absolute good faith of a town in which prohibition is declared to have worked out perfectly.

The judge's letter raised the question whether the United States was not divided into two foreign nations, one composed of the big cities, the other composed of the small communities and rural districts, the city nation wet and the town nation dry. Another hypothesis was that Decatur was a miniature holy city, a demi-paradise where human nature had conquered all its infirmities and where the citizens quaffed nothing but spring water.

After three days here, however, this correspondent has a strong impression that New York and Decatur really have no quarrel; that the United States is not divided, discordant, belligerent, etc.; that if Decatur is a fair example the town of six thousand and the town of six million differ in no way except in size. If Father Knickerbocker's face is covered with rum blossoms, Commodore Decatur's nose and cheeks are well embroidered with scarlet capillaries.

The majority of the Decatur citizens interviewed are inclined to resent mildly the claim that Decatur is a model dry town. This was regarded as an aspersion, injurious to the prestige of the place. The question, "How dry is Decatur?" met with a wide range of answers. Leaders of the dry forces reported that there was no drinking among members of their

set, and that they believed there was very little drinking in Decatur; other prominent citizens asserted that there was more drinking than ever before in the town's history, and that every high school boy had a flask on his hip.

Discounting the extreme opinions and summing up the multiplex experiences of the last three days in Decatur, this correspondent is of the opinion that, man for man, Decatur begins to drink earlier, drinks harder, develops a greater capacity and carries its liquor more like a gentleman than New York. This opinion is based partly on miscellaneous conversations, partly on facts of record and statistics, not on the ordinary court and police books, which are unsafe and unreliable, but on statistics of unchallengeable authority—the statistics of bottle tops and wooden kegs.

The Schafer Hardware Company of Decatur received a few cases of bottle tops before 1919. Shipments of bottle tops since then have increased rapidly, and in the last few years this firm, in a town of six thousand or a little less, has been receiving two carloads of bottle tops annually. There are 24,000 gross of bottle tops or 3,456,000 individual tops, in a carload, which means that Decatur has been receiving and distributing 7,000,000 bottle tops in the course of a year. These are distributed over a wide rural territory. They are sold at grocery, drug and variety stores, together with prepared malt and various preparations for whiskyizing "alky," as raw spirits are called.

J. H. Wehrmeyer, manager of the hardware store, said that there had been a falling off in recent months in the bottle top business, but an increase in the wooden keg trade. Last year the Schafer company received in Decatur eighteen carloads of kegs, with a capacity of tens of thousands of gallons. There were two carloads of small oak kegs, charred on the inside. Mr. Wehrmeyer said that the demand for kegs in general was well maintained, but that the demand for charred kegs had shown a recent falling off. He was not sure what this meant, but attributed it to a decline in connoisseurship.

"Alky," is placed in the charred kegs and aged for a month with glycerine, brown sugar, distilled water and whisky flavoring. The hardware man thought that the average keg buyer was treating the "alky" in some other way or was getting used to the untreated stuff.

"The drinking condition in this community is absolutely deplorable," said Mr. Wehrmeyer. "Every high school boy has a flask on his hip and an automobile. The drinking among the younger people and the growing disrespect for law are the worst problems we have ever faced."

"Everybody here," emphatically stated C. C. Schafer, of the hardware firm, "drinks all the time."

Again discounting sweeping generalizations, there is other recorded evidence that Decatur is not dry. Last spring the "Uncle Sams" seized within three miles of Decatur the largest still ever captured in Indiana. The still had a capacity of 1,000 gallons of "alky" a day. It was operated by a special deputy sheriff named Floyd Death, who is now in Leavenworth. Mr. Death was formerly the proprietor of a big roadhouse speakeasy just outside of Decatur, and the roadhouse boasted formerly of the patronage of the idol of American bandit worshippers, Gerald Chapman.

There are plenty of rumors that Mr. Death's big still is not the only one near Decatur. Judge Merryman himself, in an interview with this correspondent, sighed and said that he had reason to suspect that there were five or six other big stills in Adams County, of which Decatur is the metropolis. The Death still made sack sugar into "alky." Ten thousand gallons of mash were found "working" at the time of the raid. The Death "alky" did not enter the local market, but was shipped to Chicago and sold at \$4 a gallon. The "Uncle Sams" complimented the Death "alky" as being of the finest quality.

The Death still was discovered by accident, as the authorities stumbled on it irrelevantly while in search of a man charged with murder.

To return to the comparative drinking conditions as be-

tween New York and Decatur, when did a New York grand jury ever summon a swarm of high school boys to interrogate them as to where they got their liquor? The local grand jury, which meets here twice a year, always summons a group of high school boys and badgers them about their sources of supply. This has been a part of the grand jury routine here for several years. A boy who has not been before the grand jury two or three times is not thought much of. A boy who is suspected of having confided anything to the august body is a pariah. Contempt for the "grand" is almost ingrained in the bright young Decaturite.

This is one feature of the growing contempt for law which is deplored here by conservative and thoughtful citizens. Something like the gangster's anti-authority code of honor appears to be spreading far and wide. Many citizens, especially the younger ones, are loosely banded in a sort of secret society tacitly sworn to baffle the law as far as it relates to liquor. There are many well stocked cellars here. Raiding them was for a time one of the sports of the town. Some of the bolder home-town boys of Decatur have become very clever at picking locks and removing windows in order to get at these cellars.

The bereaved cellar owner cannot complain, except privately, because it is a penal farm offense to possess liquor, home brew or otherwise, under the bone dry law of Indiana. These cellar burglaries do not occur nightly, but there seem to have been enough to earn a mention among the social phenomena of Decatur.

Judge Merryman proved to be a slender, erect old gentleman, with sharply chiseled features, a high, starched collar, a stiff, accurately clipped gray mustache, a high-bridged, aristocratic nose and kindly gray eyes which see conditions in Decatur through rather thick lenses with white gold-mountings. He is seventy-five years old. As he walks stiff and vertical along Main Street he appears to carry about with him an atmosphere of refinement, peace and good life.

It is neither New York nor Decatur which lives in another world; it is Judge Merryman who lives in another and better world, in Judge Merryman's own world. A young man whose legs declined to co-ordinate would step into a doorway in order to avoid coming within the rose-tinted field of Judge Merryman's vision. A chap who was mellow with "alky" or pumpkin jack would automatically aim his breath to the leeward in conversing with Judge Merryman.

The gray old jurist is an idealist, his hobby is good citizenship. At a recent church meeting he offered, for the purpose of setting a better example to youth, to abandon his lifelong habit of chewing plug tobacco, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded not to take this step. The judge confessed that, when he took pen in hand, he sometimes had a slight tendency to idealize. He was vigorously taken to task in his own office by a patriotic young Decatur woman for his statement that there were no speak-easies.

"You should not have written that, Judge Merryman," she said. "I know of six speakeasies here where I have gotten stuff myself."

"You don't mean it," said the judge. "Why, I would not have thought it was possible. Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am sure that this is all a surprise to me."

Judge Merryman looks out from his office window upon a street lined with prosperous stores and calls back the time when there was a saloon on every corner and the streets were jittering with old soaks and professional bums. He remembers when it was necessary to drive the buggy carefully through the mud in order to avoid running over tipsy hostlers and rigid farmhands. Even the wettest of the Decatur wets agree that present conditions are better than the old saloon days. They admit that the panhandling old rummies are fewer and that no new crop of town characters has arisen to take the place of men like Bismarck, the glass eater, who used to



chew up and swallow beer glasses in the Decatur saloons to earn a place in the line-up at the bar the next time the drinks were ordered. Bismarck died at the poor farm soon after the Volstead act came in.

However, many citizens are not willing to give credit to prohibition for this change. John H. Heller, editor of "The Daily Democrat," of Decatur, who was secretary of the platform committee of the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924, said that education and public sentiment were rapidly changing the situation for the better at the time when prohibition came in. The county voted dry under the Indiana local option law of 1907 and later voted wet under Tom Marshall's ward and township law. In the final days preceding prohibition, Decatur had only five saloons, and these, according to Mr. Heller, poorly patronized, so that the worst of the saloon evil was over, as a result of individual self-control and the social judgment of the town, before prohibition came into effect.

In the opinion of Mr. Heller and other conservative citizens, the process of education and enlightenment would have taken care of the situation better than prohibition has done, without giving liquor the tang of forbidden fruit, which is now said to have made it as popular with the younger set of Decatur as elsewhere. Judge Merryman himself deplored the abandonment of popular education against liquor, and especially regretted the passing of the highly colored old prints of hob-nailed temperance campaigns beginning as far back as 1877.

First impressions of Decatur bore out Judge Merryman's letter. Arriving here late Saturday afternoon, the correspondent found Decatur a quiet, well kept, orderly little town. It centers on the Adams County courthouse, a large old fashioned brick structure buried by magnificent maples. The business section is four blocks long and in the evening it became a Broadway in denim and sheepskin as half the county swarmed in for their Saturday night shopping and talking

pictures. The Main Street sidewalks were crowded like Times Square with a slow-moving mob which reached from shop window to curb. Hair-cutting appeared to be the town's greatest industry. Crowds of shaggy agriculturists filled the barber shops and overflowed to the streets and every pool-room became a barber shop. In addition to the regular barbers, a score of men of other occupations turned tonsorial artists for Saturday night. The shearing was still going on at midnight.

The correspondent moved along with the stately sidewalk procession without noting a single case of obstreperous intoxication, although a man here and there appeared slightly exhilarated.

There was no open liquor drinking. The correspondent had already been assured by townspeople he had met that Decatur was a hard drinking community, but the whole Main Street pageant seemed to contradict this. By way of an attack on the skepticism of the correspondent, he was taken on a visit to a hospitable professional man who served pure alcohol and orange juice. This, however, had the appearance of an act of desperation on the part of wets endeavoring to create evidence of the wetness of the place. The first night in Decatur closed, virtually all the points having been scored by Judge Merryman.

On the following day, which was Sunday, Decatur people who had heard of the correspondent's mission apologized for the state of things on the preceding evening and explained that because it was the first fine Saturday night of spring, all the wild young people had driven to Fort Wayne, which is a wide-open city only twenty miles away, or to various road-houses in which the county abounds.

Traveling about the rural section during the day, the correspondent collected a great many words to the effect that Decatur was one of the hardest drinking towns in the state, but there was still a dearth of evidence. On Sunday evening, however, some facts became more visible to the eye. Main

Street was for a time a trifle staggers with young fellows, apparently the ones who had been at Fort Wayne on the preceding night. In a candy and soda establishment on a location about as conspicuous as the Hotel Astor in New York, boys apparently from seventeen to twenty-five years old were drinking high balls, the house supplying the set-ups and the boys loading them up from pocket flasks.

The correspondent was treated to Indiana red eye which comes at \$2 a pint and is sold largely by peddlers, thin necked but bulky bodied chaps whose wardrobes are honey-combed from neck to knee with pint pockets. These itinerant speakeasies carry on the business that is done in pool rooms, garages and other places of business. At the rate of \$1 a pint they sell "moon" or corn liquor, which tastes, as this correspondent is informed and believes, as if an experienced goat was one of the ingredients. The \$2 Indiana "red eye" is a mixture of corn and rye, or of corn liquor with rye flavoring, which produces a kind of incipient bourbon. Another form of hospitality which this correspondent enjoyed was a home concocted whiskey which contained too much "alky," too much glycerine and not enough whiskey flavor.

As to the existence of speakeasies in Decatur, this correspondent is not in a position to speak authoritatively. According to one unofficial census that was made for his benefit, the speakeasies in the town number twelve; others counted up eighteen; others counted up forty-eight within an alleged radius of four miles. New-found friends who produce liquor generously were not willing to introduce to a speakeasy a stranger who was present in Decatur to check up the drinking habits of the people. Any new face is suspected of belonging to an "Uncle Sam," and the saber-toothed dry laws of Indiana have sudden spasms of furious activity, especially around primary time, which is at present. On the speakeasy problem, therefore, it was necessary to rely on hearsay evidence, because it came from a multitude of sources and agreed pretty well.

General Electric has a plant in Decatur that employs about 400 men. The head of one department told his visitor that 90 per cent of the men under him drank and that the problem of the middle-of-the-week "hang-overs" had become a serious one. Another executive in charge of about 200 men was asked why he did not conduct a wet and dry poll at his works. "Because," he replied, "one of my drunks is out of town and the other is sick."

The president of a bank told the correspondent that there was every evidence that there were several speakeasies in Decatur and that the drinking by boys and girls had the older generation very much alarmed. He had made several trips to Canada and said that he was strongly impressed with the Canadian system, and believed that sentiment in Indiana was gradually headed in favor of that.

The rural district of which Decatur is the metropolis is very wet. A considerable part of the country was settled nearly a hundred years ago by Swiss and Germans who have carried the art of wine-making to a high degree of success. Most of these are prosperous farmers who make their liquor for themselves and their friends only, which, in Indiana, is as much of a crime as selling it. A few do sell it, and the county produces as miscellaneous and ambiguous a variety of liquors as is to be found, in all probability, in any section on earth. Nearly everything that grows, except trees, can be and is being turned into alcohol in Adams County.

One of the "lady's drinks" that is popular at the country parties, according to good rural authority, is pumpkin wine, which is made by plugging a pumpkin, scooping out the seeds, placing wine or cider with raisins and other ingredients in the cavity, plugging the hole, sealing it with paraffin and allowing it to stand in a cool, dry place for a month.

A somewhat harder drink is pumpkin jack, the process of manufacture not being clearly understood by the writer. Another is beer wine, which is made by fermenting the yeast which settles to the bottom of the cask in beer making.

Other local products are silo liquor, unpalatable but powerful stuff, which is drawn from the bottom of the tall turrets which are filled with chopped green corn; clover blossom wine (both red and white); double cider, which is made by adding raisins and sugar to hard cider and starting the process of fermentation all over again; gooseberry wine, and a cordial which is made from raw materials which are sold about the country by dealers in novelties. Other fancy drinks are said to be made of pineapple, and banana brandy, peach, pear and apricot brandies; then, when once a supply of "alky" has been obtained, the theme is open to an infinite number of variations.

One of the small towns in the county is named Geneva, another Berne, another Prebble, all testifying to the Swiss origin of the people. It is odd that Judge Merryman should have chosen a basic population of this type in making his proclamation of the dryness of the small town. The ability to make fine wine is hereditary, virtually a Lamarckian character in this population, and that is testified to by their own leaders, including the dryest of them.

The region in which the best liquor is said to be made is inhabited by the hook-and-eye Amish and by the short-haired Amish and by a sect called the Newmanese. The hook-and-eye Amish, who are a fundamentalist branch of the Mennonite church, get the descriptive adjective from the fact that they abhor buttons as ornaments. They wear nothing but homemade garments, usually of blue denim, and regard all modern machinery, including automobiles, as heresies. They will not have springs under their wagon seats, because springs are a worldly comfort. They allow their hair to grow long and never touch shears to their beards because of a Biblical injunction against marring the corner of the beard, but they shave the upper lip on the theory that the mustache is a vanity.

The Newmanese are as fundamental as the Amish in

most things, but their faces are clean shaven and they accuse the Amish of trying to be more orthodox than their founder, Menno, whose pictures show that he was clean shaven.

The short-haired Amish are Americanized offspring who have succumbed to automobiles and are modern in every way. This correspondent talked to one abandoned renegade who had turned evolutionist. The Amish and Newmanese both preserve the custom of yodeling.

These and the other farmers generally vote heavily on the dry side to indicate their boundless contentment with the status quo, as far as liquor is concerned.

The rural population, though probably wetter in fact, are dryer in politics than the townspeople. Three or four candidates for public office told the writer that they would not have a chance of election if they declared themselves wet. The county has always voted dry, but the wet sentiment has grown to such an extent that the politicians are beginning to fear it, and some are also as fearful of declaring themselves to be dry as of declaring themselves to be wet.

In two respects Decatur is behind the large cities in following the modern left-handed social reformers—there is no smoking among the women, with the exception of a few girls who have come back steeped in culture from fashionable schools, and the Decatur hostess is under no compulsion of public opinion to serve cocktails.

Fort Wayne is as advanced as New York in these respects, but Decatur still lags a bit. As to the amount of drinking at bridge parties and formal affairs in Decatur, testimony differs. Some say there is none in their set, others say that there is considerable in their sets.

The amount of drinking by young girls is a matter that an outsider can only guess at because of the unreliability of testimony on this topic. One scion of the Decatur aristocracy, which is a sharply defined caste composed of the descendants of old settlers, said:

"Just take a girl somewhere without a pint on your hip, and then ask her somewhere again."

Many of those interviewed about liquor conditions in Decatur refused to allow their names to be mentioned because of the dynamic provision of the Indiana bone dry law which requires a prosecutor to hale before a grand jury any citizen who has ever said that he knew anything about drinking; it becomes contempt of court if he refuses to give the grand jury details. The most savage provision of the Indiana law is one that makes a \$40 fine the minimum to be imposed on a man convicted of public intoxication. The prosecutor is an officer under fees. Under the even-handed Indiana justice he receives a fee of \$25 for prosecuting for intoxication, a fee of \$5 for prosecuting a murderer.

But public opinion has asserted itself to nullify this law partially so that in practice an intoxicated man is not arrested unless he attacks a policeman with a scythe or otherwise misconducts himself on a large scale.

When it was said that there were no open public drinking places in Decatur, this, of course, did not apply to the item of hard cider. Hard cider has the standing of a soft drink. It is sold in public places. Hard cider wins its exemption apparently because the line distinguishing soft from hard cider is very indefinite, and the beverage is likely to switch from the one to the other at any moment. With sympathetic encouragement, pure apple juice is said to be able to develop a powerful kick overnight. The whimsies of cider are well known to juries, and they are reluctant to convict in cider cases.

The Chamber of Commerce angle would seem to be a claim that Decatur was bone dry and that the citizens all had a positive distaste for liquor, but the opposite feeling was displayed by every Decatur citizen interviewed with the exception of Judge Merryman and Mr. Teeple. The most conservative and solid citizens seemed to feel that it would

impair the standing, if not the credit, of Decatur to have it pictured to the world as a blue-ribbon exhibit of the Good Templars.

The thing that seems to be at the bottom of the social changes in Decatur, as elsewhere, is not prohibition, but the automobile. The whole community is on wheels most of the time and making forty or fifty miles an hour over the good roads of the billiard-table plain of Indiana. The head of one of the three local banks recalled the day when he and a friend drove to Fort Wayne in 1890 to hear Robert Ingersoll's lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses." They started in their buggy at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at Fort Wayne just in time to hear the lecture, started back as soon as it was over, and arrived home at 3 a.m. Today a half hour is ordinary time for making the trip to Fort Wayne. The automobile has made the city a suburb of the village.

The average Decatur boy is far more experienced and worldly wise than a big-city boy. One of the customs that has grown up here is that of "hitting the road" in the summer. Scores of them travel west on the brakebeams, working in fields or orchards, seeing the country and returning in the fall. Young fellows drive to Detroit and Canada to get good liquor when they are tired of the stuff in local circulation.

"The American Mercury" is the Bible of the local highbrows, and "The Saturday Evening Post" is read but sneered at. The difference between this village and Greenwich Village is negligible.

Decatur is very close to the center of population in the United States as worked out from the census figures of ten years ago. If Decatur is the normal, typical, 100 per cent American small town, then New York is the normal, typical, 100 per cent American big city; it would be difficult to tell the two places apart except for a slight difference in the skyline.



## DEAC LYMAN'S DAY OFF

THE LINDBERGH story will be done some day in its bright and grim entirety by a historian, let us hope, informed, unprejudiced and sensitive to all its drama. Here we shall see but two episodes which, in contrast, might be first and last acts. Instead of the disputed hero, we shall consider two newsmen of the cast.

Lauren D. Lyman on a wintry afternoon in 1935 was working at his desk in the office of the *New York Times* when he received a telephone call from Englewood, New Jersey. The caller, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, said he would like to see Lyman at his convenience. What about tomorrow? "Well, it's my day off," said Lyman. "But we're going over to Jersey to buy the kid a bicycle for Christmas and I can just as easily as not drop by your place."

There was nothing remarkable about this phone call. The reporter had known Lindbergh for nearly ten years and was on friendly though scarcely intimate terms with him. They were "Slim" and "Deac" to each other. Lyman covered aviation for the *Times*. It was natural for Lindbergh to contact him on aviation news of even minor moment.

When Lyman hung up the phone, he did not wonder very much what Lindbergh wanted. Idly he might have mused on the first time he saw Lindbergh, a tall, blond kid tinkering around his *Spirit of St. Louis* at Roosevelt Field while most of the reporters stalked Lieutenant-Commander Byrd's hangar. Or he might have remembered the mad day Lindbergh landed in Paris or the unmatched homecoming to America's heart. But so much had hap-

pened since then—marriage to Anne Morrow, the kidnapping and discovery dead of their firstborn, Bruno Hauptmann's arrest, trial and conviction—that Lyman did not dream still another Lindbergh story might rend the nation. He was, however, very pleased to take Mrs. Lyman to the Lindberghs' home, because he knew that Anne and "Mabs," his wife, would enjoy and appreciate each other.

Christmas was less than a week away. The bicycle was in Somerville, where an old pro rider dealt in English makes. Deac and Mrs. Lyman drove out to Somerville in the flivver, bought the bike and started home for Long Island via the George Washington bridge. This brought them first to Englewood and the Dwight Morrow home.

Mrs. Lyman sat down to chat with Anne while Lindbergh took Lyman to one side. He told Lyman that the Lindberghs—husband, wife and son Jon—were quitting the United States to live in England.

The enormity of this statement did not flash on Lyman all at once. He said nothing and waited for Lindbergh to give his reasons. (They are set forth in Lyman's story.) He questioned why Lindbergh was giving the story to him alone, for other aviation reporters knew Lindbergh well and had dined with him as often as Lyman. Lindbergh answered that one, too. He was not giving his story to Lyman so much as to the *New York Times*, which had syndicated his Paris flight stories, turned over all syndication profits to him and uniformly, among newspapers, been "fair." Also he pointed out the *Times* alone had assigned its aviation man to the Hauptmann case. But why give the story to the *Times* exclusively? This was a mighty serious matter; Lindbergh's action could be viewed as a criticism of American institutions, a slap in the country's face; would it not be wise to call in the three great press associations for a simultaneous announcement? And the *Herald Tribune*? Lyman, who wanted a scoop, yet wanted the best thing for Lindbergh. But Slim shook his head. He had thought about that—if he faced a group of reporters, each would write his own version of facts and motives, possibly conflicting and confusing, whereas if these were stated accurately by one man first, other accounts would be likely to follow his lead. From all of

which it will be seen that Lindbergh was pretty cool-headed about the whole matter.

Lyman went home to spend a tense night. The bigness of the story was growing on him. This man, for a time at least, had been the greatest American since George Washington, and so publicly acclaimed. In merely seeking a haven for his family, he was no Benedict Arnold betraying his country or Philip Nolan turning his back on the flag. Yet what he was doing was equally shocking; only he was the hero. The villain was the United States.

The Lindberghs were sailing secretly Saturday night on a small freighter. Lyman had promised not to release the story until they were twenty-four hours from land. And this was only Friday! And he was the only newspaperman in the world who had the story! "What if I should drop dead before I can tell the office?" he sweated through the sleepless hours. "My God, the story would drop dead with me!"

Accordingly, though he had Saturday as well as Friday off, he boarded a Long Island train at Port Washington next day and, watching his steps to the Times Annex as he never had before, laid his nugget before Bruce Rae, the night city editor. Ensued a battle. Raymond McCaw, night managing editor, with all his newspaperman's soul wanted to get that story on Sunday's front page. Lyman did, too. But he must keep his word to Lindbergh. "And my promise was the promise of the *New York Times*." McCaw bowed to the code. The story would run Monday morning.

And suppose it broke somewhere else meantime? Until midnight Lyman hung around the office, nervously watching the ticker for anything labeled ship news. But no reporters covered the sailing of the small, obscure *American Importer*; no dock loafer or crew member recognized among the trio smuggled aboard the most celebrated living American.

Deac Lyman reported to the office as usual at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. Other reporters did not know what he was banging out on his typewriter. If they had been watching, they would have observed that Deac was having trouble with his lead.\* He kept whipping out one sheet of paper after another and tearing

\* He wrote thirteen leads.

them up. This is often the case with reporters; once the lead suits, the rest of the story comes easily.

A single person did watch him. This was Mrs. Lyman, who had come into town with him because they were going to a party Sunday night at the uptown apartment of another *Times* man. The wives of newspapermen are long suffering and some of them are understanding. Mrs. Lyman stopped skimming her paper after awhile and went over to her husband. Maybe, just being there, waiting around, she bothered him; the party didn't matter; she thought she would run along home. And this she did. Mrs. Lyman should have shared the Pulitzer Prize with Deac.

It was seven o'clock, five hours, before Lyman got his lead right. The story was done by eight. He handed it to Bruce Rae and Rae stuck it in a desk drawer and went on pushing rush copy. Finally Rae left the night desk and isolated himself at the day city editor's desk and began to read while Lyman fidgeted. Rae made a few changes. He showed them to Lyman, who thought them good. The big scoop was wrapped up.

Legend is not true that all doors of the *New York Times* were locked at this instant and no one permitted to leave the building. But it is true that, while two old and trusted linotypers put Lyman's pages into metal and while the galleys were toted from the composing room into the city room, to be held there until the final edition of the *Times* went to press at 3:40 A.M., all outgoing telephone calls were routed through the managing editor's phone. Mr. McCaw could have written a book next day on the babes and bookies patronized by his personnel.

Deac Lyman went to the party. He couldn't go home until his own "baby" was finally born. Even the party tried him. To sit there, among his newspaper pals, hiding his beat, to be inconsequential and gay while others vaunted lesser feats—this required the stuff of martyrs. And Deac did not quite make the grade. To Hanson Baldwin, old reliable, he whispered—and Baldwin promptly whispered back, "Don't mention it even here; you better get out." A lonely chanticleer trudged around till cockcrow and a train to Port Washington; then he had in his pocket, damp from the press, a copy of the *New York Times* of Monday, December 23, 1935.

The final temptation. The thing is irresistible to the trade—reading your own stuff in print. Lyman sneaked a look at the black headlines, "Lindbergh Family Sails for England to Seek a Safe, Secluded Residence," and a moment later his seat-mate got up. Where have I seen that fellow before? On an assignment? But it seems to me he lives in Bayside; what's he doing getting off at Flushing? The answer may explain why the *New York American* was the first paper to follow the *Times* by a few hours with a "fudge" on the Lindbergh scoop. Somebody else was a good reporter, too.

I have told the story of Lauren D. Lyman's exclusive so fully not alone because it won the Pulitzer Prize. Here are illuminated both the humdrum and the excitement involved in the birth of a big story.

To complement Lindbergh's farewell to America I have purposely picked a story of his successful solo flight to Paris eight years and seven months before and this, too, by a *Times* man. Edwin L. James, who had been a great war correspondent, was then Paris correspondent for the *Times* and was to become its managing editor.

To me, I repeat, these are the first and last acts of a valorous and tragic drama, needing none of the events that befell between to clarify or heighten it. In proper dramatic as well as chronological order, there follow the James story first and the Lyman story second.

## LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT

By EDWIN L. JAMES

PARIS, May 21.—Lindbergh did it. Twenty minutes after 10 o'clock tonight suddenly and softly there slipped out of the darkness a gray-white airplane as 25,000 pairs of eyes

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strained toward it. At 10:24 the Spirit of St. Louis landed and lines of soldiers, ranks of policemen and stout steel fences went down before a mad rush as irresistible as the tides of the ocean.

"Well, I made it," smiled Lindbergh, as the little white monoplane came to a halt in the middle of the field and the first vanguard reached the plane. Lindbergh made a move to jump out. Twenty hands reached for him and lifted him out as if he were a baby. Several thousands in a minute were around the plane. Thousands more broke the barriers of iron rails round the field, cheering wildly.

As he was lifted to the ground Lindbergh was pale and with his hair unkempt, he looked completely worn out. He had strength enough, however, to smile, and waved his hand to the crowd. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were unable to keep back the crowd.

United States Ambassador Herrick was among the first to welcome and congratulate the hero.

A NEW YORK TIMES man was one of the first to reach the machine after its graceful descent to the field. Those first to arrive at the plane had a picture that will live in their minds for the rest of their lives. His cap off, his famous locks falling in disarray around his eyes, "Lucky Lindy" sat peering out over the rim of the little cockpit of his machine.

It was high drama. Picture the scene. Almost if not quite 100,000 people were massed on the east side of Le Bourget air field. Some of them had been there six and seven hours.

Off to the left the giant phare lighthouse of Mount Valerien flashed its guiding light 300 miles into the air. Closer on the left Le Bourget Lighthouse twinkled, and off to the right another giant revolving phare sent its beams high into the heavens.

Big arc lights on all sides with enormous electric glares were flooding the landing field. From time to time rockets rose and burst in varied lights over the field.

Seven thirty, the hour announced for the arrival, had come and gone. Then 8 o'clock came, and no Lindbergh; at 9 o'clock the sun had set but then came reports that Lindbergh had been seen over Cork. Then he had been seen over Valentia in Ireland and then over Plymouth.

Suddenly a message spread like lightning, the aviator had been seen over Cherbourg. However, remembering the messages telling of Captain Nungesser's flight, the crowd was skeptical.

"One chance in a thousand!" "Oh, he cannot do it without navigating instruments!" "It's a pity, because he was a brave boy." Pessimism had spread over the great throng by 10 o'clock.

The stars came out and a chill wind blew.

Suddenly the field lights flooded their glares onto the landing ground and there came the roar of an airplane's motor. The crowd was still, then began a cheer, but two minutes later the landing glares went dark for the searchlight had identified the plane and it was not Captain Lindbergh's.

Stamping their feet in the cold, the crowd waited patiently. It seemed quite apparent that nearly every one was willing to wait all night, hoping against hope.

Suddenly—it was 10:16 exactly—another motor roared over the heads of the crowd. In the sky one caught a glimpse of a white gray plane, and for an instant heard the sound of one. Then it dimmed, and the idea spread that it was yet another disappointment.

Again landing lights glared and almost by the time they had flooded the field the gray-white plane had lighted on the far side nearly half a mile from the crowd. It seemed to stop almost as it hit the ground, so gently did it land.

And then occurred a scene which almost passed description. Two companies of soldiers with fixed bayonets and the Le Bourget field police, reinforced by Paris agents, had held

the crowd in good order. But as the lights showed the plane landing, much as if a picture had been thrown on a moving picture screen, there was a mad rush.

The movement of humanity swept over soldiers and by policemen and there was the wild sight of thousands of men and women rushing madly across half a mile of the not too even ground. Soldiers and police tried for one small moment to stem the tide, then they joined it, rushing as madly as anyone else toward the aviator and his plane.

The first people to reach the plane were two workmen of the aviation field and half a dozen Frenchmen.

"Cette fois, ça va!" they cried. (This time, it's done.)

Captain Lindbergh answered:

"Well, I made it."

An instant later he was on the shoulders of half a dozen persons who tried to bear him from the field.

The crowd crushed about the aviator and his progress was halted until a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets cleared a way for him.

It was two French aviators—Major Pierre Weiss and Sergeant de Troyer—who rescued Captain Lindbergh from the frenzied mob. When it seemed that the excited French men and women would overwhelm the frail figure which was being carried on the shoulders of a half dozen men, the two aviators rushed up with a Renault car and hastily snatching Lindy from the crowd, sped across the field to the commandant's office.

Then followed an almost cruel rush to get near the airman. Women were thrown down and a number trampled badly. The doors of the small building were closed, but the windows were forced by enthusiasts, who were promptly ejected by soldiers.

Spurred on by reports spread in Paris of the approach of the aviator, other thousands began to arrive from the capital.



The police estimate that within half an hour after Captain Lindbergh landed there were probably 100,000 storming the little building to get a sight of the idol of the evening.

Suddenly he appeared at a window, waving his helmet. It was then that, amid cheers for him, came five minutes of cheering for Captain Nungesser.

While the gallant aviator was resting in the Aviators' Club part of the crowd turned toward his airplane. It had landed in the pink of condition. Before the police could intervene the spectators turned souvenir mad, had stripped the plane of everything which could be taken off, and some were even cutting pieces of linen from the wings when a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets quickly surrounded the Spirit of St. Louis and guarded it while mechanics wheeled it into a shed, but only after it had been considerably marred.

While the crowd was waiting, Captain Lindbergh was taken away from the field about midnight, to seek a well-earned repose.

The thing that Captain Lindbergh emphasized more than anything else to the American committee which welcomed him, and later to newspapermen, was that he felt no special strain.

"I could have gone one-half again as much," he said with conviction.

Not since the armistice of 1918 has Paris witnessed a downright demonstration of popular enthusiasm and excitement equal to that displayed by the throngs flocking to the boulevards for news of the American flier, whose personality has captured the hearts of the Parisian multitude.

Thirty thousand people had gathered at the Place de l'Opera and the Square du Havre, near St. Lazare station, where illuminated advertising signs flashed bulletins on the progress of the flier. In front of the office of the Paris *Matin* in the Boulevard Poissonniere the crowds quickly filled the streets, so that extra police details had the greatest difficulty

in keeping the traffic moving in two narrow files between the mobs which repeatedly choked the entire street.

From the moment when the last evening editions appeared, at 6:30 o'clock, until shortly after 9 there was a curious reaction, due to the fact that news seemed to be at a standstill. The throngs waited, hushed and silent, for confirmation.

It was a tense period when the thought in every mind was that they were witnessing a repetition of the deception which two weeks ago turned victory into mourning for the French aviators, Nungesser and Coli. Suppose the news flashed from the Empress of France that the American flier was seen off the coast of Ireland proved false, as deceiving as the word flashed that Nungesser's White Bird had been sighted off Nova Scotia!

During a long, tense period no confirmation came. The people stood quietly, but the strain was becoming almost unbearable, permeating through the crowd. Pessimistic phrases were repeated. "It's too much to think it possible." "They shouldn't have let him go." "All alone, he has no chance if he should be overcome with exhaustion."

To these comments the inevitable reply was, "Don't give up hope. There's still time."

All this showed the French throng was unanimously eager for the American's safety and straining every wish for his ultimate victory.

A French woman dressed in mourning and sitting in a big limousine was seen wiping her eyes when the bulletins failed to flash confirmation that Lindbergh's plane had been sighted off Ireland. A woman selling papers near-by brushed her own tears aside exclaiming:

"You're right to feel so, madame. In such things there is no nationality—he's some mother's son."

Something of the same despair which the crowds evinced two weeks ago spread as an unconfirmed rumor was circu-

lated that Lindbergh had been forced down. Soon after 9 o'clock this was turned to a cheering, shouting pandemonium when *Le Matin* posted a bulletin announcing that the Lindbergh plane had been sighted over Cherbourg.

The crowd applauded and surged into the street, halting traffic in a series of delirious manifestations which lasted for ten minutes with cries of "Vive Lindbergh," "Vive l'Américain." The news was followed by a general rush for taxicabs and subway stations, thousands being seized simultaneously with the idea of going to Le Bourget to witness the arrival of the victorious airman.

All roads leading toward the air field were jammed with traffic, though thousands still clung to their places before the boulevard bulletin boards. Other throngs moved toward the Etoile, lining ways of access to the hotel where it had been announced the American's rooms were reserved, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the international hero, the first to make Paris from New York by air, as he passed in triumph from the airdrome.

Ovation after ovation followed the news of Lindbergh's startling progress through France, the crowds steadily augmenting until they filled the entire block. The throng was estimated at 15,000 people. After Cherbourg word was flashed that the plane had traversed Louviers, then the outskirts of Paris.

In a perfect frenzy the huge crowd hailed the announcement that Lindbergh had landed at Le Bourget. Straw hats sailed in the air, handkerchiefs fluttered and a roar of cheers and clapping spread through the throng and was carried along down the boulevards, where the crowds seated in the cafe terraces rushed into the streets and joined in the demonstration. The cheering was renewed again and again.

From the tops of motorbuses, stopped in the traffic, joyful figures demonstrated their glee, the police abandoning their

efforts to restrain the throng and joining in the general elation.

From the first recheering of "Vive l'Americain" rolled up a mighty shout, "The flags," the same cry which two weeks ago gave rise to the false rumor of an anti-American demonstration, when it was falsely reported that a mob demanded the removal of the American flag from the *Matin* office.

For several minutes this cry was renewed until the proprietor of a motion picture house unfurled a little American flag, which was greeted with cheer upon cheer and which became the mightiest pro-American demonstration seen in France since the days of the war, when, as the Yankee troops landed, three large American flags beside the French Tricolor hung from *Le Matin's* window in the glare of searchlights.

There could be no mistaking the sincerity of these cheers, which were prolonged as a Frenchman in the crowd rushed up to the American demonstrators, wringing their hands in congratulations.

Extra papers telling the tale of the American's triumph in bulletin form sold as fast as the newsmen could distribute them.

The throng slowly dispersed in a general procession toward Montmartre, where many hundreds were to spend the remainder of the night in a celebration.

What appealed to the French aviators as the uncanny part of Captain Lindbergh's performance was his lack of navigating instruments. Old and experienced airmen, in conversations during their wait for him said he had one chance in a thousand because, while he might head in a given compass direction in leaving America, the winds might put him many hundreds of miles out of his path.

Guesses were made that he might land in Spain, in Portugal, in Northern Africa or in Ireland or even Norway. But the

flier landed at Le Bourget as simply as you please and as accurately as if he had half a dozen navigators aboard.

When the news of Captain Lindbergh's arrival reached Paris tens of thousands of people started for Le Bourget Field. They met the crowds starting to come home and there ensued the worst traffic tangle the French Capital has had. The police estimate that 12,000 automobiles became involved in the tangle and many of the cars did not get back to the city until after 3 o'clock this morning.

For two hours there was a hopeless mixup with no movement in any direction. The emergency traffic police brought from Paris worked nearly all night in straightening out the mess.

French papers estimated that at midnight 150,000 people were trying to get to or from Le Bourget and there were frequent exhibitions of temper which acted as a great contrast to the enthusiastic joy which greeted the arrival of the American hero.

Soon after Lindbergh landed an employe of the Bourse telegraph office arrived with more than 700 cablegrams for him, but the employe was unable to get within half a mile of the addressee.

## LINDBERGH'S FAREWELL

By LAUREN D. LYMAN

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has given up residence in the United States and is on his way to establish his home in England. With him are his wife and 3-year-old son, Jon.

Threats of kidnapping and even of death to the little lad,

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recurring repeatedly since his birth, caused the father and mother to make the decision. These threats have increased both in number and virulence recently.

Although they do not plan to give up their American citizenship they are prepared to live abroad permanently, if that should be necessary. Where they will live in England when they get there not even their closest friends know, and it is probable that neither the Colonel nor his wife knows. They have many friends there and expect to visit at first until they can find a place that suits them.

They chose England as the place of refuge for a number of reasons, the most important being their belief that the English have greater regard for law and order in their own land than the people of any other nation in the world.

The Colonel has twice visited England, the first time just after his historic flight to Paris in 1927, and the second time in 1933 when with Mrs. Lindbergh he flew to England from the United States by way of Greenland and Iceland. The consideration with which they were treated by every one then, even during the excitement that immediately followed their arrival, impressed them, and they hope that there they can find the tranquillity and security which have been denied them in their own land.

They want especially to provide for Jon a normal childhood, free from fears and with opportunities to grow and develop naturally. So far that has been denied him here.

They wish also to do some things themselves. Mrs. Lindbergh has her own studies and writing, which she enjoys. The Colonel would like time to do research and reading himself.

So far as could be learned yesterday Colonel Lindbergh does not expect to sever connections completely with either Pan American Airways or Transcontinental and Western Air. He is a technical adviser to both companies.

A year ago at his own request his salary from Transcon-

tinental and Western Air was stopped. With the development of new planes for them he felt that there was no pressing need for his active service. Now with the clipper ships of Pan American spanning the Pacific on regular schedule and with the same great flying boats built under his eye ready to start test work on the Atlantic it is understood that he feels free to terminate his active work with this company also.

While it was only with the greatest reluctance that Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh reached the decision to leave their home, their friends and their manifold interests here, once they had made it they acted quickly.

A week ago the Colonel obtained his passports secretly in Washington. With the cooperation of government officials as well as the representatives of Great Britain at the port from which they sailed their plans were kept secret until after their departure. The name of the steamship on which they sailed and its sailing day, together with the fact that the Lindbergh family had booked passage, was kept a secret through the cooperation of the steamship company. Even the police of the port were not informed.

When the time came for them to go they slipped quietly away from Englewood, journeyed to their port of departure and, unaccompanied by servants, went aboard. There were no goodbyes save to the immediate family. They will spend Christmas at sea and may even see the passing of the old year at sea.

The three Lindberghs are the only passengers on the ship. This arrangement was made possible, it was understood, because at this season of the year the passenger traffic on the North Atlantic is not particularly heavy.

While it may be a lonely Christmas and New Year for them, it will be free from fear such as the family has never been without since Jon was born in August, 1932.

Even before that there were threats. It was recalled last night that shortly after his famous solo flight to Paris Colonel

Lindbergh was threatened. The threats came for the most part from cranks, sometimes from persons definitely insane, but now and then from men who were clearly after money and nothing else.

At the insistence of friends, who thought that the famous flier should have a bodyguard—which he refused to have—the Colonel started carrying a pistol. Then as the furor over his great achievement faded somewhat the threats became less until they almost ceased.

Two years after his flight came the announcement of his engagement to Anne Spencer Morrow, the daughter of Dwight W. Morrow, then American Ambassador to Mexico. They were married on May 27, 1929, and along with congratulations from all over the world there came a resurgence of the threateners, some insane, some merely cranks and some which the postoffice authorities regarded as potentially dangerous.

Here and there arrests were made but they were accomplished unobtrusively for the most part and when, as was often the case, the writers were found to have mental twists they were turned over to institutions for treatment. These conditions were not new either to the police of the larger cities and the States, or the government agents.

In greater or lesser volume these letters are sent to all prominent people and knowing this the Lindberghs did not regard them as particularly important even when they poured in by the hundreds. For the most part they were stopped by the postoffices and sent to Colonel Lindbergh's office in New York where they were sorted and turned over to the proper authorities for investigation.

This was the condition of affairs in the Winter of 1932. Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. was approaching his second birthday. His father, flying back and forth across the country, had picked himself a forested region near Hopewell, N. J., for a home and encircling it on his flying map with his pencil had



said to his friend and lawyer, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, "Please buy me that."

It was done. The land was assembled from two counties. The home was built, and little by little the family was moving into it. Here the boy would grow up in his own woods and fields without the artificial existence usually forced on a child of famous parents in the more complicated existence of towns and cities. So they dreamed and planned.

Save for the fact that the home was built and save for mention from time to time of a flying trip the Lindberghs were obtaining the retirement from the public eye that they sought and with this came a further drop in threatening letters, almost a cessation.

Then came the kidnapping, and all that has followed it. At once as the news was broadcast the letters climbed from tens to hundreds and then to thousands. Some were merely notes of condolence. Some were well meant proffers of aid. But hundreds were from persons obviously unbalanced, and among these came the threats.

As the weeks and months passed the tide of letters receded somewhat to rise again when in August, 1932, Jon was born.

They contained a new note, a sinister note, specific threats against the new baby. There were not many at first, but there were enough to cause concern, and among them were the letters from criminals, bent on extortion. Many of these latter have been run down and at least a dozen arrests have been made.

Once more the tide dropped until the arrest of Hauptmann. It did not rise then to any formidable extent, but since his conviction and as the date of execution approached the threats began to grow in number; not many as compared to the days just after the kidnapping, but enough to cause real concern.

It had been suggested after the kidnapping that the Lindberghs might leave the country, but from sources close to the

family it was learned that they had entertained no such suggestion in their own minds. They planned to stay right in this country where the Colonel found the work he enjoyed the most—the technical side of air transport.

It had been noted that the letters from the unbalanced as well as the criminal type jumped in number with the publication of sensational stories, and so it was expected by the authorities that this would be the case when Bruno Richard Hauptmann went to trial.

The Lindberghs were pleasantly surprised when the number failed to increase as they had anticipated. There were some but not enough to cause great concern. Then the conviction of Hauptmann and his sentence to death and the publication of sensational stories brought an increase with more and more definite threats against Jon.

The looked-for recession in the wave of threats finally came although the letters did not stop and the fear they provoked was always present.

Through all this time the State, Federal and local authorities gave the family every possible protection, acted with promptness when any especially sinister document appeared and watched over the Lindbergh family with unceasing vigilance.

Jon was entered in a nursery school and was driven there daily. But the tension that surrounded the child was bound to go with him to school and to create a fear there. It was as though the Lindbergh family were living alone on a frontier, their home surrounded by savages. In a sense it was worse, for the frontiersman could recognize the savages, but this borderland family had no such protection.

Still they saw nothing to do but to go on. They were flying in a fog, with hidden dangers all about them, but they had to keep on flying.

Then two things happened.

When the Supreme Court refused to entertain the Haupt-

mann appeal and it seemed that the Bronx carpenter, sentenced to die for the murder of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., was a step nearer the carrying out of the sentence imposed, the case according to many observers was suddenly made a matter of political importance.

Doubts credited to Governor Harold G. Hoffman were cast on the verdict. The Governor promptly denied he had voiced such doubts, but at the same time stated what he termed the "doubts of others" in extended interviews.

At once threats against the Lindbergh family began to show up, threats from the unbalanced and also from the merely criminal.

The rising tide came at the same time as an unfortunate and disturbing incident.

Not long ago, as Jon was being taken by automobile from his school to his home, a large car containing several men came close alongside and crowded the car containing the lad to the curb, forcing it to stop.

Men jumped down. A teacher accompanying the little lad clutched him tightly. Suddenly cameras were thrust into the child's face and clicked. Then the visitors jumped into their machine and sped away, leaving a badly frightened teacher and little boy.

Since then Jon has not been to school.

Since then the Hauptmann case, with the execution date less than a month away, has received more than a little attention, especially when it became known that the Governor had been a secret visitor to the condemned man's death-house cell.

The letters are coming once more, the demands for money, the threats of kidnapping and murder, and so the man who eight years ago was hailed as an international hero and a good-will ambassador between the peoples of the world is taking his wife and son to establish, if he can, a secure haven for them in a foreign land.

# THE SHOOTING OF JOHN DILLINGER

JACK SHEPPARD, who was hanged at Tyburn in the presence of two hundred thousand people, and Dick Turpin, the highwayman, who lived and died at about the same time, were England's celebrated outlaws of the eighteenth century. Jesse James dominated the nineteenth for America. These gentlemen, along with Captain Kidd, are all immortalized in the *Columbia Encyclopedia*.

My edition, though future ones may correct the fault, contains not a line about John Dillinger. Yet an Englishwoman, wife of a publisher and a lord, visiting the United States for the first time ten years after Dillinger's death, could remark in a Park Avenue restaurant, "Chicago? I really don't care about the stockyards or Mr. Marshall Field's store. But will I see the spot where they killed Dillinger?"

The unforgettable event occurred on the North Side on the evening of July 22, 1934, in the alley outside a neighborhood theatre where Dillinger, as is the Sunday night custom of countless good Americans, had taken two girls to the movies; it is a little difficult, considering that this was the month of Adolph Hitler's blood purge and the making of much important history, to comprehend why the shots heard around the world were those fired at a farm-hand in shirt sleeves and a straw hat.

I suppose it was because Dillinger, far more than Al Capone and other thugs operating as mere executives of murder, epitomized the active arch-criminal, past and present. Jesse James rode a horse and robbed trains. Dillinger robbed banks and rode horses that roared sixty miles an hour. He was the Dick Turpin of the hard roads, the Captain Kidd of the middle prairies. Otherwise his career was rather drab. And it was notably brief, its epitaph the hackneyed maxim, "Crime does not pay."

They brought up John Dillinger on an Indiana farm—his father and the woman pastor of the Friends church—to revere the Golden Rule. But when he was twenty he quit the plow for the poolrooms of Mooresville, and the Devil, who makes small towns, so they say, got him. Dillinger and a pal were convicted of robbing and beating a Mooresville grocer. Johnny, a first offender, went to the "reformatory."

There the criminal pattern seems to have been fixed. The record shows Dillinger repeatedly punished for breaking rules, Dillinger twice trying to escape and finally, after his release at the end of four years, almost immediately caught in the unimaginative step of robbing another grocery. This time he got ten years in state's prison.

Readers of modern fiction will recognize the parallel thus far between Dillinger and innumerable bad boys whom you will find if you "knock on any door." The spectacular difference began soon after Dillinger received his parole in May, 1933.

In one year John Dillinger became Public Enemy Number One, leader of a band of desperadoes as notorious as himself, consort of a half dozen fancy women, dread of banks, killer of cops, target for every G-man, an international hobgoblin where he was not a hero—and before the year was over dead.

The Dillinger gang specialized in small-town banks, "cased" one day and stuck up the next—car waiting with engine running, Dillinger and confederates going in with yells and shots like old-time Western hoodlums on a rampage; the money scooped, the safes forced, tellers and customers terrified, the whole town gaping, perhaps a final ruthless burst of Tommy-guns when the law was luckless enough to arrive in time.

Thus Patrolman William O'Malley, running toward the First National Bank of East Chicago, Indiana, got his. Dillinger, the machine-gunner that day, tore him literally in two. But note the spot. East Chicago is the town whence came the tip that led to Dillinger's doom. Coppers don't like cop-killers. That was a bad day's work for Dillinger.

Bank robberies in the Middle West do not win much space in metropolitan papers. Not these robberies, but one exploit, a jail-break, really made Dillinger a national figure. After he was caught, with others, at Tucson, Arizona, and returned to Crown Point, Indiana, to stand trial for the death of O'Malley, he walked, not ran, to freedom by cowing thirty-three guards and officials with—a wooden gun!

The country whooped. Nor did Dillinger's popularity suffer from pictures published of the prisoner with his arm around the prosecutor and the woman sheriff at a bastille party a few days before John broke jail. The Attorney-General of the United States spoke critically of law enforcement. Chicago organized a "Dillinger squad." Said J. Edgar Hoover to his agents, "Get Dillinger!" The big man-hunt was on.

Dillinger chased and wounded in Iowa, Dillinger ambushed in St. Paul and shooting his way out, Dillinger's face and fingerprints changed, Dillinger dining boldly with his father in Mooresville, Dillinger raiding a police arsenal in Warsaw, more banks looted, Dillinger and gang in a pitched battle with the Federals at Little Bohemia Lodge in Wisconsin, rewards for Dillinger alive or dead, Dillinger reported captured in a dozen cities—so it went in the press toward a hot week-end in July.

Jack Lait was a Chicago newspaperman from 1901 to 1921. To the informed that is description enough—it is to say that Lait was a Hildy Johnson in the heyday of a great newspaper town. Lait wrote plays, short stories, vaudeville skits, even a comic strip, in addition to covering the top stories of two decades. Then he went on to New York as an editor for King Features Syndicate and eventually became editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Once, long ago, Lait did a favor for a Chicago cop. Many reporters do favors for cops; many cops do favors for reporters. Not

all remember. This cop did and so did his son. It was he who phoned Lait on Saturday morning, July 21. "I remember what you did for Pop, Jack—."

Lait, hanging up the phone, went in to see Joe Connolly, then manager of International News Service as well as King Features. "I don't know what the story is, Joe; he wouldn't say except that it's big enough for me to go to Chicago. I think I'd better go." If the cop's word was good enough for Lait, Lait's was good enough for Connolly. Jack went on his wild goose chase.

That is why a New York editor, instead of Chicago reporters, was waiting within gunshot of Dillinger at the instant he died; that is why International News Service beat its opposition by hours. The rest of the story is best told in Lait's own words, as carried by INS that Sunday night.

### B̄ JACK LAIT

CHICAGO, July 23.—John Dillinger, ace bad man of the world, got his last night—two slugs through his heart and one through his head. He was tough and he was shrewd, but he wasn't as tough or as shrewd as the Federals, who never close a case until the end. It took 27 men under the head of the Chicago bureau to close Dillinger's, and their strength came out of his weakness—a woman.

Dillinger was put on the spot by a tip-off that came to Melvin H. Purvis, chief of the Chicago office of the Department of Justice. He had waited long. And when it came, Purvis acted, calmly, coolly and with such deadly efficiency that the killer who never gave a man a chance didn't have a chance.

It was Sunday. But Uncle Sam doesn't observe any NRA. He works a seven-day week.

And on this sultry Sunday, Purvis, knowing precisely what to expect and what to do, organized his phalanx of 22 government agents and five East Chicago (Ind.) police, and surrounded a little third-run, 15-cent movie house, the Biograph, on the near North Side.

Purvis knew just when Dillinger would arrive, and he knew that two women would arrive at the same time.

These women must not be confused with two who were shot when Dillinger was shot. The slightly wounded victims were respectable residents of the neighborhood. The other two women were not shot. They were the ones who turned him up, led him into range of the gunfire, put the finger on him definitely, and disappeared.

Purvis placed his men, covering every possible move Dillinger could possibly make. He himself stood in the tiny lobby of the theatre. Dillinger entered at about 7:30. He wanted to see a film about a big-time killer, "Manhattan Melodrama." Near him as he entered were two women. Many men and women were entering at that time. The cashier says she didn't know Dillinger, but now that she remembers, she can't recollect whether she sold him one, two or three tickets.

Men were strung along both sides of the alley, on foot and in parked, inconspicuous cars. They were also deployed in the other direction from the theatre and across the street, in case the murderer got suspicious and attempted to make another of those desperate breaks for which he is notorious.

Purvis had ascertained exactly when the feature would end. Tensely, eyeing his wrist-watch, he stood. Then the crowd that always streams out as the main picture finishes, came. Purvis had seen Dillinger here when the bandit was brought back from Arizona to Indiana. And his heart pounded as he saw again the face that had been studied by countless millions on the front pages of the world.



Purvis gave the signal. Dillinger did not see him. Public Enemy No. 1 lit a cigarette, strolled the few feet to the alley with the mass of middle-class citizens going in that direction, then wheeled left.

A Federal man, revolver in hand, stepped from behind a telegraph pole at the mouth of the passage. "Hello, John," he said, almost whispering, his voice husky with the intensity of the classic melodrama. Dillinger went with his lightning right hand for his gun, a .38 automatic. He drew it from his trousers pocket.

But, from behind, another Government agent pressed the muzzle of his service revolver against Dillinger's back and fired twice. Both bullets went through the bandit's heart.

He staggered. His weapon clattered to the asphalt paving. And as he went down three more shots flashed. One bullet hit the back of his head, downward, as he was falling, and came out under his eye.

Police cleared the way for the police car, which was there in a few minutes. The police were there not because they were in on the capture, but because the sight of so many mysterious men around the theatre had scared the manager into thinking he was about to be stuck up, and he had called the nearest station.

When the detectives came on the run Purvis intercepted them and told them what was up. They called headquarters and more police came, but with instructions to stand by and take orders from Purvis.

Dillinger's body was rushed to Alexian Brothers' Hospital in a patrol wagon. There were no surgeons in it. But the policemen knew he was dead, and at the entrance of the hospital, where a kindly priest in a long cassock had come to the door to see who might be in need of help, the driver was ordered:

"The morgue—"

I was in a taxi that caught up with the police car at the hospital, and we followed across town to the old morgue. No one bothered us, though we went 50 miles an hour.

There was no crowd then. We pulled in. Strong arms carried the limp, light form of the man who had been feared by a great Government through that grim door of many minor tragedies. It lay on a rubber stretcher.

In the basement, the receiving ward of the last public hospice of the doomed, they stripped the fearsome remains.

What showed up, nude and pink, still warm, was the body of what seemed a boy, the features as though at rest and only an ugly, bleeding hole under the left eye, such as a boy might have gotten in a street-fight. His arms were bruised from the fall and the bumping in the wagon.

But under his heart were two little black, bleeding holes, clean and fresh. These could not have been anything but what they were. That part of John Dillinger did not look as though it was a boy's hurt—it was the fatal finish of a cold-blooded killer, and not half of what he had given Officer O'Malley in East Chicago, Ind., in the bank robbery when he cut the policeman almost in two with a machine-gun.

The marks of the garters were still in the skin of his sturdy calves, the only part of him that looked like any part of a strong man. His arms were slender, even emaciated. But his legs were powerful looking. His feet were neat and almost womanish, after the white sox and dudish white shoes had been taken from them.

His clothes were shabby, with still an attempt at smartness. The white shirt was cheap, the gray flannel trousers and the uninitialed belt-buckle were basement-counter merchandise. His maroon and white print tie might have cost half a dollar.

In his pockets were \$7.70 and a few keys and a watch, in which was the picture of a pretty female.

Two women bystanders were caught in the line of fire and

wounded slightly as the Federal men blazed away. They were Miss Etta Natalsky, 45, and Miss Theresa Paulus, 29, both residents of the neighborhood.

Miss Natalsky was taken to the Columbus Memorial Hospital with a wound in the leg and Miss Paulus to the Grant Hospital, but her wound, also in the leg, was found to be only superficial.

*The notorious desperado had resorted to facial surgery to disguise himself, and it was only by his piercing eyes—described by crime experts as “the eyes of a born killer”—that he was recognized.*

*In addition to the facial alterations, he had dyed his hair a jet black from its natural sandy shade, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses.*

Identification of the fallen man was confirmed by Purvis on the spot. Later, at the morgue, an attempt was made to identify the body from fingerprints, but the tips of the fingers had been scarred, as if with acid.

A recent wound in the chest, which had just healed, was revealed in the morgue examination. It was believed this was a memento of a recent bank robbery.

Dr. Charles D. Parker, coroner's physician, remarked on the alteration in the slain man's features. Scars which he carried on each cheek Dillinger had had smoothed out by facial surgery. Purvis, after closely examining the changed features said:

“His nose, that originally was pronounced ‘pug,’ had been made nearly straight. His hair had been dyed recently.”

Souvenir hunters among the excited crowds that swarmed to the scene of the shooting frantically dipped newspapers and handkerchiefs in the patch of blood left on the pavement.

Traffic became so jammed that street cars were rerouted, police lines established and all traffic finally blocked out of the area.

Unsatiated by their morbid milling around the death spot,

the crowds a little later rushed to the morgue to view the body. Denied admittance, they battled police and shouted and yelled to get inside. More than 2,000 at one time were struggling to force the doors.

I have indisputable proof that the bureau had information that Dillinger had been here for at least three days. It was the first definite location of the hunted murderer since the affray in the Little Bohemia (Wisconsin) lodge.

"We didn't have time to get him then, but we had time enough this time," Purvis said.

Evidently Purvis not only had enough time, but used it with the traditional efficiency of his department. There has always been open rancor between the Chicago police and the Federals, who have several times done them out of rewards. The Federals are not permitted to accept rewards.

But the East Chicago force—Dillinger had slaughtered three of their outfit in two raids, and the "coincidence" of their presence "when the tip came in" is obvious.

That Dillinger suspected nothing is proven by nothing as much as that the safety catch on his magazine gun was set. It was a new, high-type weapon, so powerful that its slugs would penetrate the bullet-proof vests of the sort that Dillinger himself had worn in other spots. The number had been filed off. Close examination indicated it had never been fired. It was fully loaded and a clip of extra cartridges was in a pocket.

He had no other possible instrument of offense or defense, this desperado, except a slender penknife on the other end of the thin chain that held his watch.

All his possessions lay on the marble slab beside the rubber stretcher in the basement of the morgue as the internes pawed his still warm face and body as they threw his head to this side and that, slung him over on his face and dabbed the still wet blood from where the bullets had bitten into him.

I wondered whether, a few brief minutes earlier, they

would have had the temerity to treat John Dillinger's flesh so cavalierly.

They pointed out the scar on his shin-bone, the one which had been so heavily broadcast as maiming and even killing Dillinger. It was a little bit of a thing and looked more like the result of a stone-bruise than a volley from the muzzle of outraged society.

They flopped him over on the slab, quite by a clumsy accident, because the body didn't turn easily within the stretcher, what with its gangly, rubbery legs, and its thin, boneless arms. And as what was left of Dillinger clumped like a clod, face down, upon the slab which had held the clay of hoboes and who knows, a still warm but spent hand knocked off the straw hat which had fallen off his head in the alley and been trampled on. And a good 10-cent cigar. Strangely intact.

The man who had killed him stood two feet away, smoking a cigar of the same brand. I must not mention his name. Purvis says "keep that a trade secret." With John ("Happy Jack") Hamilton and George ("Baby Face") Nelson, Dillinger's lieutenants, still at large, perhaps that is a fair enough precaution.

The Bureau of Identification men were on the job in a jiffy. They proved up the fingerprints, though they had been treated with a biting acid in an effort to obliterate the tell-tale. But the deltas and cores were unmistakable.

Behind the ears were well-done scars of a face-lifting job by a skilful plastic specialist. A mole on his forehead had been trimmed off rather well. His hair, by rights sandy, had been painted a muddy black with a poor grade of dye.

So had his mustache. The one identifying mark known around the globe as the Dillinger characteristic was there. And even in death he looked just like the Dillinger we all knew from the photographs. Probably the last breath of his ego.

Dillinger was a ladies' man. He didn't want to be picked

up and identified by a rube sheriff. But, still, he wanted to whisper to a new sweetie in the confidences of the night:

"Baby, I can trust you—I'm John Dillinger!"

And she would look, and—he was! That mustache!

Having gone to astounding lengths to change his inconspicuous identifying marks, with the necessary aid and advice of expert medical men, he had still refused to shave off that familiar trade-mark that every newspaper reader could see with eyes shut.

A scar on his chin had been reopened and smoothed up some, but not very convincingly. The droop at the left corner of his mouth was unmistakably intact. But the most striking facial change was in the tightening of the skin on his chin almost completely killing his dimple, which was almost as widely known as his mustache.

Gold-rimmed eye-glasses fell off of his face as he toppled over. These, one of the most amateurish of elements in disguise, did change his appearance decisively, the officers tell me.

The Federal office, as usual, issued contradictory statements and frankly admitted that certain information would not be given out.

The 27 men who worked with Purvis, one was Captain Tim O'Neill of East Chicago, and four others were O'Neill's men. Purvis said they were there quite by chance and he had taken them in on the big adventure. A second statement also gave forth that Purvis had seen Dillinger enter as well as leave the theatre.

As Dillinger emerged, walking near him were two youngish women, one of them wearing a red dress. Hundreds were leaving the house at the time and almost any number of women would naturally have been near him. But the one with the red dress hurried up the alley and four Federals made a formation between her and Dillinger before the first shot was fired. It is my theory that she was with Dillinger and that she was the tip-off party or in league with Purvis.

## JUDGE LYNCH IN CALIFORNIA

THE LYNCHING of the killers of Brooke Hart was one of the most extraordinary in the history of violence in the United States. It proved that mob rule is not indigenous to the South. It was shockingly savage; women spat on the bodies and, laughing, held up their babies to see the men hanged. A Governor applauded lawlessness. "If anyone is arrested for the good job, I'll pardon them all," he announced with total disregard for grammatical nicety.

What was the provocation, what the temper of the times, what the local factors and the national impulses that fed such a blood-orgy?

The year was 1933, at the close of a long period of contempt for law, followed by a blacker period of poverty and discontent. The states were still voting to repeal prohibition; Roosevelt had closed the banks that Spring; bonus-marchers were back in Washington; farmers took to their shotguns to stop foreclosures; the kidnapper infested the land.

Bruno Hauptmann, in 1933, was yet to die for the murder of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. The "Lindbergh law" had been passed but not widely applied. The "snatch racket," as it came to be called, grew as common as ordinary homicide. In that one year

—Boettcher in Denver, Factor and boy in Chicago, Mary McElroy in Kansas, Hamm in St. Paul, John J. O'Donnell, Jr., in New York state, McClatchy in Ohio, Urschel in Oklahoma and others of less note—were seized, held for ransom, and some slain. Decent folk everywhere were scared out of their wits.

They caught "Machine-Gun" Kelly and recovered most of the Urschel money; they sent up the kidnappers of August Luer for life. But no one seemed safe. In Ontario, that summer, a kidnapped cat was ransomed for ten dollars. No wonder the thing became as terrifying as "white slavery" a generation before, when Reginald Wright Kauffman wrote *The House of Bondage* and mothers of young daughters warned them to beware of the oily stranger with, possibly, a hypodermic needle in his pocket.

Brooke Hart's home was in San Jose, California, where his father owned the big department store in which Brooke, 22, was an executive. The Harts were regarded as wealthy. They were popular. When the elder Hart, within a few hours after Brooke failed to return home, received the usual ransom note, San Jose and near-by San Francisco seethed.

A week of rumors and fears passed. Then Thomas H. Thurmond, out-of-job gas-station helper, was nabbed in a telephone booth in the act of hounding Mr. Hart for the money. The police almost immediately picked up his pal, Jack Holmes. Both men confessed.

The confessions were peculiarly callous. Thurmond and Holmes forced Hart with a pistol to drive his car, and then theirs, to the San Mateo bridge over San Francisco Bay. There one of them beat him on the head with a brick, trussed wire around him, weighted him with more bricks and tossed him into the Bay. He was, remarked Thurmond, still struggling. And this they did because "We thought it would be easier with him out of the way—we didn't want to bother with lugging him around the countryside—so we just bumped him off."

In San Jose the lynching talk began. And the killers, in jail in San Francisco, talked, too. They talked to lawyers, they talked to reporters, they laughed and yelled in their cells. They would repudiate the "confessions," they would plead insanity, they would beat the rap. Leopold and Loeb got away with it. Why shouldn't



Thurmond and Holmes? So the reports in the papers, so the gossip in the drugstores and taverns.

On November 26th, after Thurmond and Holmes had been transferred to the courthouse jail in San Jose, the dredgers who for days had been searching San Francisco Bay, bringing up the bricks and wire and Brooke Hart's sodden hat, finally dragged his body to the surface. Confessions nearly three weeks old needed no other confirmation now. The mob formed.

What happened that night in San Jose was told in the *San Francisco Examiner* next morning in a story without a byline. The story had no byline because it was actually written by three men—William C. Wren, city editor of the *Examiner*, Alvin D. Hyman, chief rewrite, and Josua Eppinger, assistant city editor. In San Jose two *Examiner* reporters, Lennie Kullmann and Reginald Clampett, had grabbed a telephone in a public booth across from the jail. They held the phone, they talked in relays despite the mob's stones, the deputies' tear-bombs. And Wren, Hyman, Eppinger took the phone, took the typewriter in relays.

I have said the lynching of the killers of Brooke Hart was extraordinary. The story in the *Examiner*, and the way it was written, is unique, too.

By WILLIAM C. WREN, ALVIN D. HYMAN  
and JOSUA EPPINGER

The confessed kidnappers and killers of Brooke Hart were lynched at San Jose last night.

A snarling, growling, hate-maddened mob snatched Jack Holmes and Harold Thurmond from the sheriff and his deputies, dragged them from the Santa Clara county jail and hung them to trees in St. James' park, across the street from the courthouse.

While women screamed encouragement and applause,

and lifted up their children to see the first lynching in California in 13 years, expertly-tied nooses were slipped around the necks of the men who abducted and killed the young son of a wealthy San Jose merchant.

Fifteen thousand set up a shriek of triumph as Holmes and Thurmond were hauled from the ground to twitch briefly at the end of their ropes and then dangle, limp and still.

The mob had battered down the jail doors, had plunged headlong into clouds of tear gas, and had laid a protracted barrage of rocks and cobblestones before capturing the men. Finding of the body of young Hart yesterday in the marshes of Alameda by two duck hunters had fanned public feeling to white heat.

Holmes was the first of the two prisoners to be delivered up to the shrieking mob. He fought like a fiend as his captors hustled him out of the ineffective shelter of his cell. He endured a terrific beating, as men fought for an opportunity to land one more blow upon the reputed originator of the plot to kidnap Hart.

His face had been pummeled into an unrecognizable, pulp-like thing before he reached the park. His clothes had been ripped from his body. He was entirely nude as the rope was slipped around his neck.

As he was manhandled into place beneath an overhanging limb, he begged for mercy. "For God's sake," he sobbed, "give me a chance. I admit I'm Jack Holmes. But for God's sake, give me a chance to explain my part in this thing."

Meanwhile, Thurmond had been dragged from his cell, dragged headforemost down the stairs with a rope around his neck. He had seen the mob as it gathered around the jail screaming for his death. He had closed the cell window, in a vain attempt to shut out the cries. He had cowered in a corner of his cell while the attack penetrated the jail and made its way upstairs.

Then they got him and threw the noose about his neck.

He was paralyzed by fear, half conscious. By the time he had been dragged across the street he was nearly dead.

Thurmond was hanged at 11:20.

Although Holmes had preceded him into the park, his execution came six minutes later. The delay was caused by inability of his captors to find a suitable limb over which to toss the rope.

As Holmes begged for mercy, he was answered by shouts announcing the lynching of Thurmond.

"We've got his partner," a wildly screaming courier shouted in Holmes' ear. "We've strung up Thurmond. Let Holmes see what we've done to his buddy."

Weakened by the ferocious beating that marked his progress to the square, Holmes, stark naked, was lifted to the shoulders of the mob. But his battered head dropped to his shoulder, and he apparently caught no glimpse of Thurmond's still form, dangling at a rope's end 100 yards away.

A few minutes later—and Holmes, too, dangled at a rope's end.

For almost an hour, the two forms swayed in the slight breeze that swept the park. At 12:15, both bodies were cut down by State highway patrolmen.

And by a strange coincidence, the lynched pair were taken to the same San Jose undertaking parlor whither the body of their victim had been brought earlier in the day.

The mob that worked its vengeance on Holmes and Thurmond was terrible in its manifestations. Laughter and cheers mingled with hate-choked howls as the two men were given up to the rioters. The screams of women and children rose above the awful rumble of men's voices.

And Holmes and Thurmond were hanged to an accompaniment of shouted "wisecracks"—cries of "We-want-a-touchdown," "Block that kick" and "Hold that line."

The crowd began collecting early in the day. As soon as word reached young Hart's home town that his body had been found, men began gathering around the jail.

At first it was a crowd of a few hundred, apparently peaceful, giving vent to its emotions in whispers and low murmurings. Hourly the assemblage grew, and betrayed its temper by restlessness. Whispers gave way to shouted threats.

The situation became so tense that authorities took emergency measures. Barricades were thrown up across the three alleys leading to the jail entrance. A score of deputy sheriffs mobilized in the jail office, at the call of Sheriff W. J. Emig.

Six State highway patrolmen, led by Capt. Warren McGrury, took posts in the courtyard between the jail and the courthouse, to act as "shock troops." City policemen were stationed in the Sheriff's office in the courthouse.

Tear-gas bombs were placed in readiness as authorities listened to the swelling chorus of bloodlust.

But the mob was determined. It had grown to about 3,000 when the first overt act occurred—and it had swelled to double that number when the pitched battle began.

It was a fiercely fought encounter, leaving a large casualty list in its wake.

It began shortly after 9:30. The crowd had been pressing stronger and stronger against the barrier which kept it from the courtyard. Under pressure from the hundreds behind, those in front broke through the barricade.

Nick Torres, State traffic policeman, attempted to take them into custody. The crowd surged around him. Torres, armed with a tear-gas gun, fired into the ground. Clouds of acrid gas temporarily halted the rush. Then the crowd went forward again. Gasping and choking, the men who wanted Thurmond and Holmes drove toward the jail door.

Torres snatched two tear-gas bombs from deputy sheriffs who leaned out the window of the jail office. He hurled them into the onrushing thousands. The attack was repulsed—temporarily.

Meanwhile Sheriff Emig's men, taking up defensive positions inside the jail, sent out frantic calls for reenforcements. San Francisco and Oakland police were asked to send men

and tear gas. Emig asked the Governor to send troops. But before the new forces could arrive, the mob had its way.

It was lashed to a frenzy of action by an unidentified youth of 17, who declared he was a university student. Brandishing a crowbar, he stood up in St. James Park and exhorted the mob. He pleaded for volunteers—"men with guts enough to follow men, while we go in and get those——"

His harangue produced results.

Fifty men—all in their teens or early twenties and most of them students—followed this wild, flashing-eyed youth. They armed themselves with clubs. They deployed into a lot adjoining the courthouse, where the new postoffice is under construction, and there obtained ammunition in the form of cobblestones and rocks.

Then they hurled themselves into the charge, meeting clouds of tear gas with showers of rocks. One rock smashed the courtyard lamp, leaving the battlefield in darkness. Another crashed through the window of the jail office, extinguishing the light there.

Five casualties occurred at this stage of the fierce fighting. Nick Ladem, highway patrolman, was seriously burned by a tear-gas bomb. Patrolman Elliott Marrs of the city police was painfully bruised by a cobblestone. Three newspapermen, caught in the courtyard between the defenders and attackers, were struck by flying missiles.

The mob's fighting fifty withdrew for a short conference. They returned with a battering ram—a 20-foot length of eight-inch pipe snatched from the postoffice construction job in the lot below.

The battering ram party advanced under a barrage of rocks, laid down by the crowd behind. Another group of attackers brought a garden hose into play, sending streams of water into the courtyard to beat down the gas clouds that seethed in the courtyard.

Three times the battering ram went forward, and three times its crew was driven back by clouds of gas.

Meanwhile, the thousands of the assaulting party were forcing the meager defense forces to split. With shouts of "Let's get in here" and "We want a touchdown," they charged various corners of the jail—each charge drawing a small detachment of police and deputy sheriffs to the threatened sector.

When the defense was thus split up, the battering ram went forward for the fourth time. This time the steel door gave way. Triumphantly, the fifty surged into the narrow jail corridor, and began hammering on an inner steel door, opening on a corridor that leads to the stairs.

Only three deputy sheriffs—Earle Hamilton, Howard Buffington and John Moore—opposed the attackers at this stage. The rest of the little garrison had been drawn away by the series of charges, and its return was barred by the throng that jammed the door.

While the intense fighting was in progress, Thurmond had shown himself to the mob below. His face, pale and haggard, appeared at the window of his third-floor cell. The appearance lashed the crowd to new heights of frenzy. To cries of "We're coming up to get you, and we're going to get Cocky Jack," Thurmond slammed shut the window and vanished.

Meanwhile, the fifty inside the jail were frantically working on the inner door. A triumphant cheer, rumbling through the solidly packed corridor, told those outside that the door had finally fallen.

The three deputies fought a valiant fight but were swept aside by sheer weight of numbers. Buffington was knocked down as he attempted to fight it out.

Hamilton and Moore were seized as they vainly attempted to dissuade the successful attacking party. The guns of the deputies were snatched away and the throng swarmed up the stairs with Moore. Moore had the cell keys. The crowd grabbed them! They forced Moore to identify the prisoners.

Shortly afterward, one of the invaders threw open a window and shouted to those below: "We've got Holmes and

are bringing him down to you. We're going to get Thurmond, and let you have him, too." A frenzied roar swelled from the jail and was picked up by thousands waiting in St. James' Park.

In a few minutes the promise was fulfilled. Thurmond and Holmes were dragged into the courtyard and given up to the mob.

The fighting that preceded the delivery was terrific. Windows in the jail and courthouse were smashed, as rocks rattled against the walls and pavement.

No casualties were reported among the attackers, although many are believed to have suffered from the gas and from the clubs swung by the defenders.

The defense casualties, besides those caused by flying stones, came largely from the very gas with which the attack was vainly fought off. The "backwash" of gas, filtering in the jail, claimed Sheriff Emig and Undersheriff Hamilton.

Emig's condition was so serious that he was taken to O'Connor Sanitarium. Hamilton refused medical treatment.

The lust of the crowd was so intense that even the capture of Thurmond and Holmes failed to satisfy it. As the two kidnapper-murderers were being hustled out to the waiting crowd, the fifty inside the jail set up a cry for "every — killer in the jail."

Their thirst for vengeance carried them to the cell of Tony Serpa, killer of a ranch foreman, who was recently tried and found guilty, not of murder but of manslaughter. The verdict rankled and the jail smashers yelled for Serpa's life.

They milled around the door of his cell, threatening to break it down and "give Serpa to the gang, too." But they abandoned the attempt on the pleading of Deputy Sheriff Moore.

As Thurmond and Holmes were strung up, the mob's hysteria became terrible. One man fought his way to Thurmond's swaying body, and touched a match to his clothing.

Before the fire died out, Thurmond's body was badly burned.

Almost an hour later, the crowd itself still unsatisfied, an ambulance made its way slowly through the throng to gather the bodies of the lynch victims.

Boohs and catcalls followed the course of the ambulance, which carried Deputy Coroners Charles Williams, Arthur Blewett and Ray Kalfus. Two Oakland motorcycle policemen—part of the requested reenforcements that arrived too late—aided the deputies in cutting down the bodies.

Holmes had been hanged with an expertly contrived noose, fashioned with the regulation "hangman's knot." The deputy coroners were unable to untie it. They were compelled to hack through the rope. And as they sawed, the mob sent up cries of "Throw him in the Bay. Let the sharks get him. Treat him as he treated Hart."

And as the rope parted, dropping the body to the ground, man and woman fought their way to its side, kicked and punched it and spat upon it.

With a section of rope still dangling from the neck, the body was placed in the ambulance.

The cutting down of Thurmond was simpler. He had been hanged in a noose that had a simple slip knot. This knot was easily loosened. The body was lifted into the ambulance beside that of Holmes—while the crowd clawed at the remnants of his burned clothing for "souvenirs."

The ambulance, pursued by jeers and whoops, clanged through the press of humanity to the street and thence to the undertaking parlors.

With Holmes and Thurmond lying in the same house of death that contained their victim, the crowd slowly dispersed.

The holiday of hatred, violence and death was ended.



## “HOW DEAR TO MY HEART”

THERE SEEMS to be quite a haze of nostalgia hanging here and there in this book—nostalgia for legendary newspapermen and fabulous newspaper days, for famous fights and forlorn ladies and feuds and fires and funerals, and for murder, for which no nostalgia swells stronger in the old reporter's chest. It is about time somebody got nostalgic who really knows how.

Well, a radio darling named Mary Margaret McBride wrote a book about her childhood which she called *How Dear to My Heart*. And a fellow named F. A. Behymer, who had been a star reporter on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* for as far back as the oldest staff-member could recall, read *How Dear to My Heart* and started to remember a childhood of his own.

He “reviewed” the book for the *Post-Dispatch* on a Sunday morning not so long ago and his “review,” so good it was, reappeared in many other newspapers and magazines. The date does not really matter, for Mr. Behymer was reporting on the golden yesterdays of all of us, whether we drank from the old oaken bucket or lily cups.

I would like to write “30” with his piece, which expresses so well the tug of gone, sweet times.

By F. A. BEHYMER

That was a nice piece you wrote, Mary Margaret, that you called "How Dear to My Heart," which the Macmillans put out as a book. It makes us old-timers remember, and it is good to remember. What happened when you lived down on the farm in Missouri happened on other farms up and down the land. And a lot of other things which you couldn't tell about because you were only a girl and wouldn't know about them. At least I hope not, because there are some things that a nice girl is not supposed to know about.

As for *Life in its Fullness*, you didn't know and couldn't know. Probably you never smoked a corn-silk cigarette behind the barn or stole a melon from a neighbor's patch. Probably you never played hookey or had a fight with the creek kids on the way home from school. You must have been too refined to care for a bladder balloon at hog-killing time. You never fared forth on Cabbage Night to bomb the neighbors' doors and tick-tack their windows. You never—but why go on? You were only a girl.

"How Dear to My Heart"—that's from *The Old Oaken Bucket* in the Fourth McGuffey Reader. "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view"—that's the way it goes. "The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood"—and so on and so on. Gallantry impels an old boy to suggest that all that was before your time and that what you know about the old oaken bucket is largely hearsay.

I'd have you know, smarty, that at our place we had a sure enough old oaken bucket and, what's more, a well sweep. I don't remember seeing anything like that at your place. But don't take it too much to heart. Some very nice people pulled up the o. o. b. by hand or carried water from the spring.

Well sweeps were not the exclusive possession of the aristocracy, but they were not common. One day some people who hadn't traveled much came driving by and stopped and gawked at our sweep. It seemed like they couldn't get over it. Maybe they didn't know what it was for. There was a good deal of ignorance about the facts of farm life in those days.

Another thing that set us apart as a family was an old sorrel mare that we had. Her name was Fannie. The circumstance that she was a mare was not particularly significant and could not be said to confer any especial distinction on the family. But she had a wen on her side. It was no ordinary wen. It was in fact outstanding. Whenever we went anywhere people noticed it and commented on it. We were the only family in the county, so far as we knew, who could boast of a mare with a wen. Some went so far as to say they didn't believe it was real, insinuating that we had put it there to show off. We treated this with the contempt that it deserved, letting on like horses with wens were not unusual out our way.

Fannie also made a queer noise inside when she loped. I thought at the time that the wen had something to do with it but I have learned since that it was purely digestive and not especially unusual. Anyway, the well sweep and the wen are sufficient to show that our family was different from the common run and that we could hold up our heads among the McBrides. In this connection, it might be explained that a wen is a sebaceous cyst, but that would sound like putting on, and we were never the ones to do that.

Fannie was remarkable in another way. Winter mornings she would carry me to Sugar Grove School and then trot back home and stand at the barnyard gate until somebody came and opened it. Now don't tell me that you had a horse like that. If you had you would have said so in the first place.

To hear you talk, you are the only child who ever had a

mother, when everybody knows—but never mind about that. "Mama" you called your Ma. Mama! Sissy stuff. Children in our neighborhood who said "Mama" and "Papa" were put down as show-offs who wanted the rest of us to know that they had social contacts in town. I'll betcha my Ma was as good as your Mama. Betcha anything. Maybe not as big but as good every other way. You talk about your Mama's cooking, but I notice you don't say anything about crullers and it's just as well that you didn't, for no Mama in the world could make crullers like my Ma could.

I wonder, Mary Margaret, did you ever get a valentine. You didn't say. Not the funny kind. A regular ten-center. One of those lacy things with a Cupid in the upper righthand corner. That red-headed Theodore fella, didn't he ever send you one? If he didn't it's a pretty sure sign that his intentions were not serious. Or, worse, that he was a trifter, or even a base deceiver. Or maybe you didn't care for men. Come to think of it, as things turned out, it almost looks that way.

You brag a good deal, Mary Margaret, about all the books you had at your house. We had a library at our house, too. Not a large one, but select. We went in for the classics. At the head of the list stood Dr. Gunn's book of remedies for all ailments—human, inhuman and livestock. We children were raised on the remedies in that book, which served the livestock equally well. It was really a very remarkable book. It told you everything that you needed to know about yourself and some things that you didn't need to know and would be better off if you didn't know. It told you what you had and what to take for it and if you didn't have it, why not. Dr. Gunn's remedies were what might be flippantly called shotgun remedies if it were not such a serious matter.

Then we had a fruit catalogue which was, oh, so beautiful, but also false. There never was such fruit as was pictured in its pages. It was nice to look at, but it got me into trouble. I had a cousin. You know, you pick your friends, but you have

to take your cousins as they come. One of mine was the worst of the breed. He came to see me one day and picked on me until it was too much. I had the fruit book in my hand. As I looked at it, what was the use of having a library if you didn't use it. The fruit book was hurled at the cousin's head. It was a good shot. Cousin was floored.

There had been a breach of hospitality and something had to be done about it. The culprit was condemned to stay at home while the rest of the family went to a merry-making in the village. The pup, too, had to stay home, but it didn't mind.

"Well, pup," said the boy, "it looks like we will have to make up our own fun or go without."

"It looks that way," said the pup, not in so many words but with a wag of its tail which the boy understood quite well.

"Let's play circus," said the boy, and the pup said it was okeh with him. So they went at it. The boy was the daring young man on the flying trapeze, leaping from beam to beam in the barn with the greatest of ease. The pup was the menagerie, including trained lions and tigers which leaped through a hoop at the trainer's command, but the boy had to do most of the growling because the pup didn't see anything to growl about.

It was pretty good but not like the real thing. You know, Mary Margaret, make-believe has its limitations. The show was over early and when the boy's mother came home she found the boy and the pup sitting lonesome on the doorstep. She came home early. She hadn't enjoyed the merry-making. Couldn't we get together some time, Mary Margaret, and work out a way for a mother to punish a child without punishing herself more? Don't answer at once. Think it over.

Then of course there was the Almanac, filled with good reading and containing nothing that a girl couldn't let her mother read. Why, there was a piece in their one year that went like the wind. It was a parody on "The Old Oaken

Bucket." The original was good but the parody was better. With a few cuss words thrown in it could have been a best seller and it might have made the movies. There were, of course, no movies then, but while they were trying to find a girl to play the bucket part the movies might have come along. And if that thing had been put on the air it would have reduced the soap operas to suds.

The story is that the man who wrote the bucket piece (or was it the parody?) awoke at 3 a.m. out of (and we quote) a deep dream of peace (end quote) and saw hanging there the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, and got up and wrote about it. There is a tradition that many of our best pieces were written that way.

I just hope that some old-timer doesn't pop up and say that parody was of something else. I'm pretty sure it was the bucket, but it was a long time ago and one might be mistaken.

You have told, Mary Margaret, about your first books. (Girly-girly things they were, but they were dear to your heart, and you cherish them, and that's all right.) They were poor stuff, however, alongside my first story book. It was a borrowed book about the Trapper Boys in the Big Woods, or something like that. It was not a great book out of the world's best literature, but it was a great book for a boy, which is perhaps more important. I wouldn't have missed it for anything, but it did something to me. Something died when that first book had been read. There never was another book like it. The rapture of that first reading was never recaptured, the adventure and romance of a small boy's world of make-believe, more real than all the world's realities.

You didn't say anything, honey, about the first book that was your very own. There must have been one. There always is. The one book that through all the years remains the treasure that it was when your hands first touched it and it spoke to you out of its pages. Or maybe girls don't feel that way about it. I wouldn't know. But I'm going to tell about mine

for the boys who remember theirs. If the girls don't want to listen they don't have to.

Spelling had a good deal to do with it. You may be a good speller and then again you may not be. You don't have to spell on the radio and if you made mistakes in writing your book the Macmillan proofreaders would catch them. However that may be, I want you to know that very early in life I was a great speller and was recognized and rewarded as such.

The occasion was the last day of school. We had closing exercises down there at Sugar Grove and prizes were provided for the boys and girls who had stood at the head of their classes most times during the term. I had stood at the head of the spelling class practically all the time and the reward was a book, *The Life of Daniel Boone*. In fairness it should be mentioned that the other member of the spelling class had been sick at home most of the term. But why dwell on that? The important thing is that Daniel Boone came into a small boy's life, to dwell there ever after.

Times were sometimes hard down there on the McBride farm, I gather. So were they over at our place. We were poor, like most of the neighbors. To tell you the truth, Mary Margaret, we knew so many denials that we children evolved a sort of childish philosophy, according to which all things that a child wants are there, beyond reach, just for the child to want, not to have and hold. It was a pretty good philosophy, so much better than the credo of possession, for at the best you can only possess a little, but you can want everything.

It is surprising what a little possession compensates for all the ache of wanting. Once, on a day of days, there was an orange. I don't remember where it came from. It may have fallen from heaven, but it doesn't seem probable. I shared it with my best friend at a furtive feast behind the school-yard thicket. Boy? Of course. The savor of that orange is

sweet to this day, transcending the savor of all oranges that have been since the world began. So little it took—a shared orange—to bring a solemn sort of happiness to two boys who had always wanted an orange and never expected to have one.

That other boy wanted to give something in return, for as you remember that was the code of the countryside. He fished out of his pocket a pencil stub. "It's for you," he said. I didn't want to take it, for I knew how he prized it. But he said: "If you don't take it I'm going to throw it away, as far as I can throw it." That would never do, pencil stubs being as scarce as they were. So I took it and he was happy in the giving.

I think that a wish-philosophy of giving was born in the hearts of two little boys that day. One wished that he might have all the oranges in the world to share with all the children in the world and the other wished that he might have all the pencil stubs in the world to give away.

Death came to the McBride farm, Sis, as you have feelingly told. It came to our house, too. On a night when the snow was deep, Death came to the poor home that stood by the side of the road, where the light burned dim and a woman and five children stood by a sick man's bed. Death might have passed far on up the road to where another man lived—a wealthy man, but not a worthier man—but Death didn't look any farther. It came to the door of the home and knocked, and said, "Come," and the soul of the man went away through the snow, leaving the widow and five. There was a funeral, remembered by a boy who was 7 years old then, and burial in the wind-swept cemetery, and then the long drive home, past the fields where the snow still lay deep.

Another night the mother of the five sat with the youngest in front of the fireplace, and the child said: "Sing me the chick-a-dee song." And the mother began to sing: "The ground was all covered with snow one day"—and then her



voice broke and she couldn't finish the song, for she remembered that other day when the ground was all covered with snow.

There's a chapter on Christmas in your book, Mary Margaret, and a sweet chapter it is, telling of much merriment and cheer up at your house. You wouldn't know about it, but there was a different kind of Christmas at our house. Only the mother and the youngest boy were there. Christmas morning and heartbreak, for there was nothing, not even an orange. And the little boy cried with the hurt of it and stormed. "But you are 8 years old now," the mother teased. "Why, you're almost a man now." She tried to laugh and then she was crying, too. I have always felt mean about how I acted that Christmas morning. It wasn't sporting.

Well, it's growing late, Mary Margaret. The swallows that darted and wheeled above the barnloft at twilight have gone to rest in the chimney and are chattering cozily there. Outside there is silence, save for Mother Nature's lullaby. Here by the fireplace of memories it is drowsy time. But we have not been idle, Mary Margaret, while the day endured. We have told some of the things that are dear to our hearts. Maybe we have brought back to the heart of a forgetful world something that is worth keeping in remembrance there. So good night.

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